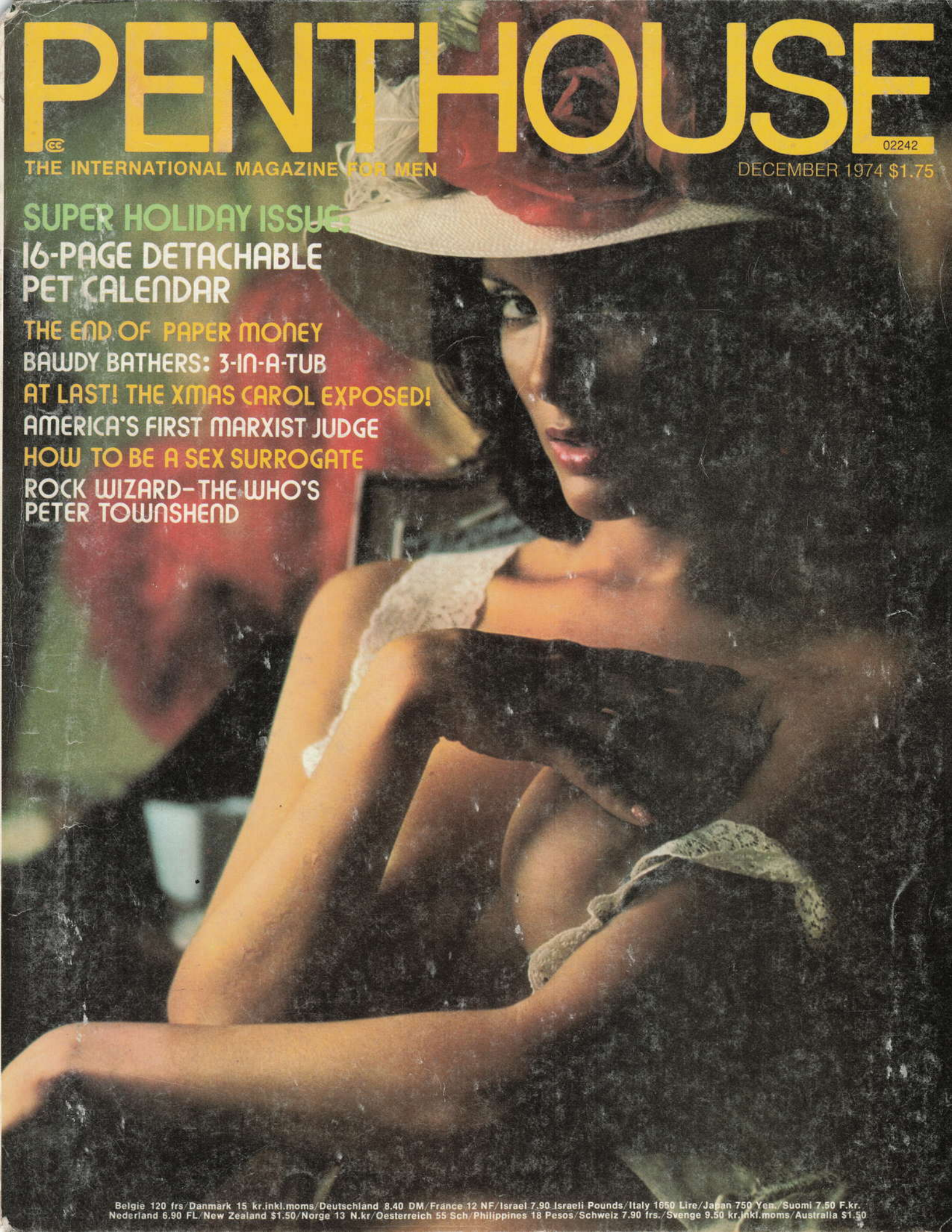
PENTHOUSE
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
DECEMBER 1974 $1.75
SUPER HOLIDAY ISSUE:
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THE END OF PAPER MONEY
BAWDY BATHERS: 3-IN-A-TUB
AT LAST! THE XMAS CAROL EXPOSED!
AMERICA'S FIRST MARXIST JUDGE
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PENTHOUSE

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR: JAMES GOODE
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MANAGING EDITOR: KEN GOULDTHORPE

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
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BARTHELME

DUNAS

COCKBURN

KELLEY

CROWE

HOUSECALL

A vital element in *Penthouse*'s success is its reputation as the only mass-circulation magazine that consistently tells it like it is—no retouching, no rose-colored glasses. Consequently, while this is our Christmas issue and we've managed to suffuse the holiday spirit into many of our pages, we're not about to tell you that 'tis the season to be jolly when you're perfectly aware that your gift list may have been reduced to the size of a driver's license by inflation.

In *Going Broke, Village Voice* columnist **Alexander Cockburn** makes it chillingly clear that the worst is yet to come. "One day," he writes, "you might be able to drive down the New Jersey Turnpike and see the smokestacks of the largest concentration of industrial capital on earth standing clean, over cold furnaces. You might drive along ordinary highways and see the rusted signs from the quick-food joints and all the other fringe paraphernalia of late capitalism that will be the first to go." Cockburn, whose book, *Idle Passion: Chess and the Dance of Death*, a psychological and cultural history of the ancient game, will be published this January by Simon and Schuster, concludes darkly: "No one really knows what to do. . . ."

While money has come to be worth less than old rope, there are other more enduring values—like the beauty exhibited in our sixteen-page, bonus calendar, an arousing second look at the Pets of issues past—the past twelve that is—enough to make you think it wasn't such a bad year after all.

It was the year for instance, when justice, grudgingly, did seem to triumph—largely because of one tough old judge named Sirica. Another judge—politically and culturally light years away from Sirica, but a brother in integrity—is the *Maverick on the Bench*, profiled by **Ken Kelley**. Detroit Judge Justin Charles Ravitz has, at thirty-three, gone further in public life than any other avowed Marxist in the history of this country. He is the first American judge to put a corporation president on criminal probation for violating anti-pollution laws. Respected even by critics, Ravitz explains his surprising election this way, "I knew what kind of shit had been going down and people knew that I knew." Kelley's book on the redoubtable Guru Maharaj Ji (*Penthouse*, July 1974), *Brave New Bliss* (McGraw-Hill), appears in January.

Robert Blair Kaiser spent a couple of blissful weekends at a sex-surrogate training session in California. In *How To Be a Sex Surrogate*, the author, an observer of primal scream therapy in a previous article for *Penthouse*, thoroughly enjoyed his forty-six hours of such therapeutic techniques as "touchy-feely" and "pleasuring and clamping." And, despite stern warnings that "there'll be no fucking here," many as yet undisciplined penises have a head of their own.

Turkeys. You'll never feel the same about these complex birds after reading *The Turkey in America* by humorist **Frederick Barthelme**. For instance, were you aware that "it isn't difficult to tell a turkey from a dog or a lemon," or "if there's one thing a turkey hates, it's being watched while he's brushing his tooth"?

More humor to help you forget that your dollar is worth two cents less since you began reading this comes in *The Last Unspoiled Vacation Island in the World*, by *National Lampoon* contributing editor **Gerald Sussman**. The scene is fictional Tierra del Monte, where resort activities include walking on penguins, hiding from prehistoric monsters, and just plain surviving.

Peter Townshend, guiding spirit of the super rock group, the Who, is the subject of this month's candid interview, conducted by seventeen-year-old veteran rock writer **Cameron Crowe**. Townshend is refreshingly self-analytical and doesn't dispense any bullshit. Townshend frankly discusses Bob Dylan—"When I discovered there was nothing there at all . . . nothing . . . I must say I was incredibly disappointed"—and himself, "I get very scared of the fact that I might have a long time to live."

For this month's veterans article, we depart from investigative reporting in favor of a unique fiction entry by **Larry Heinemann**, a Vietnam combat veteran. *Coming Home High* is a tormented, beautifully written narrative of one soldier returning from the war, crippled emotionally by the brutality he's seen.The story is excerpted from a book being completed by Heinemann.

The military theme continues in another fictive entry, this time from a wickedly comic point of view. *Child Bride*, by **William Kloman**, is about a Tennessee hillbilly girl whose knight in khaki armor is a marine corporal who has had a nerve in his arm removed so he can defuse bombs without shaking. This little napalm opera poses the questions: Will David get a blow job? Will Janey memorize her catechism? The author, a regular contributor to the *New York Times, Esquire*, and other indifferent publications, has just completed a novel about the brainwashing of a Jesus freak.

Staff Photographer **Jeff Dunas**, possibly our most prolific Pet portrayer next to editor/publisher **Bob Guccione**, produced this month's scintillating centerfold together with *Bawdy Bathers*, a steamy, three-in-a-tub pictorial essay on personal hygiene.

Other goodies include cartoonist **Jack Medoff**'s *A Christmas Carol*, an unabashed reexamination of our most treasured carols and the visions they invoke; an article on taping your own car stereo cassettes; a feature on gift fragrances; a pictorial combining formal wear and cars, plus perennials **Henry Morgan**, **Xaviera Hollander**, **Wicked Wanda**, and enough girls to get you all through next year—or at least until January. Have a merry.

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If you're like most men, deep down inside there's still a bit of the boy who loved to go exploring . . . and who'd love to go again. Well, now you can.

Only this time you'll explore the expanding world of electronics . . . a world more fascinating than any you ever dreamed of as a boy.

Learn by exploring . . . Bell & Howell Schools offers an exciting way for you to gain new occupational skills in electronics.

Everybody enjoys learning something new, but why learn it the old way? Classes to go to. Lectures to sit through. Teachers looking over your shoulder. And only a bunch of books to keep you interested.

Bell & Howell Schools' adventure in learning is a far cry from all that.

First of all, you'll be able to probe into electronics and learn exciting new skills right in your own home, in your spare time. On whatever days and whatever hours you choose. That means there'll be no conflicts with your other interests and, more importantly, no need to give up your present job and paycheck just because you'd like to learn new occupational skills. Secondly, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough. That's why throughout this program you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of todays latest electronic training tools. And we, for one, think the best tools make the best 'teachers'.

You'll be stimulated for hours on end as you build, experiment and learn while using the latest ideas and techniques in this fascinating field.

As part of the program you'll actually learn to build and work with your own electronics laboratory. Then you'll use the lab to put many of today's most dynamic electronic theories to the test.

You'll delve into the applications of electronic miniaturization, discovering how the development of tiny integrated circuits has made possible innovations such as an electronic calculator small enough to fit into a shirt pocket! Or digital display wristwatches where you press a button and the time flashes on in digits.

You'll investigate the concept of "logic circuits". An idea that has been with us for centuries but only in recent years put to use as the "brain" behind all the new digital consumer appliances we see today.

But there's one discovery you'll make that is even more important than all the others: the new occupational skills you'll develop all along the way. Skills in electronics troubleshooting that could lead you in exciting new directions:

1. Use your training to seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. Use your training to upgrade your current job.
3. Use your training as a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.
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You build and perform many exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®. An exclusive electronics training system.

Using our successful step-by-step method, you'll build the following:

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This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future. Features made possible by recent applications of digital electronics.

You'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning and into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear big and clear, right on the screen! You'll also build-in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock, that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds. Your new skills will also enable you to program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state of the art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

And having actually built and experimented with this TV, you'll come away equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

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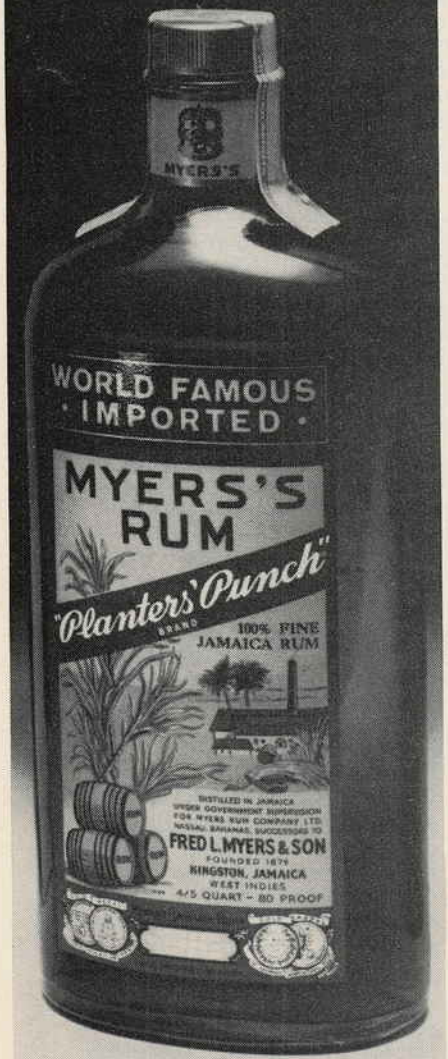

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

O! Lucky man

I am twenty-one and have to be the luckiest guy around. I have this beautiful eighteen-year-old girl friend who really turns me on. I usually pick her up after school around three o'clock and drive her home. Her mother and father come home around five so we always mess around for an hour or so. This girl is built so great and is incredibly experienced! We don't screw around at all because of her fear of getting pregnant. But after countless drive-in movies, she can suck a dick with the best and she can jerk me off faster than anyone around.

One day I had just finished taking off her white blouse and bra, kissed her tan belly a dozen times, and just gotten her skirt off when the phone rang. I was already naked but finally let her go to the kitchen to answer the phone. Her ass has to be the eighth wonder of the world and she always wears small bikini panties that manage to creep up the crevice of her behind by the end of the day. I almost exploded watching that ass as she walked into the kitchen.

She tried to get rid of her friend Carol who was on the other end, but it was impossible and, since time was running out, she called me into the kitchen. While she talked on the phone she had me stand directly in front of her. She spread my legs and played with my balls, squeezing and bouncing them. Her eyes never moved from looking at my dick and she smiled when it started to throb. She is ever so gentle and took her time in getting all the hair away before she grabbed the whole length of my dick. She stroked it once and watched the small amount of fluid rise and overflow out the hole. With a fingertip she spread this all over the tip of my cock. Then she started to jerk me off while I played with her gorgeous breasts. (She has tits that stay up without the aid of a bra.) After this she started sucking me off and since Carol was doing most of the talking it wasn't too hard to do. I love to watch her face as she blows me 'cause she always lifts those baby blue eyes to see if I'm being satisfied. It made me laugh because this Carol must have asked her if she was eating something because my girl said, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I am eating something—a big lollipop!" She laughed and I held my laughter in as much as I could.

I was almost ready to come and she knew it so she started pumping fast, and I came right away. She quickly told Carol to "hold on," and she dropped the receiver in her lap, grabbed the back of my thighs, and drained the remainder of come from my aching dick.

When she finally got off the phone I kept kidding her on getting a job with the phone company. They could use talent like that!—*Name withheld, Elizabeth, N.J.*

A college education. . . .

We would like to see more articles pertaining to sex on campus. The collegiate sex life is more diverse and rewarding than most people realize. The days of the prim prudes in black and white uniforms are over. The young sexually-aware female entering college is quite beautiful and sensuous. The virile studs on campus recognize these young women and nature takes her course.

My roommate and I are sophomores living in a coed dorm. We entertain young men about four nights a week. There is much foreplay, including cunnilingus, fellatio, and *analingus*. Our favorite experience is to double team a young stud. My roommate performs *anal-* and *testicalingus* on him while he and I have intercourse in various positions.

Other times I loosen his anus with my tongue, and just before his climax I insert a small rounded piece of ice into his anus, thereby stimulating his prostate gland. This causes an unnatural explosion of semen which my roommate very much enjoys.

We have "trained" one young man to perform cunnilingus to a "T." While expertly licking our clitorises, he inserts one finger into our vaginas and one finger into our ani. *This* is the total orgasm. Please tell it like it is about sex and the student because there's a lot to tell.—*D.H., D.K., Newark, Del.*

Seafarer

After reading your magazine for many years, I've decided to write in and tell you of my new experience. Recently my wife and I discovered a new sensation. I find it very exciting to position myself over our aquarium so that my genitals dangle in the water.

If I hold quite still, the fish come up to them and start nibbling. It is quite a sensuous feeling and very arousing. If there are any others who have done this, I would like them to write in and tell what they think about this new adventure.—*B.P., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Upset stomach? Take. . . .

Have you ever tried Alka Seltzer sex? It is really great! After my girl friend's vagina is moist, she inserts an Alka Seltzer tablet and when the juices begin to flow, the tablet begins to foam. The heat and tingling sensation is very pleasurable for both of us.

Another girl friend also likes the sensation we get from the Alka Seltzer but she prefers to quarter the tablet before insertion.

After a stroke or two the tablet is pushed aside so the only thing felt is the very nice sensation. —*F.W., Dallas, Texas*

Mathematica erotica

In response to your apparent puzzlement (September Forum): ninety-six is, like sixty-nine, mutual oral-genital stimulation. It differs from sixty-nine only in that it is performed from a back-to-back position. (This position is not suitable for overweight or infirm individuals.)

I'll pass over seventy-seven ("You get eight more") to offer the following (riddle?): 32/33. (Now *there's* a *loser*!)—*Gilbert T. Gallagher, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Mr. Gallagher, as you no doubt recall, Dante suggests that each and every one of us will someday find ourselves in that particular ring of hell where we must relive our vilest transgressions. We, at Penthouse, *would like to designate your ring as*

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Fact: They are the only turntables with a low speed 300 RPM 24-pole motor.

Fact: They are the only turntables with a program system that gives you 22 possible ways to play your records.

Fact: They are the only turntables that combine belt drive and the superior record handling capabilities of automatic multiple play.

Fact: This isn't enough information. You need more facts, and we barely have enough space here to hint at the things you should know about these turntables.

Your audio dealer has comprehensive literature detailing their features and the 2-year B·I·C warranty. See him, or write for more information to British Industries Co., Dept. T, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Compare turntable features before you buy.

This is the 980 with solid state speed control and strobe. About $200. The 960 is identical except for these two features. About $150.

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the 32/33, where it seems you will be doomed to perform ninety-six throughout eternity (32/33 = .969696 . . .).

*I think we've answered your riddle adequately, now let's see how you and our other readers do with this one. 11 (*Hint: *it's not one on one.) —Editor*

Fighting females

I have been reading *Penthouse* for nearly a year now and I would like to comment regarding "wrestling contests" engaged in by women which seemed to turn-on some of your male readers.

I am thirty years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall and have been told by men as long as I can remember how attractive I am. Unfortunately, I am one of those unlucky women who is literally flat-chested although I can say I do take pride in the rest of my body. I am happily married, or at least I was until a few weeks ago, and I have a sixteen year old stepdaughter from my husband's former marriage. At sixteen, she is built like you wouldn't believe: 36C-25-35 and 5 feet 4 inches tall. Besides all of that going for her, she is a real beauty who swims a few miles every day during the summer and skis constantly during the winter months.

Five years ago I lost my temper and gave my stepdaughter a mild spanking for failing to come home from school when she was supposed to. At that time, I am sure she consented half-willingly due to my mother image plus a definite height advantage. Recently, my stepdaughter and I had been arguing about whether she should be allowed to stay out as late as she wants on a date. Naturally, I said no. At the time our differences of opinion were becoming more emotional we were vacationing at my husband's fishing cottage which is located in a fairly deserted beach area in New England. He was out fishing somewhere and my stepdaughter and I were alone on a small beach area concealed by high grass and trees.

When I told her that she deserved a good, sound spanking, she told me that if I thought I could do it I should try—and she said it in such a way that I had no choice. That was my mistake. As soon as she had spoken, I reached for her and accidentally caught her bikini bra-strap and it ripped off. I couldn't believe the size and firmness of her breasts! It was the first time I had ever seen her partially nude. Then she said something about teaching me a lesson that I would never forget.

We were both standing facing each other by this time. She grabbed my long hair and pulled down hard and suddenly my legs just buckled and I went down on my knees. While on my knees I tried to wrap my arms around her legs in order to get her down but just as quickly as I had been forced to the ground she lifted me to my feet by tightly grasping my shoulders. She repeated this about a half dozen times; then she allowed me to get my arms around her waist while I was still on my knees and she was standing over me. She just stood there with her hands on her hips and sort of laughed as I squeezed my arms around her waist with all my might in order to get her to the ground. Looking up at her, I couldn't even see her face because of her monstrous breasts just above my head. She then very coolly reached down and grabbed my left arm and pulled it up behind my back. I was totally powerless and knew that I had no chance. With her other hand she unclipped my bikini top, let it fall, and gave my tiny nipples each a pinch. I felt like a weak, little child. Still holding my left arm behind my back she sat down and lifted me up and across her lap facing her. With her right hand she yanked off my panties. Never had my body been so useless and powerless!

After that she stood up, leaving me nude and lying flat on my back and, as I looked up at her, I

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(U.S. edition)

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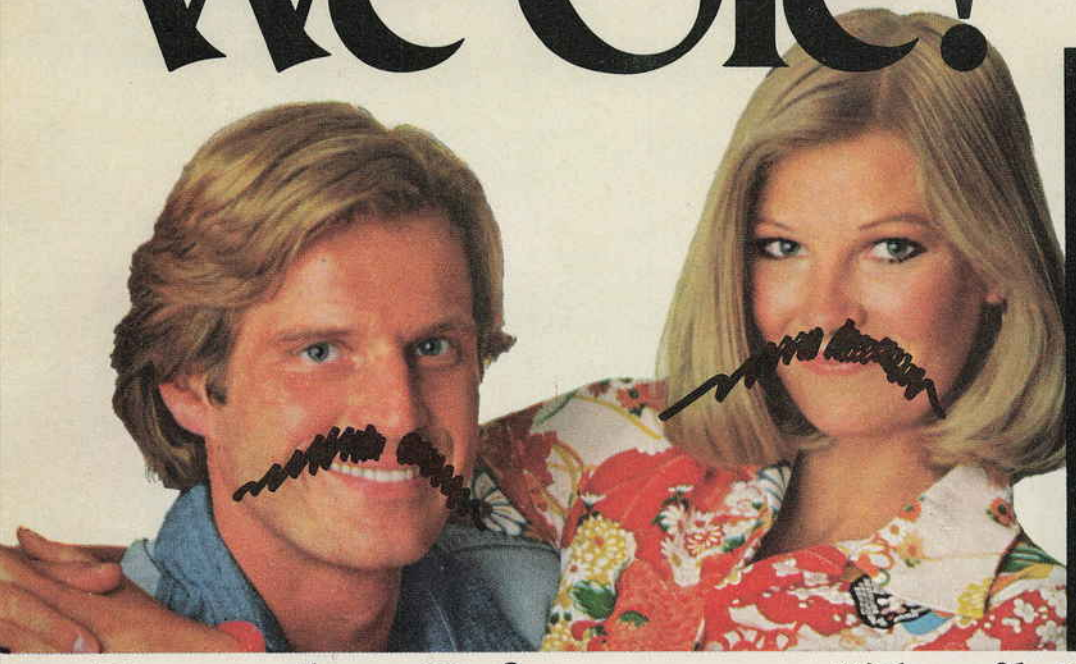

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can't tell you how much I envied her youth, power, physical stature and beauty! Then she bent down on one knee, turned me over and lifted me face down across her knee and spanked me until I cried. When she stopped I turned to her and begged her not to humiliate me anymore. Still crying, I buried my face into her huge, firm, beautiful breasts. She held me closely, now aware of my humiliation, and as she did so, I reached orgasm like never before—with my husband or any man!

I ask you: how can the consequences of such a "contest" turn any man on? I continue to read *Penthouse*, and I would like to see how your male readers (or female) react to my humiliating experience.—*Name and address withheld*

Basket case

There is one sexual experience I wish to share with my fellow *Penthouse* readers. It was World War II and I was on liberty around Alexandria, Egypt. I believe I must have been up and down all the brothel stairs they had in that city. There was one house in particular I had visited many times because they really had some very attractive bints there. After being with three or four girls there many times, one girl asked me if I would like to try something very different: First, I had to promise not to tell any of my friends, and second, I was told it would cost more money than I had been paying. It sounded really exciting and I agreed.

First she took me to another section of the house that I didn't even know existed. Then she led me through a dark room, and, at her request, a door was opened. This room was brightly lit and quite colorful. Six other girls of all shades and colors rushed to greet me; they proceeded to undress me, all giggling and squealing; finally after they had all my clothes off, they laid me down on some pillows, and all six started kissing me all over my body. I was tremendously hard, and ready for their special surprise. As I was lying down I noticed a basket-type chair tied to the very high ceiling—then the girl who had taken me into the room started maneuvering a cloth rope on a pully and thereby freeing the basket chair to slowly come down. As the chair got close to me, she asked me which girl I would like to sit in this unusual chair which had no bottom on it. I pointed to the girl I liked the most and as she sat in this chair all except one of the other girls went to work the rope. Now there I was laying on my back on top of a bunch of cushions with one girl making sure (lips and tongue) that I had a bone-type hard-on. Then they lowered the girl down in the basket chair. It was designed so that her nice round rear and juicy box was protruding quite far—then, after a few teases, they lowered her down and the girl on the floor guided my joy stick so that it was just entering that magic box. Then they pulled the pully up and down ever so slightly, continuing to tease me. After a few seconds they let her all the way down until my cock was deep inside her.

Now one of the girls spun the girl in the basket chair around, around, and around with almost all of me inside her juicy cunt. When I came I thought I had squirted my belly button, balls and everything else, right through the end of my peter. Anyhow they kept this up until I had come three times. It was so wonderful that as I am writing this I can almost relive it again.—*K.S., Talpa, Mexico*

Painting party

One semester at college, I was on my way downtown when I bumped into a friend I hadn't seen in a long time. We got talking and after a while he asked me to come to a painting party he was going to have. Then he added not to bring a girl.

That night at his apartment he introduced me to a really great-looking girl, and then left me hanging there in a room full of people I had never seen before. I started talking to this beauty only to find she was hung-up on age. She split when she found out I was only nineteen.

I introduced myself to another really nice-looking girl and things picked up. Her name was Shara. I hadn't been talking to her long when she asked if I had any objections to being her man for the night.

She really hit me off-guard—I never had a girl throw me a line like that. Before I could get my head together for an intelligible answer, my buddy got the attention of the crowd by standing on a chair and announcing it was 10:00 PM and time to get it together.

I was really unsure of the whole scene. The only people I knew were the host of the party and now Shara. I had already forgotten the first girl's name. This was so different from any party I had ever been to.

The living room was occupied by six other couples and a half-barrel of beer. My buddy (for now I'll call him Joe) came into the living room carrying an armload of white sheets. He asked us to help spread the sheets out over the rug and furniture.

The sheets were covering everything in the living room and one naked couple walked out to the middle of the white room and told us to leave all our clothes in the bedroom. Joe brought out a box of what looked like toothpaste tubes; there were no labels or writing on the tubes, just shiny silver. Shara must have known what was going on because I could see her expression brighten as Joe gave out the silvery tubes.

Several of the other couples pushed their way

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Pioneer's new CT-7171 cassette deck with built-in Dolby, is undoubtedly the most extraordinary instrument of its type. Its sound reproduction is so exceptional that it not only eclipses the performance of other cassette decks, but it rivals the finest open-reel units.

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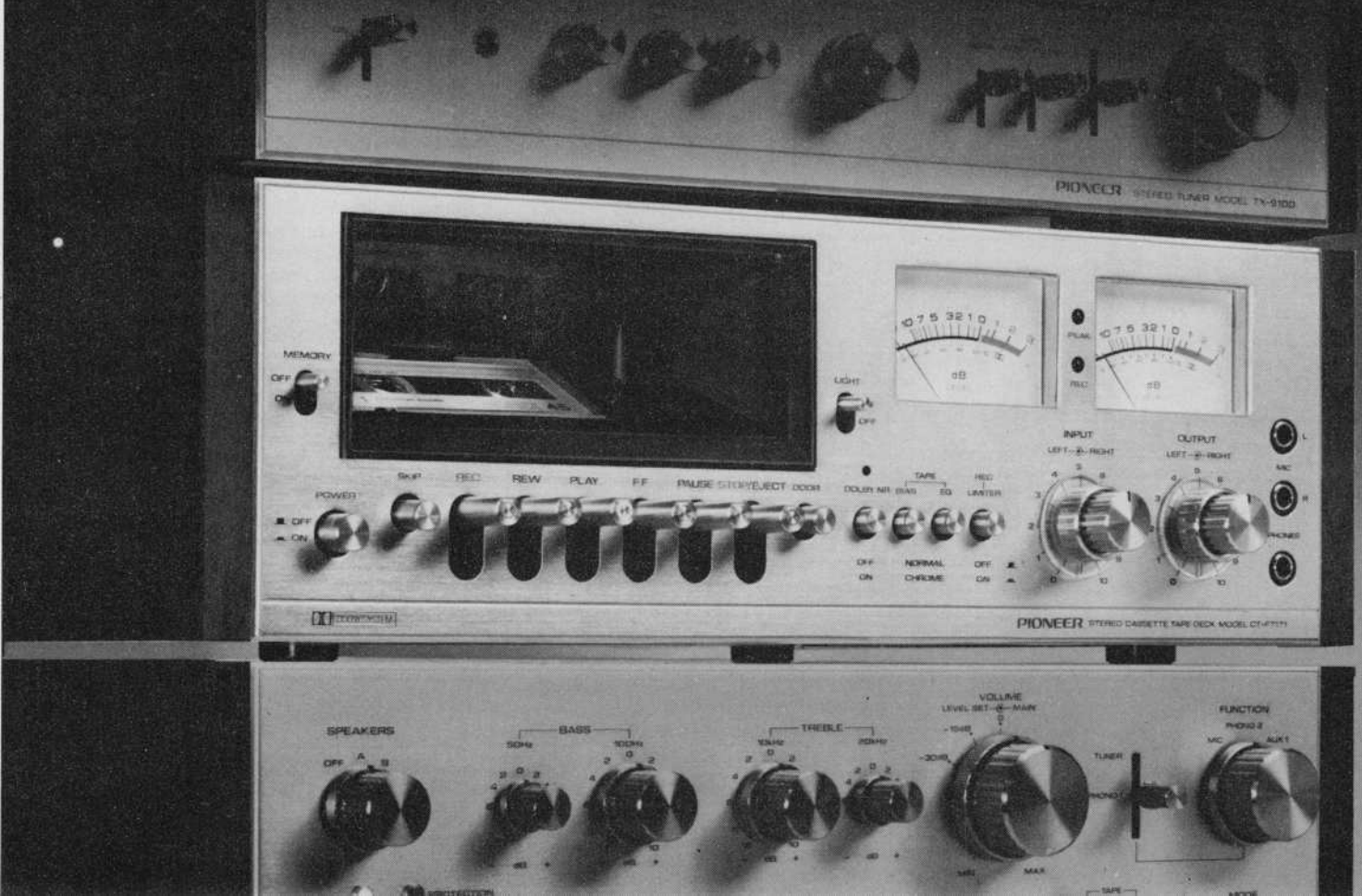

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into the bedroom to disrobe, all very hurried to get back to the living room. I started to follow suit, only to have Shara stop me and ask to let her undress me. As she started to unbutton my shirt, I felt kind of uneasy—I had never undressed in front of more than one other person before. I thought for sure the whole world was watching me as I stood there disrobing.

Shara must have sensed my uneasiness 'cause she gave me a gentle kiss and said, "Relax, you're beautiful."

I undressed Shara, which didn't take long as she had only a halter top and jeans on. Now we were both in the raw, as was everyone else, and we wandered into the white living room.

The silvery tubes were filled with body paints. Now I knew what Joe meant by a painting party. Couples were fingerpainting on each other. Shara and I walked around getting our own ideas looking at the living art around us.

Joe was making targets out of his girl's breasts. The nipples were the bull's-eyes, with consecutive circles of blue, yellow, and finally white to complete the targets. Shara and I really got into it and did an excellent job of creating faces on each other's body. The eyes were the nipples in both cases, and Shara painted a beard on my chest to finish the face that she named "Male." I made long eyelashes and really red lips on the face I painted on Shara's chest and named it "Fe."

I was so turned-on I was getting silly. I said to Shara, "Male would like to kiss Fe." Shara replied, "Fe would like to do more than that!"

We were kneeling at the time, so I walked over to Shara on my knees and we pressed our painted bodies against each other. The slippery feel of Shara's body against mine was super-sensuous! Shara was so hot and wet my extruding prick penetrated her in a second.

Shara started coming just seconds after I had penetrated her. She pulled me on top of her as we rolled to the floor. I could feel my orgasm really building up. Shara was moaning and twisting me from side to side, saying "Give it to me, now!" Little did she know I didn't have any control over it. I just lucked out and shot my load just at that second. It was the heaviest orgasm I ever experienced. My whole body trembled for a full minute and I was completely drained of all energy.

We were motionless in each other's arms minutes after the grand explosion. I rolled off to one side only to be hit with clapping and cheering that filled the room.

Shara got up to wash herself, I just remained motionless on my back with my eyes closed. Minutes later I felt the greatest cooling sensation on my prick—Shara had put a half-melted ice cube in her mouth and was giving me a real cool blow job. I thought I had been completely spent, but my prick surprised me with another orgasm.

Shara came up next to me and said, "This paint is flavored." I bent over and sucked her right breast and was surprised at the great taste of the paint. I sucked and licked Shara for about ten minutes until I finally made it down to her pussy. It was super-wet and helped cut the dryness the paint left in my mouth. I had only been tonguing her for about thirty seconds when she started moaning again. In a minute she was twisting and kicking so much, I could barely keep my head between her legs.

Shara rested a minute then led me into the bathroom. We showered together to get the rest of the paint off, and our slippery bodies rubbing against each other really turned me on. I had one more taste of Shara, before wearing out.

We dried off, dressed, and said thanks to Joe.

She had driven herself to the party, and the dorms were on her way home, so she dropped me off. I kissed her goodnight and damn if I ever saw

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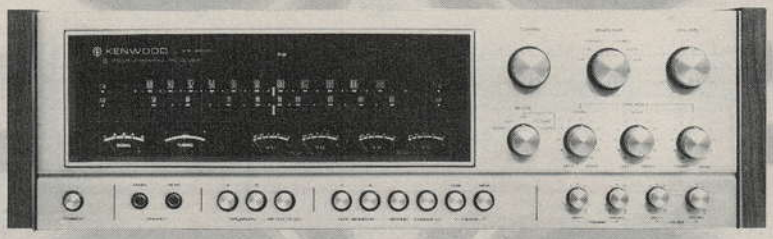

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her again!—*R.P., address withheld*

Pet comment

The August cover photograph is probably among the top three photographs ever presented by any men's magazine. It is much more than just a picture of a very personable young lady in a state of modest undress—it is a little sad story replete with nostalgia, which, like neuralgia, will not let us sleep easily.

The 1920's sex object sits quietly awaiting the notice of her master. She is partly undressed and her legs are parted to catch his eye, as the fruits of her labor, if you will, are before her, ready for her to eat. Yet she does not eat in gluttony, for she would get fat—she eats sparingly, of grapes and oranges so she will keep her slimness and continue being a sex object.

Yet, in a way, it is not a story of unrequited love, but rather of symbiosis: the master supplies the food, clothing, and shelter she needs, and she supplies the female companionship that he needs. Separately sex object and master would be incomplete—together they become a unit of life.—*Lybrand P. Smith, Torrance, Calif.*

I am presently employed by a construction company working on a development project in northern Quebec, Canada. We are living in a camp in the woods and this camp is located approximately three hundred miles from the nearest town containing females.

Last week we received your September 1974 issue with the centerfold of a girl named Janice Kane. I have spent four years in camps like this and never have I seen so many workers want to go home to their wives and girl friends after seeing your centerfold.

Congratulations! Girls like Miss Kane in your magazine could easily put an end to northern development in Canada, but keep them coming anyway.—*B.G. Baranyai, Montreal, Quebec, Canada*

Pain and pleasure

I read with great interest your September Forum with the wife's descriptions of spanking her husband. However, after reading her letter I would not consider her spankings as punishments at all—in my opinion what they are doing is just a little bit of playful sex.

In our family spankings are for real and have been now for almost twenty years. My own husband has not only been a sorry recipient of countless spankings over the years but I have also made him suffer through quite severe whippings when I thought the situation warranted it.

At first we started with spankings with my husband lying across my lap. In the beginning I used my palm, then a hairbrush, and then a paddle. I have long ago discarded those childish toys for my just simply beautiful, 36" long, slender, and so flexible rawhide riding crop that has become a permanent fixture resting on the top of the bedroom dresser.

So when my husband does something inexcusably wrong I make him undress completely and then direct him into our den where he must position himself over a large leather-covered hassock with his hands taped together behind his back. Then I take my riding cane and begin to work over his bare taut buttocks watching him arch frantically in an effort to escape the falling smacks. I can tell very well his faked sobbing and pleading from the real thing—and when his buttocks are scalding and covered with stripes and I know his pleading is genuine I then really make him deeply sorry for what he has done.

By then he has his legs stretched wide open thus allowing the swishing cane to reach the ten-

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der inside of his thighs and now he has a hard-on like you have never seen in your life. When I think he has had enough, I order him to kneel on hard dry beans with his knees spread wide open, toes touching, leaving his hands taped behind his back to make sure he cannot masturbate himself. Then I take two spring clothespins and firmly place one pin on each of his breast nipples making sure the tips are pinched very hard. To see what this does to him is simply divine. His penis stands up erect ready to explode, almost of course, but not quite, and this, also, is a part of his punishment.

When I deem it necessary I let him stay like that for two to three hours doing his penance and readjusting the clothespins every half hour or so. You would not believe it but when I open the clothespin and then release it fast on his nipple again, tears are not only rushing down his eyes, but also from his stiff cock. Then I usually snap a thick strong rubber band on his penis—just below the rim and I will stand over him with my legs wide open bringing my pussy to his mouth.

What he does to me then with his tongue and lips is completely out of this world.

Sometimes I stand there and let him do me three or four times as he gets better and better because I do not allow him to come.—*L.K., address withheld*

I am writing this letter because I am horny and frustrated. My problem is trying to find a partner who shares my idiosyncrasies.

Several years ago when I was a horny but unsophisticated teenager, I chanced on one of the first issues of *Penthouse*. In the Forum there was a letter that dealt with the practice of spanking as a sexual stimulus. That letter turned me on as nothing in my life ever had. I became fuzzy-headed, throbbing and flushed with heat. I was, not to coin a phrase, "in heat," and "burning with desire," phrases which I had not appreciated in the past. I was going to screw, by God, right then and there. And I didn't give a damn who saw what. My boyfriend's cooler head prevailed, and we adjourned to the garage since he felt that balling in his family's living room in full view of his parents was indiscreet.

Unfortunately he would not cater to my demands. Screw me he would—but spank me he would not (although he had no objections to any methods of arousal / wanted to use on myself). I could never understand his refusal to spank me since I was obviously panting for it, and we split soon after that. I have continued to look for a man with whom I could share my enthusiasm for spanking.

In the past years since then I've had every kind of sexual/emotional relationship, even getting laid for a grade in college with a lecherous professor. It was only in this last affair that I was spanked. Dr. X was obviously hot for my body and I knew it. In a burst of honesty, he admitted that the only way I was going to get the grade I deserved (an A) was to have a late night conference with him. I agreed and we met in his office one weekend evening when the building was deserted. I was expecting a quick fuck or a blow job but this was not what happened.

He had me kneel in front of him, take his cock out of his pants and suck him off. This was only the warm-up. He undressed me and examined me thoroughly, kissing me here and there. Then he had me get on the floor on my knees with my head on the floor and my ass high in the air. After explaining that trying to avoid the blows would only make the spanking last longer, he started to slap my ass. I was in heaven! I was finally getting what I had wanted for years. He spanked me slowly and carefully with each slap getting slight-

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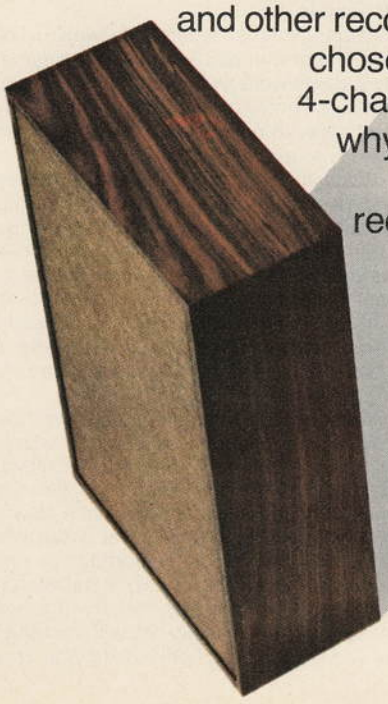

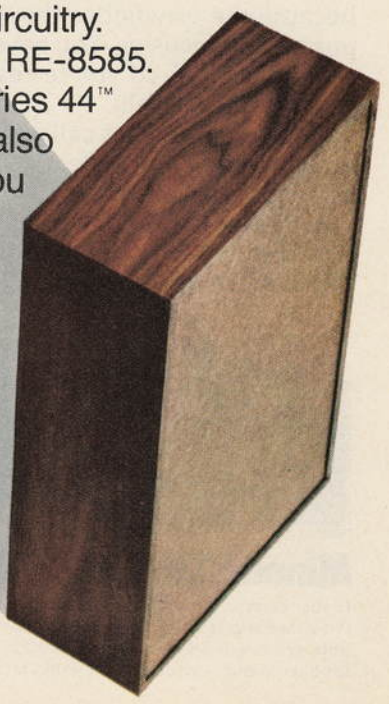

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ly harder than the last. In a few minutes my ass was really hurting. I twisted away and told him I was thoroughly aroused and ready to screw all night. I had not counted on his reaction, which was to laugh and say that he'd hardly begun. He grabbed me, pulled me across his lap and held me firmly in place with his left arm across my back and his right leg pinning my legs tightly between his. Then he spanked me in earnest with the flat of his palm slapping my cheeks as hard as he could. I was crying and begging him to stop but that only made him slap me harder.

After an eternity he paused for a moment and I could feel his cock pressing hard up against my stomach. What amazed me even more was that I wanted him to keep on spanking. I think he knew what had happened because he laughed a bit, and continued with a final dozen slaps, each long, hard, and lingering. With each final slap, my cunt was getting hotter and hotter until I thought I was on fire. My thighs were tingling and my nipples were crinkled so tight that they ached. He released me and I stood up to feel the juice running down my legs. His erection was enormous and he was as turned-on as I was. Out of consideration for my still-stinging ass, he let me get on top and we balled wildly. As I was pumping madly away, half out of my mind with lust, he slapped me across the ass. That put me over the top and I had orgasm after orgasm as he slapped my smarting ass.

Somewhere out there there are men who love to spank women as much as I love being spanked. Maybe I'll find one someday. Until then I content myself with the few pornographic novels that deal with spanking but don't go into whips and chains. And I remain both horny and frustrated.—*Name withheld, Tallahassee, Fla.*

When I first discovered your special preference letters last summer, they struck an immediate cord of response. I have been a devotee of enemas since the age of six, when I first remember being sexually aroused by one.

When I was twelve, a friend told me his version of the facts of life. This fellow believed that anal intercourse was the primal sex act and that it satisfied the most basic human instincts. I was quite aroused, and from that day on, I took a great interest in female buttocks. This portion of the anatomy is still my biggest turn-on. It is a completely heterosexual fetish; male asses turn me off entirely.

At about this same time (age twelve), I began to experiment with self-administered enemas when my parents were away from home. This practice continued until I graduated from high school and went away to college, when having a dormitory roommate made it impractical.

While a freshman at college, however, I met and began dating a girl whose hindquarters I regarded as sheer perfection. Imagine my delight when I learned (my finger strayed there—half on purpose) of her anal eroticism. Before long, our petting sessions included mutual masturbation with our fingers busily digging into each other's backside. But it wasn't until we finally rented a motel room one night that I sampled the pleasures of an enema.

When we had registered and locked ourselves into our room, she undressed and watched as I unpacked the enema bag and its attachments. Her cheeks were flushed and she was in an obviously aroused state. She lay face down on the bed, with a large motel towel under her pelvic region. Trembling and sporting an incredible erection, I inserted the nozzle between her perfect buttocks and heard her sigh with pleasure. As the water flowed into her rectum, she moaned and moved her buttocks from side to side, repeatedly

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XOCHITL

Montezuma Margarita The flower symbolizes the last day of the Aztec week, representing the ultimate in true beauty and pleasure. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; juice ½ lime; pinch of salt; stir in shaker over ice; rub rim of cocktail glass with lime peel and spin in salt; strain shaker into cocktail glass.

Tequila-Pineapple Liqueur. The 3rd day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a house, representing hospitality and at-home entertaining. The drink: fill a jar half way with chunks of ripe pineapple; pour Montezuma Tequila to the brim; add 1 teaspoon sugar (optional); cap jar and place in refrigerator for 24 hours; drain off liquid and serve as an after-dinner liqueur.

CALLI

Horny Bull™ Cocktail. A horned animal symbolizes the 7th day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited and casual fun. The drink: 1 oz. Montezuma Tequila over ice in unusual glassware, mason jar, jelly jar, beer mug etc.; fill with fresh orange juice or orange breakfast drink.

MAZATL

Tequila Fizz. The rain symbolizes the 19th day of the Aztec week, representing cool refreshment. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; juice ½ lime; ½ teaspoon sugar; two dashes orange bitters; stir in a tall glass over ice; fill with club soda; garnish with lime shell.

QUIAHUITL

Tequila Straight. Water symbolizes the 9th day of the Aztec week, representing simple and uncomplicated pleasure. The drink: Pour 1½ oz. of Montezuma Gold Tequila in shot glass. Put salt on back of thumb; hold a wedge of lime between thumb and 1st finger; lick salt, drink Tequila, bite into lime in one flowing motion.

ATL

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*Tonatiuh: Aztec god of the sun.

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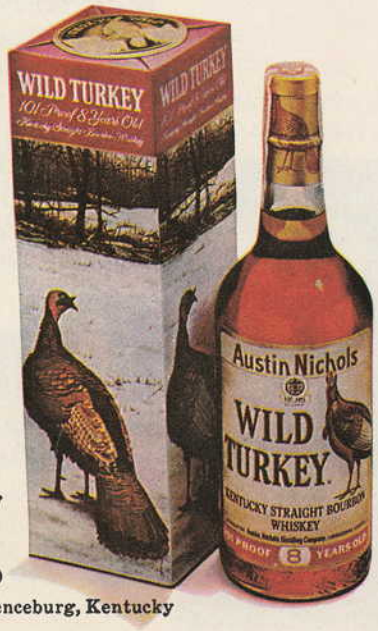
For color reproduction of the Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19 by 21", send $1 to Box 929-P-12, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005.

Everybody wants Turkey for Christmas.



WILD TURKEY
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Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

saying how marvelously good it felt. "Stop," she finally said, "I'm full."

Later, she administered an enema to me. I am not ashamed to say that I came spontaneously—with no penile stimulation whatever. We were married about a year later, and we continue to satisfy each other with enemas, etc. I regard myself as a perfectly adjusted man. Neither of us feels that any of this is "dirty" or immoral. We now have two children, and continue to have straight intercourse as well as our special preference sessions.—*Name and address withheld*

Close shave

Several weeks ago while watching a bad WWII movie about women collaborators whose heads were shaved, I experienced the largest erection ever. My roommate noticed this and she was curious as to the cause. When I told her, she admitted that female baldness intrigued her as well. She then asked what I would think of her bald. I nearly came right then and there. Taking scissors and razor in hand, I shaved her head as smooth as a billiard ball, and have had the most vigorous and enjoyable sex experiences ever since. She wears a wig to work but often goes "uncovered" in public with fantastic reactions from men. I believe that beautiful women should shave so others can experience this erotic sight.—*Bert Egan, Cambridge, Mass.*

Summer of '62

I was reading an old issue of *Penthouse* and came across a letter from someone who described how he was first introduced to sexual intercourse. I feel my story is a bit unique.

When I was fourteen (I am twenty-six now) there was this girl whom I liked a lot. We lived near each other during the summer at the shore. She had real big boobs, and boy did they show when she wore a bathing suit! One day, I brought her out for a ride in my motorboat. She was wearing a bathing suit and I was wearing only a pair of shorts which were quite loose around my legs and very, very short. I did not realize it, but the end of my penis was hanging out slightly from my shorts. Then it happened.

With feminine tenderness never before felt, she caressed me and eased a total erection out of my shorts. I had never before been so sexually aroused. She slipped off her bathing suit and sat down on top of me. We began making out and then she guided my penis into her big, hairy vagina. I thought I would go out of my mind!

After that day in the boat I balled her regularly every day (or so it seemed). Since then I have scored with many chicks and to think it all started twelve years ago in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!—*Name and address withheld*

Divine guidance

Honeysuckle Divine, the man's woman described in the June 1974 issue, is too good to be true. Her abilities just must be more fully described and her techniques explained.

I have read the article to my girl friend—she's not without her own repertoire in the vaginal department—and her comment was, "If Honeysuckle Divine can do it, so can I."

So, how can I satisfy my girl's request to learn more about Honeysuckle and the "how-to's" for invaginating mop handles, lit cigars and candles, for squirting lotion, and for whistling?

Writing with a brush inserted in her vagina is old hat to my girl, and she is the only person I know who can invaginate a banana and then devaginate it bit by bit—up to eight or ten pieces depending on the length of the fruit.

My girl would like to become the Honeysuckle of the Orient, so would you please tell me where I

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Years at Present Address | Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ | Telephone (include area code) | Number of Dependent Children | Social Security Number

Previous Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code | Years there

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Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

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can get the advice she needs to become a "Honeysuckle" in her own right?

She and I thank you and we will wait for your reply.—*Name withheld, Taipei, Taiwan*

An article called Vaginal Exercises *in* Viva, *October 1974, can show your girl how to develop a better grip. If* Viva, *our sister publication, isn't available in Taiwan, our back-issues department will provide you with one.—Editor*

Auto-sex

Six years ago my wife and I took a two thousand-mile vacation trip, accompanied by my daughter and an eighteen-year-old girl friend of hers. My sex life with my wife was highly satisfactory before the vacation, but during the trip our style was cramped since the four of us shared a motel room.

I was the only driver on the trip and in addition to driving 700 miles a day, we also stopped to do some sightseeing. One night, at midnight, I became very tired so I pulled off the highway and took a twenty-minute nap. I then got up, walked around the car a couple of times and feeling somewhat refreshed, resumed driving. My wife was soon asleep and, looking into the backseat, I observed both girls were also asleep. After driving about ten minutes I again became very drowsy and I pulled off to the side of the road and again got out of the car and walked around it a couple of times. Feeling a little refreshed, I again started to drive. My daughter's friend, who had just awakened, was seated behind me and leaned up against the back of the front seat and began to massage the muscles in my shoulders and neck. These muscles were sore and the massage really felt good, but it wasn't helping me wake up. In fact, if I had been in a bed, I would have been in a sound sleep in seconds. She had strong fingers. After a couple of minutes, she leaned over my left ear and asked me if the massage was helping keep me awake. I told her the massage really felt good but it was having the opposite effect. At that she took her left hand away from my neck and reached around the left side of the seat and placed her hand on my left thigh, about midway between my knee and hip, with her fingers extending down toward the inside of my thigh. I immediately felt more awake and looked over toward my wife—she was still sleeping. I reached over to the dash and turned down the dashboard dimmer switch until I could barely see the speedometer needle. Just after that, she began to slowly move her hand up my leg toward my crotch and within twenty seconds I was wide awake with a very uncomfortable feeling in my pants since my expanding penis was twisted down. When she got an inch from my crotch she asked me if I was waking up. I assured her I was more awake than I had been for two weeks.

When she got to my crotch her hand made a fleeting pass over my bulging pants. I was wearing a sport shirt which hung out over the top of my trousers, and with a fleeting pass she withdrew her hand back to the side of my left hip, then slipped her hand under my shirt and against my bare skin just above my belt. I thought she had gone as far as she was going to go as she rested her hand at this location for several minutes. Then she again slowly moved her left hand along the top of my trousers toward the center of my stomach. I wanted her to grab me in the worst way but was afraid to say anything for fear of waking my wife. She stopped at the center of my stomach for a minute or so, then moved her hand down, and single-handedly unbuckled my belt and the top buttons of my trousers. Then she slipped her hand under my trousers and shorts, up against my skin, and down to my cramped penis. Her hand moved around it and straightened it out, after which she spent a considerable length of time grasping and fondling my penis and balls.

During this time she removed her right hand from my shoulder. I didn't attach any significance to this until a little later when I noticed a change in her breathing. I twisted around enough to see her right arm was down between her spread legs. I gave her a peck on her right cheek and about a minute later I heard her gasping and knew she had reached a climax. She also became much more violent as she grabbed my penis with her left hand. I had to intervene with my right hand as I was so close to ejaculation that one more tug and I would have had soaked pants. I squeezed her left hand with my right, and she squeezed my hand back as her breathing returned to normal. I whispered to her that she shouldn't do anything more than rest her hand on my penis.

Later she returned her right hand to my right shoulder and I then caught a whiff of that sweet unmistakable odor and with my left hand on the steering wheel, I took her right hand with my right hand and kissed the ends of each of her fingers until I got to her middle finger. The middle finger had that special flavor and I sucked on it like a baby. From the time she slipped her hand in my pants until I finished sucking her finger I drove 75 miles—and didn't feel the least bit tired.

About 3 AM, when I was about fifteen minutes from home, my wife woke up and placed her left hand on my right thigh—just inches from the hand on my left thigh. For a moment I thought I was at the end of the road. My daughter's friend began to gradually withdraw her hand, and after several minutes managed to do so completely without her being detected by my wife. My penis remained hard as a rock. We finally arrived home and I decided to go right to bed without unloading the car. (I was able to button my trousers and buckle my belt before going into the house.)

All my men wear English Leather. Or they wear nothing at all.

I think women are becoming a little more frightening to men these days. Maybe it's because we're freer to do the things we've always wanted to do.

But some men don't feel intimidated at all. They kind of enjoy our freedom.

Those are the men I like.

And you know, those are the men who wear English Leather®.

English Leather fits the way they live. It's so clean and fresh and honest.

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I managed to get into bed without my wife seeing my hard penis. She was half asleep and after some manipulation I next to raped her.

To this day, whenever I get a little drowsy while driving, I begin to think of this experience. My penis jumps to life and I wake up.—*Name withheld, Des Moines, Iowa*

College closet affair

I have never written to a magazine, but your recent pictorial *Mirage* (September 1974) has moved me to do so.

I am a nineteen-year-old coed here, and I was introduced to the glories of female love by an older friend when we were sixteen. We still get together occasionally, but she is married now with two small children so our relationship has cooled considerably over the past few years.

When I first came to school (I am from the Chicago area) I was very apprehensive about a lot of things: grades, friends, guys, but most of all—my lesbian love life. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to find any willing partners for myself. How wrong I was.

I moved into a dorm during New Student Week. I was all moved in by the afternoon, however, my roommate had not shown up. Then, there was a knock on the door and there stood the most beautiful blond I had ever seen in my life. (I had better mention right here that for obvious reasons I cannot use my real name. Other students can sometimes be very cruel.) She said, "Hi! You must be Jan." I said, "That's right." She told me her name was Lynn, and I helped her move her things in.

I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. She was gorgeous! She was wearing the shortest cut-offs I had ever seen, and they served to accent her perfectly formed legs, which she kept slightly separated during our conversation. My eyes kept wandering to the "V" of her crotch. She was also wearing a tiny pink halter-top, which barely contained the fullness of her breasts. Her nipples showed plainly through the material. We finally decided to go out for some dinner, but I couldn't wait for nightfall to come, so I could have Lynn alone again.

By the time we arrived back in our room, it was getting to be pretty late, and I was getting hot! Every time Lynn took a step, her tanned breasts jiggled in the tiny top. I told her I was going to take a shower and get ready for bed. I hurried through it as quickly as I could and returned to the room in my robe. I found that Lynn had also undressed, and was wrapped in a towel that barely reached below her pubic area.

I must say that I consider myself a good-looking girl. I was a high school cheerleader, and I have a good figure with full breasts and shapely legs. I noticed that she seemed as interested in looking at me as I was in her. I sat on my bed and started to apply baby powder to my shoulders. Suddenly, Lynn came over and took the bottle out of my hand. She said, "Here, let me do that for you. Why don't you slip your robe down?" I slipped the robe from my shoulders and lay on my stomach on the bed. She started to smooth the baby powder into my back. My heart was racing from the soft touch of her delicate fingers. Slowly, she pulled the robe completely away to reveal my smooth buttocks. She delicately squeezed them with her fingers. She ran her fingers down the insides of my legs and I thought a flood was going to pour from my pussy.

"Turn over," she whispered, and I did. She gasped as she saw for the first time my beautiful breasts. First she massaged them. Then, in a flash, her mouth was all over them kissing, sucking, licking, biting. She slid out of her towel—and it was my turn to gasp. Her creamy-skinned breasts were tipped by two rosy nipples that stood out like little pebbles just waiting to be sucked. I nearly lost my breath when I saw her silky-blond pubic hair. Her hands sank to my thighs and she gently separated them. She plunged her sleek middle finger into me, and I grabbed for her breasts with all the passion in me. Finally, she lowered her head to my vaginal lips, and her licking drove me into ecstasy. I knew I wanted to do the same for her, and I pulled her crotch to my face. We made passionate love throughout the night and we have been tight ever since.

The point is that I am gratified to see a man's magazine appreciate the tender relationship that two women can have with each other. I have read your letters from other women saying that they were turned-on by the thought of making it with another gorgeous girl, and I also think that secretly most men would enjoy viewing two beautiful women making it. So here's a vote of confidence from someone who thinks you're the greatest. —*J.N., address withheld*

The Iron Maiden

My girl friend and I have read several of your letters regarding different types of male chastity devices and believe that we have found an almost foolproof device. My girl believes that no man can be trusted, and that all men require restraints to force themselves to remain true to a single woman. When we first met I promised that I would remain true, and I kept this promise for a full year during which I had the most fantastic sex life imaginable. However, when I did stray, I was given the ultimatum that something had to be done to prevent my ever attempting to stray again. I didn't know what she had in mind but I immediately agreed to her terms. I would have done anything to prevent losing her. I was not to have any sex until she was satisfied that I had been true to her for a month.

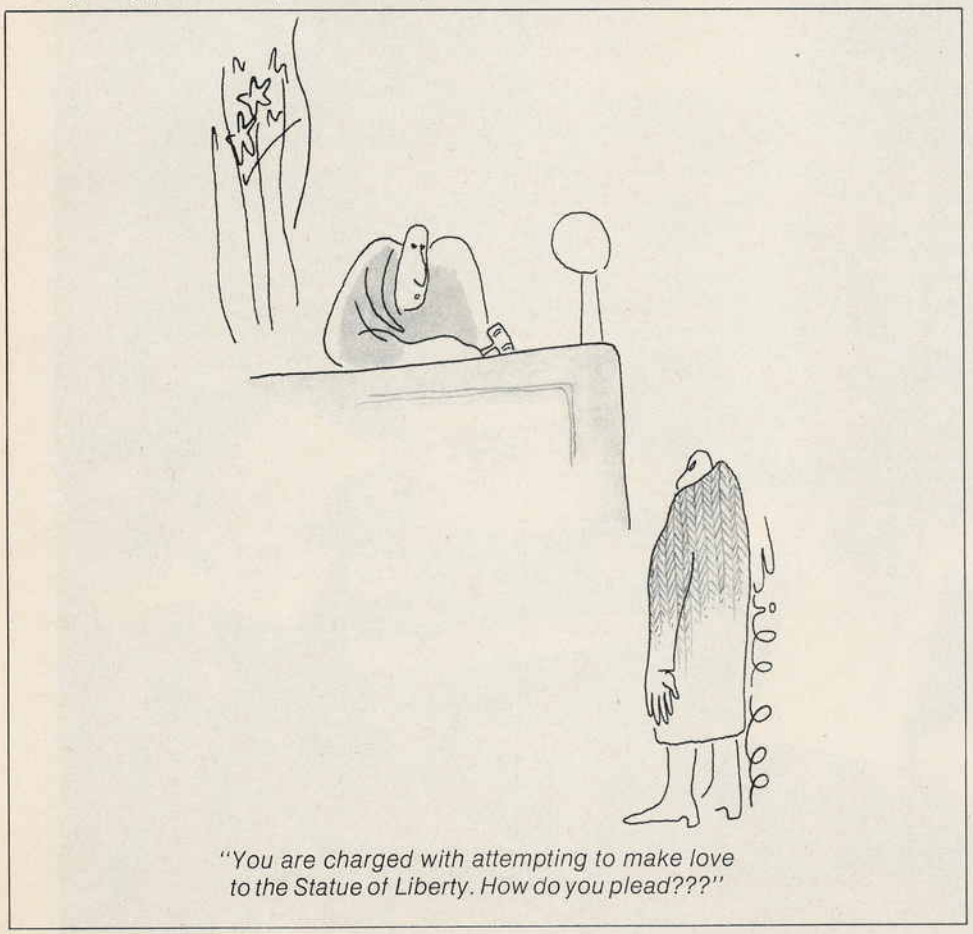
As I am not circumcised, it was decided to make use of this foreskin by piercing it and placing a ring through it. The healing was complete and permanent holes formed within a week. During this week my girl observed that I was able to masturbate, which was never to be allowed again either.

Design and construction started with a four-inch by one-inch conical shaped chastity device with the small end having an opening to permit urination. The entire device inside and out was coated with a coarse sand mixed with an epoxy cement thus preventing the wearer from giving or receiving any sexual pleasure while wearing it.

The next problem of attachment proved to be quite simple. The foreskin was threaded with a wire that went through matching holes in the device and was then securely attached to my penis. As this wire could be removed and replaced at ease we had still not arrived at a positive system. Then I remembered the lead seals that are used to seal electrical meters to prevent tampering. The ends of the wires are threaded through the lead seal and then locked in place by a pliers-type tool. We purchased a special tool with her initials in the seal which can't be duplicated. This she keeps in her purse with her at all times.

Finally to her satisfaction, I had a foolproof chastity device. I passed my thirty-day probation, and have been wearing it since which is now more than a year. My girl is very happy with the results and is thoroughly enjoying controlling my sex life. I am a very strong, active, virile male who has to be totally submissive to her or suffer the consequences. She has invented several games where I am forced to perform to her complete satisfaction in order for her to remove what has come to be known as my "Iron Maiden."

I am often forced to disrobe in front of her friends to model the "Iron Maiden" while they attempt to excite me. These girls have been so



"You are charged with attempting to make love to the Statue of Liberty. How do you plead???"

impressed that their lovers will soon be wearing "Iron Maidens" too.—*T.L., Ottawa, Canada*

The system is a prison

I have many unanswered questions about *The System Has Failed* by Karl Hess (August 1974). Although I would agree with his basic premise that there is, in fact, great discontent in the world today, many of his solutions based on his philosophical approach I cannot see working to better the "system."

Does the orderly change in the way we live envisioned by Mr. Hess have any built-in protection for the rights of the individual—such as life, property, liberty, etc.? Does his system eliminate the need to rule, or does it just give us a list of new names with new faces? Does he replace the rule of the presidency with the rule of the "community," "assemblage," or "common sense"?

Finally, if Mr. Hess feels people are free to use their own mental powers to decide their own lives, why hasn't he given them credit for having done so? Would the "system" exist if the people didn't want it? Doesn't it all come down to an open market of goods priced to sell, and the people choosing those they want and are willing to pay for? Isn't this a very good definition of "capitalism"?

It seems as though Mr. Hess wants people to choose his specific philosophy of life. But then, isn't rejecting a way of life also part of a man's or nation's freedom?—*Jerry Starzinski, Yakima, Wis.*

Karl Hess is to be unreservedly commended, and *Penthouse* should further expose the "system" to prevent the possibility of another Vietnam.

Can the Vietnam tragedy have been connected with the self-serving ends of the very few who control the American nation? The proof that this is so is but one small gem in a vast treasure-house of truth about the "system" contained in the monumental work from which Hess has so obviously derived his inspiration. I refer, for the benefit both of those who doubt Hess, and for those who wish to discover the rest of the truth, to one of this century's most important books, *The Rich and the Super Rich* by Ferdinand Lundberg (paperback edition by Bantam).

All of Hess's salient points about the structure of the "system," its means of imposition, its narrowly acquisitive goals and disastrous effects are in Lundberg's comprehensive work.

Hess most closely approaches the lynchpin of Lundberg's book when he says "centralized crime is seen as a success because its purpose is well understood, a rip-off of the many for the benefit of a very few. If that purpose, and only that purpose, is seen to be the goal of politics and industry, then central control there is successful also."

Hess and Lundberg are unanimous in declaring the "system" to be in serious trouble. In order to avoid the paralysing clutches of a new kind of totalitarianism, we must first learn why the present system came to wield and retain its overwhelming power. Perhaps *Penthouse* would initiate a series relating to this subject.—*Noel Shaw, Kingston, Canada*

Revolt on the turnpike

Revolt On The Turnpike by Tim O'Brien was a romantic report of some of the truckers' problems, but the writer laced fragments of facts with generous doses of imagination, and, obviously, some exaggerated claims of virtually non-existent truckers' "leaders."

In the article, J. W. Edwards is referred to as a "trucking leader." Fact: He was neither an owner-operator nor a leader; his main claim to fame being that he ran out of fuel on the Interstate on December 3, and being publicity-conscious, pre-

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...when you leave your car in the garage and walk the three blocks to the drugstore.

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tended he was the leader of "21 million truckers." Since there are only something like 100,000 long-haul owner-operators in the entire country, Bill Hill's claim of leadership is quite exaggerated, as was Edwards'.

In fact, Hill was virtually unknown outside of Pittsburgh until February, when he, bathing in the spotlight of national television, claimed to be the chief negotiator for the truckers, and, of course, participated in a giant sellout. In fact, Hill's rapidly deteriorating organization, F.A.S.H. has less than 500 members. How, then, could Tim O'Brien (or anyone else) believe that a person with a 500-member organization really "led" the truckers?

The real reason the truckers went back to work in February was because they were misled—deliberately—by headlines that indicated they were getting the concessions they wanted. It had nothing whatsoever to do with whether Bill Hill had "strengthened" his "strong hold" over the nation's independents.

One of the many misstatements in O'Brien's romantic story about how a man with less than 500 members could lead 100,000 truckers, was that 2.4 million trucks were registered in the United States in 1972. The facts show that there are only slightly over 100,000 new, heavyweight trucks produced every year—a far cry from the millions he stated were registered. That inflated figure would have included every single pickup truck, and truckers don't consider pickups as real trucks any more than a pilot would classify a Boeing 747 along with a Cessna 150.

The Youngstown, Ohio, skirmish described by Bill Hill did not happen that way. In the first place, Hill never heard about it until a radio report in Pittsburgh covered it. He then drove to Youngstown, Ohio, with two bodyguards, and visited the home of steel-hauler leader Mike Boano. Boano tried to get Hill to stay and talk to the men, but thirty minutes was all Hill could manage to stay . . . he rushed back to the safety of Pittsburgh. In O'Brien's story, Hill tried to take credit for being in the thick of it, but that is not the sort of thickness Hill is noted for.

Again, Hill tried to take credit for something he had nothing to do with—the formation of the short-lived *Teamate* magazine, published in Detroit, and mysteriously fire-bombed. Hill was not involved.

About the only thing Hill has really been involved in has been a sellout, not only of the nation's independent truckers, but of the nation. Had he not yielded to the glow of national television, mouthing platitudes and repeating the politicians' lies, the truckers would have held out another week in February. And, if they had not been misled by the headlines indicating government concessions were forthcoming, the truckers would have been able to force a public audit of the oil companies which would have proven what we now all realize—that there is no shortage of fuel, and that there never has been. But Hill and his ilk are too weak to hold out. The headlines are what killed the February shutdown—it had nothing to do with Hill or his fake committees. It is known as "manipulation of the press," something certain politicians are famous for.

It's too bad O'Brien didn't go any further than the bar of the Capitol Hill Hotel to check his own sources. A quick survey of truckers would have done it. They now know how politicians manipulate the news as well as weaklings. And, when weaklings make the news, their job is just that much easier.—*Mike Parkhurst, Editor, Overdrive*

Tim O'Brien replies:
Mike Parkhurst's letter supplies further evidence to support two key themes of my article Revolt on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

THE PENTHOUSE 1975 DESK DIARY & CALENDAR

1975

JANUARY

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PENTHOUSE®

FEBRUARY

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PENTHOUSE®

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PENTHOUSE®

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PENTHOUSE®

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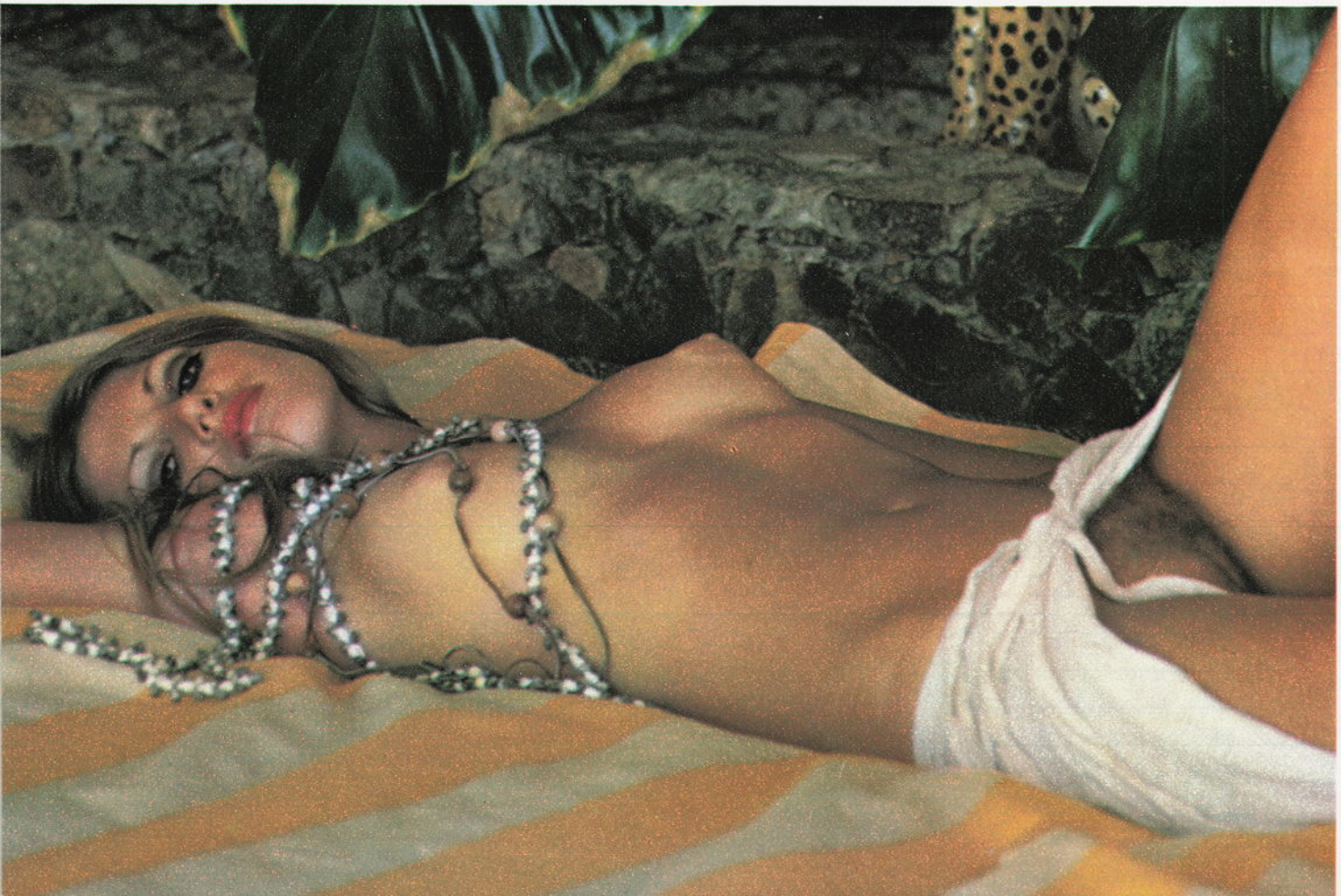

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PENTHOUSE®

AUGUST

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PENTHOUSE®

SEPTEMBER

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PENTHOUSE®

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PENTHOUSE®

NOVEMBER

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PENTHOUSE®

DECEMBER

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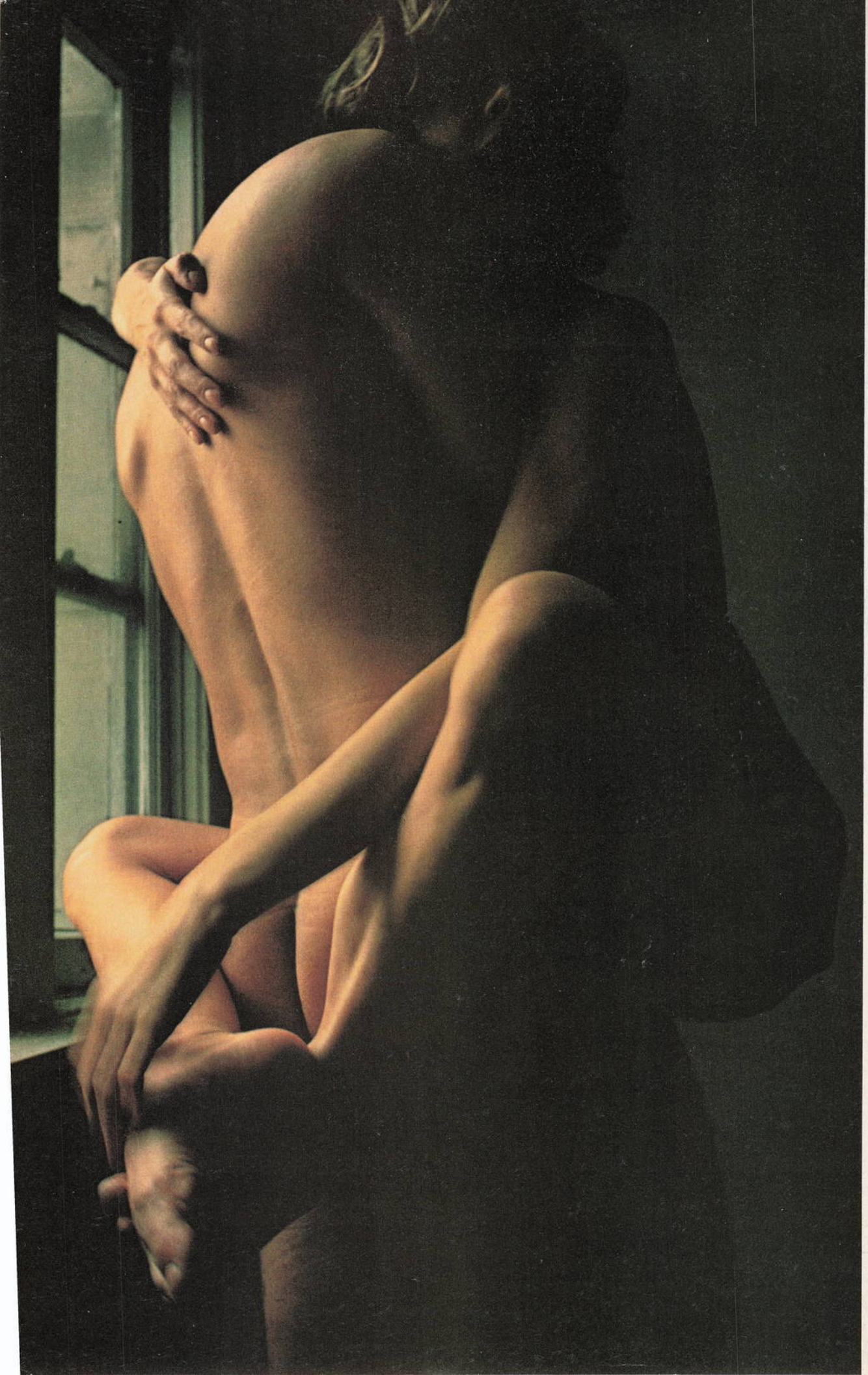
TELEPHONE NUMBERS



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the Turnpike. *His letter confirms the notion that the nation's independent truckers are divided into quarreling factions, led by men with dreams of grandeur—men like Mike Parkhurst. And it confirms this insight in the article: "Parkhurst won't admit it, but he's angry that other truckers stole his thunder during the shutdown."*

Let me go down the list of Parkhurst's criticisms.

Clearly, what upsets him most is his obsession with Bill Hill; he's mad because my research shows that Bill Hill, not Mike Parkhurst, has the best chance of unifying the drivers.

The evidence indicates overwhelmingly that Bill Hill deserved the credit I gave him: (1) Bill Hill, not Mike Parkhurst, led the negotiations to end the truckers' revolt. (2) Bill Hill, not Mike Parkhurst, won the accolades of Pennsylvania Gov. Milton J. Shapp, federal mediator William Usery, and Hill's fellow negotiators. (3) Bill Hill, not Mike Parkhurst, held the negotiating team together during that tense week in Washington. (4) Bill Hill expanded that coalition when the strike ended, helping to form the first major merger of the previously factious truckers and was elected temporary chairman of the new unity committee, which consists of 23 groups across the country. (5) When Bill Hill reached an agreement with the federal government to end the February revolt, the nation's truckers abided by the agreement, accepted its terms, and went back to work. They listened to Hill. They did accept the settlement that Bill Hill helped forge. (6) They did not listen to Mike Parkhurst. They did not continue the strike as Parkhurst urged. (7) Finally, Bill Hill—not Mike Parkhurst—is the fellow who wields the dominant clout among the government decision-makers. Based on many interviews, officials both in Washington and the outlying states view Hill as a credible, straight-talking leader, a leader who has proved he can deliver. The size of his home organization—the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers—is irrelevant. (Even if Hill has zero members in FASH, he has nonetheless shown that he can forge a coalition, hold it together in tough negotiations, win concessions from the federal government, and build and formalize that coalition.)

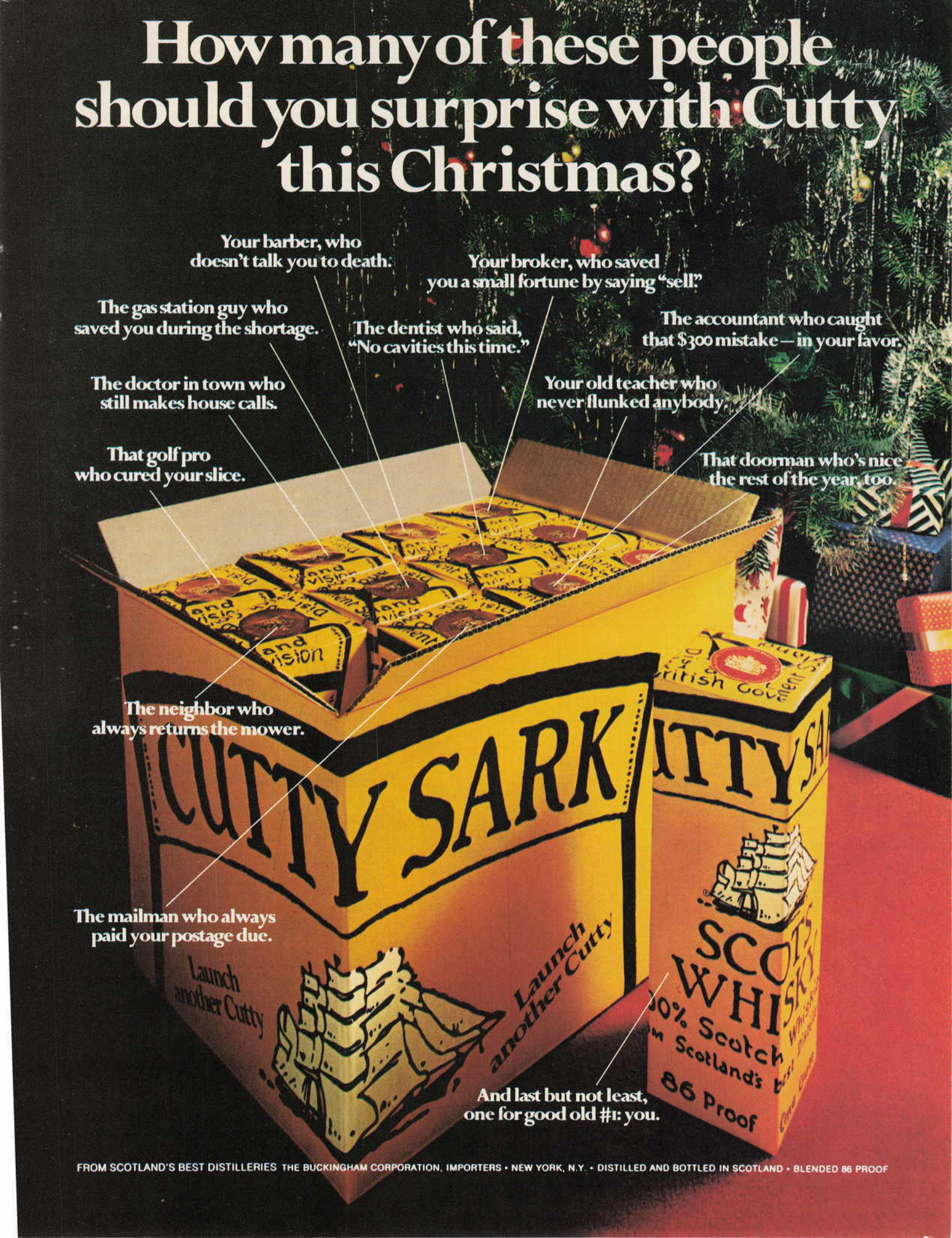
Turning to Parkhurst's secondary criticisms:

First, J. W. Edwards may be publicity-conscious, he may have run out of fuel on an interstate highway. But who cares? I've heard it said that even Parkhurst enjoys his share of ink. All this doesn't change the fact that Edwards headed the Owner-Operator Independent Drivers Association, which, although brand-new, still managed to place a representative on the negotiating team that eventually hammered out a settlement in Washington. Furthermore, perhaps because he spoke out loudly and perhaps because he nicknamed himself "River Rat," Edwards became something of a trucker's folk hero during the days of the revolt. Nobody ever claimed that Edwards was a Goliath in the trucking world—my piece contains a single passing reference to him—but he certainly qualifies for the rather innocuous label "leader."

Second, Parkhurst complains that Hill took too much credit for some rather sordid events in the history of the Fraternal Association of Steel Haulers. Wrong Again. Hill merely recounts what happened, talking in the plural ("we") and in the possessive ("our"). He was clearly referring not to himself but to his organization, FASH.

Third, Parkhurst claims that the settlement of the great truckers' revolt was a "sellout." He may be

How many of these people should you surprise with Cutty this Christmas?


Your barber, who doesn't talk you to death.
Your broker, who saved you a small fortune by saying "sell."
The gas station guy who saved you during the shortage.
The dentist who said, "No cavities this time."
The accountant who caught that $300 mistake — in your favor.
The doctor in town who still makes house calls.
Your old teacher who never flunked anybody.
That golf pro who cured your slice.
That doorman who's nice the rest of the year, too.
The neighbor who always returns the mower.
The mailman who always paid your postage due.
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right. He may be wrong. But why is he complaining to me? In Revolt on the Turnpike, *I let Parkhurst have his say, quoting him at length as he elaborated on his conspiratorial theory. And I also quoted Bill Hill, who simply said he got everything he could get at the time, and that someday he'll go back to the bargaining table for more. At least Bill Hill showed up at the negotiations last February. Parkhurst didn't, although he'd been invited to take part. In point of fact, Parkhurst not only boycotted the talks but he also rejected the settlement before knowing what it was. As he said last February: "I and my magazine will continue to urge that the strike continue even if a settlement is reached." Doesn't that sound like a man more concerned about his own position in the trucking movement than about the issues?*

Fourth, I will concede that Parkhurst is partly right in one criticism: the 2.4 million trucks registered in 1972 did include all makes of trucks. But Parkhurst is again grasping for straws. After all, that statistic was simply one of 16 used to support a generalization, namely that trucking is very big business in America. Parkhurst challenges neither the generalization nor the other statistics; trucks did *earn $19 billion in revenues in 1972; trucks* did *run up more than 470 billion ton-miles in 1972, etc. And trucking* is *big, big business.*

Fifth, he complains I didn't have enough sources. While probably no number of interviews would satisfy Parkhurst, I did my work thoroughly. For seven days, give or take, I virtually lived with truckers. I didn't like it much, but I survived. During the turnpike revolt, I covered the Washington negotiations from beginning to dreary end. As a reporter for both the Washington Post *and* Penthouse, *I talked to all the major figures involved—including Parkhurst himself. Furthermore, I talked to plenty of grassroots drivers; I rode with them, visited truck stops, listened to them bellyache (often about Mike Parkhurst's ego), interviewed their wives, and poured through their financial records.* Revolt on the Turnpike *carries ample evidence of this research.*

Viet vets

I am a regular reader of your magazine, but the series you are running on the "hardtimes" of the Vietnam veteran is really too much for me to take. I don't doubt there are problems, but you've blown it way out of line.

I'm a veteran, having served with the 5th Marines as a fire-team leader, and seen my share of combat. I went into the service because I believe that every able-bodied American male has an obligation to serve two years in the Armed Forces of our country.

True, North Vietnam did not pose a military threat to the United States. But we do have commitments around the world. If this country stands still—freedom stands still.

But, let's get back to the topic—those poor unemployed Vietnam veterans. Isn't it a shame? Get off your crying ass and look for a job! This country, the V. A., or anyone else doesn't owe us a damn thing! I can pick up the paper tonight and keep you busy for a week just running down ads.

I've had four jobs since my honorable discharge in 1968. I didn't like three of them, but by God I was working. I was on unemployment for a grand total of three weeks due to a layoff. And when I did go back to work, I was bringing home two dollars a week less than I was receiving from unemployment.

Right now my gross is $1,000 a month. And in two years it will probably double. No, I didn't go to college. I barely made it through high school. I just flat-ass stuck it out kid! Instead of writing to *Penthouse* and trying to get sympathy, I was beating on doors trying to sell myself.

In my job now I have the responsibility of hiring,

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firing, making out the payroll, layoffs and other little things. In two years, not once, let me say that again, not once, has a veteran applied for a job! I'm not coming to you baby!

Also, I keep in touch with the men I served with in Nam (about thirty), and not one of them is out of work! I even envy a couple of them. Now thirty out of thirty sounds like 100 percent to me. What the hell is wrong with *you*?

A handful of you punks are giving the rest of us a black eye. I'm proud I served my country. And I'll serve it again if I'm called. One thing for certain: if you guys stay home I don't have to worry about my job being taken.—*J. Johnson, Modesto, Calif.*

I have been reading with interest your articles and readers comments on military justice. The first run-in I had with military justice was at Ft. Hood, Texas. One morning at about 2:30 AM our platoon was made to get up, get into full-dress uniforms, and listen to an hour-long discourse on "What a mother-fucker is," and why we shouldn't call our sergeants mother-fuckers. The reason was that one of our drunken privates came in and called the sergeant on duty a mother-fucker.

After basic training we were permitted to move out of the barracks if we were married. Living on base was pure hell. One day our dog decided to take a shit on our front lawn and an MP parked across the street came up to my door and gave me a summons for defacing government property. I couldn't believe that, but the most asinine thing that happened while I was in the service was when one of the recruits was given a dishonorable discharge for abuse of government property. All he did was get caught beating his meat.—*J. McCormick, address withheld.*

Several months ago, I started dating a veteran I met at a party. It wasn't long until I realized he had very deep emotional problems. He couldn't accept responsibility of any kind. He told me he had been in and out of a VA mental hospital for years since his release from the service. I wanted desperately to help him stay out, and I tried to be there whenever he needed someone to talk to.

But on the one night I was needed, I wasn't home. That night all the bitterness, fear, and loneliness returned. And I will never forget the feeling of total desolation when I received the news that he had tried to commit suicide. I will never forgive myself for letting him down.

Now he is back in the mental hospital, his refuge from responsibility. And he is not alone. There are thousands of these men, men without hope or love.

I ask this question: how can we help these men who fought for their country so bravely, that are now without hope for a happy, productive, and fulfilling life? How can we give them hope for inner peace?—*Ms. C. A. Ledbetter, St. Louis, Mo.*

Cooper corrections

Many thanks for your interview with Alice Cooper. However, there are two *major* points that I would like to clear up before signing off. First of all, Alice Cooper's age is not twenty-six but thirty-two. Secondly, his real name is not Vincent *Fournier*, it's Vincent *Furnier*.—*Name and address withheld*

We apologize for misspelling **Furnier**—***it is a mistake we should not have made. As for your other point, we've checked and rechecked, and Alice Cooper is twenty-six years old.—Editor***

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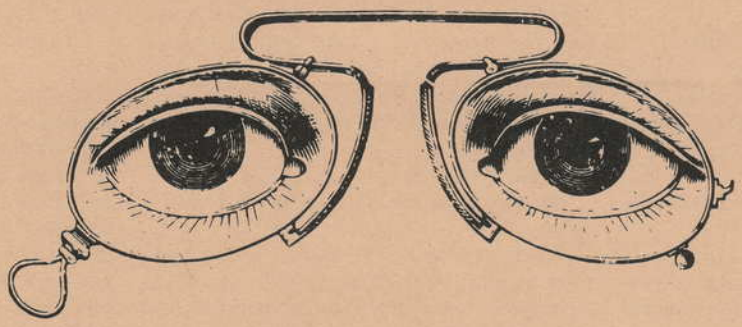


THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1976

So now you've read *The Making of the President, 1976*. And you think you know the full story of how it happened, eh? Well, there's more. A lot more.

Only now, with the election safely over and the result certified, am I free at last—under the unwritten code of the true-blue newsman—to break my two-year silence and reveal the central role I played in the whole thing.

Not that I planned it that way, or concocted any scheme to prove that a bright, witty columnist with access to millions of readers could, if he put his mind to it, make a president. Nothing like that. It was impish Fate and Fate alone that brought together the curious combination of one man with a long-range calendar and another man with a pocket calculator.

Once that happened it was inevitable that William Jennings Bahrnstorme of Forque Tongue, Wisconsin (or someone like him), would become the choice of the electorate to lead this nation into its third century.

Lots of people knew that America's Bicentennial was coming in '76 and would reach its zenith on July Fourth of that year—the actual birthday of our Declaration of Independence. But it remained for this observer to combine this information with the fact that it would also be the time of the end of the presidential primaries and the beginning of the national nominating conventions. This, plus the coincidence that this Election Day would fall on the earliest date allowed by the law ("the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November")—meaning, in the case of 1976, November 2.

All of which meant an unprecedented avalanche of patriotic oratory would be crammed into the short space of less than four months—from July 4 to November 2. And so, two years ago, on these very pages I warned that no population could retain whatever sanity it had through so unmerciful a schedule of political bullshit [see "The Hoopla Saturation Crisis Ahead," *Penthouse*, December 1974].

This memorable column caught the immediate attention of Mr. Bahrnstorme, who happened to be in town on a hardware wholesalers' convention and invited me to join him in a drink at a nearby spa.

"I admire a man of vision," he said as we settled in a secluded corner of the place. "And you've done a lot with your calendar."

"Thanks," I said modestly.

"But you may have overlooked what the economic factors will be by then. Might I tell you what I have discovered with my pocket calculator?"

"Please do, please do," I said.

"In a nutshell," he continued, "the so-called paper economy under which we're now operating will have collapsed. All the dollars, whether in the form of cash or credit, will have found their way into the hands of a few major oil companies and private bankers, who will use them to trade only with each other and with the oil-producing countries. They will have succeeded, in other words, in cornering the market—not only in oil, but in money as well."

"That's astounding!" I observed.

"Only the logical outcome of a trend that started—according to Census Bureau figures—in 1969. By 1972 they reported some ten billion dollars had been 'redistributed' from the middle three-fifths of the population to the richest one-fifth. By now I'd say it's about thirty or forty billion. According to my extrapolations, the bottom four-fifths should be broke by the fall of '75. And the process should be completed by July 1, 1976."

"Gosh. Just three days before the Bicentennial!"

"And the beginning of fiscal '77."

"But without money, how will we all live?" I asked.

"Like the bottom fifth has lived for years," he said. "On food stamps, Medicaid, and other forms of welfare, including government housing. Those who saw it coming in time will also have stocked up on jewelry, booze, and cigarettes that they'll use as currency like the soldiers overseas did in World War Two."

"Why couldn't the president do something to stop the trend?" I asked.

"Because presidents still listen to government economists—professional optimists who talk in 19th-century terms like 'free enterprise' and the 'law of supply-and-demand.' Do you own a car?"

"Not anymore. Can't afford one now."

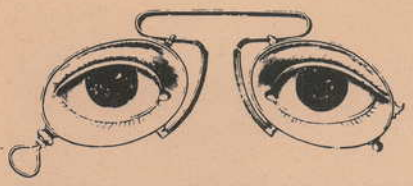
"Neither could a lot of people after the 'energy crisis,' when the oil companies doubled the price of gasoline and almost doubled their profits. The demand for new cars *fell* by 25 percent. So what did the auto makers do? They *raised* their prices eight times in ten months, by a total of more than $1,000 per car. In key industries, demand doesn't affect prices; they're set by decree."

"That seems true enough," I said. "I recall how my gas and electric company got us all to conserve power, then asked for a rate increase to make up for the lost income. Now they tell me that because of the high cost of the oil they burn they're facing bankruptcy unless they can increase my rates again by enough to force *me* into bankruptcy—which I suppose is the lesser of two evils."

"Only this time they're right," said Bahrnstorme. "Now they really are in a bind. So is your landlord, who can't afford to heat your apartment without a rent increase big enough to make you broke. The same with the mass transit system you're now forced to use."

"Well, why can't the city subsidize mass transit with federal help instead of raising the fares so high?"

"They're already doing that. In fact the cities are facing bankruptcy too, unless they



raise your taxes by more than you can afford. Otherwise the federal government will go deeper in debt bailing them out, like it's already bailing out railroads and defense contractors—which will only increase your federal taxes."

"So we're all headed for bankruptcy."

"Each in turn. Yesterday's bastards will be tomorrow's victims, until the 'redistribution' is complete; and the big oil people and private bankers have all the money. Like I said, on or about July 1, 1976."

"That would sure make for a gloomy Bicentennial."

"I'll drink to that," he said.

"And voters without money tend toward sullenness," I observed. "They might not vote for anyone, unless. . . ."

"Unless?"

"Unless they perceived upon the horizon a ray of hope in the form of some candidate —some totally dark horse—not identified in any way with the mistakes of the past, who ——"

"Yes?"

"Who understood what was happening and would promise never to listen to the government economists. Some middle-class businessman they could identify with as a fellow victim. A man who knew how to reverse the trend. A man who——"

He put down his drink and regarded me meaningfully.

"Yeah," he said.

"Do *you* know how to reverse the trend?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "Though it hasn't been tried for forty years. The government would have to take the money back by taxing the rich and putting it back in circulation."

"My God, that's it!" I cried. "That's our slogan: 'Tax the Rich!' I can see the banners now: A NEW DAY WITH OLD BILL J."

"You're a genius," he said. "You're putting ideas into my head, I must confess. But I'd need a lot of help. Speeches written by a man with a way with words. A push perhaps in the media by someone with access to millions of readers across the nation. Do you think that you. . . ?"

"It's the least I could do for my country," I said modestly.

That's how it all began. Days, I worked on my celebrated series of columns on the economy through 1975. Nights, I wrote the fiery speeches Bahrnstorme would deliver in the primaries of '76. Culminating with the one in June in California where he electrified the crowd with the now famous words, "You shall not press down upon the brow of business this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify the middle class upon a cross of paper!"

That, of course, assured Bahrnstorme the nomination. And the rest is history. You read all about it in *The Making of the President, 1976*.—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

BEYOND THE ABSURD

He was adorably feisty as Pa Hatfield in *Corn*, a good-natured country-western musical. He was brilliantly hateful as Baron Khanazar von Bluebeard, grisly sex surgeon on the Island of Lost Love, obsessed with designing a new genital organ and creating a third sex. He was bizarre as An-te-hai, scheming chief eunuch in the lavishly decadent court of Tsu-Hsih, last empress of China. He was heartbreaking as Camille, tragic heroine of the great Dumas love story. And he was supermacho as Buck Armstrong of the ripplingly oiled muscles and bulging jock strap, radio expert for the Euthanasia Police in *Hot Ice*.

The name of this amazing young actor is Charles Ludlam. In a very few action-packed years, Ludlam has played a wider range of parts than most actors get in a lifetime. The way he gets so many varied and juicy roles is by writing the plays, directing them, and masterminding the company that produces them.

Ludlam and half a dozen other adventurous New York actors started the Ridiculous Theatrical Company in 1967. The nucleus of the troupe has stayed together through eight productions. Black-Eyed Susan is the Ridiculous ingenue. Wide-eyed, deceptively prim in manner, and a rare comedienne, she is subjected to bizarre victimizations: in *Bluebeard* she is genitally remodeled and in *Hot Ice* she spends half the play wrapped in aluminum foil ready for the cryogenic freezer. Lola Pashlinski achieves amazing transformations, from the libidinous virgin governess in *Bluebeard* to the radiantly glamorous singing star of *Corn* to the dumpy criminal mama of *Hot Ice*. Bill Vehr is equally at home as the handsome, ardent Armand Duvall in *Camille* and as the yoyo-wielding narrator of *Hot Ice* with his baffling air of decadent intellectual menace.

"You get more acting when you cast against type," Ludlam says by way of explanation. "The actors have to go further and do more artwork on their parts."

Bluebeard, their first production, became an underground hit in the back room of a bar on the New York City waterfront. Since then, the troupe has played in a succession of tiny theaters all over Manhattan, attracting critical love letters and a loyal if small audience. They've taken their repertory to Europe twice. "In Brussels they treated us like royalty," recalls Ludlam. "They said we were a theater that Cocteau only dreamed of. When I came on in the strawberry dress for *Camille*, they were ecstatic. Bernhardt, Garbo, Ludlam!"

With their extravagant taste in role-playing, their penchant for outlandish locales and wild plots, and their uninhibited sexuality, the Ridiculous at first looked like a crazy freak show. This was well before glitter rock and the other current styles of sexual liberation. It was also nonpolitical.

"My relation to the homophile community is very difficult," Ludlam says. "I'm not into gay liberation—it strikes me as being provincial. My playing Camille had nothing to do with homosexuality. Being in a terrible romantic misunderstanding can happen to anybody, and does every minute. *Camille* presents a safer world, a world where things happen in a certain way. All classics are that way. Comedy ends in marriage, tragedy ends in death. But in the kind of polymorphous sexuality that we're all involved in, it's pretty

Susan, Vehr, Ludlam, and Lola: "A theater that Cocteau only dreamed of."

hard to just marry all the characters off in the end."

And so *Hot Ice* gives the audience its choice of endings. Ludlam combines this perverse modern irreverence with a sophisticated awareness of historical forms: his dramaturgy is modeled after the classic French *farceurs* —Tardieu, Sardou, Feydeau—and he unblushingly aims for a place among them. But he dips as freely into late-night movies—Cagney, Lugosi, Ma and Pa Kettle—possibly the closest our culture comes to living myths. These diverse ingredients meet in Ludlam's genius. He calls his work ridiculous—"but I do want people to come to grips with the subject matter." *Hot Ice*, for instance, sets up an argument between euthanasia and cryogenic preservation. The audience gets tricked into taking sides when an actor from the audience attacks the cast onstage for their degeneracy. And so midway through the production he is incorporated into the show and the plot is rearranged.

"A director who just directs is unnecessary. The actors can agree on what they're doing onstage.

"Anyway, nobody else would ever cast me as Buck Armstrong. The idea to do this supermachismo thing was a joke, after playing Camille."

Presently, the Ridiculous Theatrical Company is working on a production about a war between two fashion houses. "It's entitled *Dressed To Kill*," says Ludlam, "and is based on the life of Paul Poiret, an art deco designer who invented the bra."

Charles Ludlam—actor, dramatist, director, producer—is rapidly taking theater beyond the absurd.—*Michael Smith*

FILMS

BET YOUR LIFE

I doubt it's a good idea to start a movie review with a disclaimer. But I've always felt that film criticism deserves, if nothing else (and often it gets nothing else), at least a basic sympathy with the material. Prudes shouldn't write about pornography, pacifists shouldn't judge war movies, and tired businessmen looking for "entertainment" shouldn't mess with the intellectual cinema of, say, a Bresson or Straub. My own blind spot, a little more esoteric, is suddenly relevant: ever since infancy, when my mother first tried betting me a penny that I could stand on my own two feet—though I preferred to sit—I have had an almost pathological lack of interest in gambling. Therefore I am not your best guide to the gambling film, being bored by the passion and baffled by the idiots who, at least in the movies, so relentlessly pursue it.

Which is to say that I may be missing something in both Robert Altman's *California Split* and Karel Reisz's *The Gambler*, two movies about gambling, two attempts to make visible what must for its devotees be akin to religious experience—but without the traditional parting of the clouds and bursts of sunlight that, for so many years on a direct line from Heaven to Hollywood, indicated the connivance of the godhead. Actually, *The Gambler* occasionally goes that route, manipulating some lights in a Las Vegas casino into a kind of halo around its—for once—winning hero's head. "You're crazy," says his sensible girl friend. "Yes," he solemnly answers, "but I'm blessed." Given the seriousness of its direction and the pretentiousness of its screenplay, I'm fairly certain that at some level *The Gambler* would like us to believe him.

Blessings aside, the real stuff of the gambling movie is always intangible. A hunch, a dream, a surge of hope or despair, a *Love Story* for one—anything at all except the money. Your true movie gambler isn't betting his (or more often, somebody else's) money. He is betting his life.

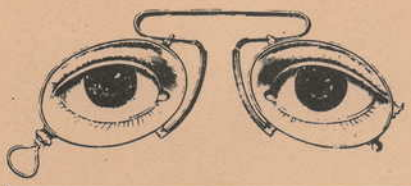
Or, more accurately, less portentously, he is betting his lifestyle. If either of these movies has a subject, and an element that distinguishes them from one another, it isn't what to bet; it's how to live. Given a basic similarity among games of cards, dice, roulette, basketball, what have you, the real difference between *The Gambler* and *California Split* is a difference between New York and Los Angeles. The advantage lies all with the latter.

The Gambler has a story; *California Split* has essentially a strung-together sequence of vignettes. Axel Freed (James Caan), the snake-hipped Jewish intellectual hero of *The Gambler*, who wears his skin-tight shirts open almost to the navel, teaches City College English classes by day and racks up monumental gambling debts by night. I have the feeling that daytime—which comes complete with a millionaire granddad (Morris Carnovsky), a distinguished physician mother (Jacqueline Brooks in a very nice performance), a gorgeous girl friend (Lauren Hutton), and quotations from Dostoyevsky and William Carlos Williams—is really his secret sinful life. Periodically he makes inroads there to borrow money, to distress his friends and relatives, to shock and amaze his students. But for him, in the gamble begins responsibility—specifically, a $44,000 debt that he manages not to pay throughout the entire film, despite the run of luck in Vegas, and that makes his survival an increasingly problematic thing until, in a ludicrous confrontation in Harlem, he forces the hammer-hand of fate that he has been consciously teasing all along.

Where *The Gambler* provides a doom of sorts, *California Split* offers a sense of emptiness. George Segal and Elliott Gould play a couple of happy-go-lucky compulsive gamblers who meet over afternoon poker, crash together with a pair of daffy call girls (Ann Prentiss and Gwen Welles—two more very nice performances), play the horses, bet on the fights, and finally, in a day-long sprint to Reno, strike it rich beyond their wildest dreams. But it turns out to be only money, the too convenient elimination of any excuse for not going back where they came from. And so they are left with nothing at all, not even the likelihood of continuing the happy friendship that has structured their ways of wasting time.

There is an occasional desperation to *California Split*, felt just outside the closed

Hutton and Caan in *The Gambler*: From risk to retribution.



Gould and Segal as gamblers: Occasional desperation.

gambling rooms, in the parking lots where money is stolen as easily as it had been won inside, in the general quality of lives that if they aren't kept carefully going will very likely run down. But the general tone of the film is cheerful, antic, and at its best wonderfully relaxed, with that easy inventive instinct for personal relations—especially between the men and the girls—that is Robert Altman's greatest gift to the movies. Segal's performance contains exactly the degree of expert winning charm that we have come to expect from him. But Gould is something else, good as he seems to be only for Altman, a kind of rambling nonstop virtuoso of small talk—sharp, self-deprecating, witty, generous—that comes on like background music and sustains the movie even when there isn't so awfully much to sustain.

The Gambler also has its background music—very classy, in fact classic, Mahler's *First Symphony*—which belongs with the W. C. Williams and the Dostoyevsky and (I forgot to mention) the e. e. cummings, as having an opportunistic rather than essential relation to the film. In fact everything potentially real is made to strain for effect, from the authentic locations all the way up to the finest arching of James Caan's eyebrows. His is a stunning characterization, absolutely accurate for a certain kind of establishment intellectual bravado, and yet quite without function except to show itself off. I suspect that is what it is meant to do. Axel Freed tempts fate, and we sit around waiting—hoping—for fate to catch up with him. For the first time with a movie about an individual against the mob, I found myself rooting for the mob all the way.

I should imagine that a large part of the aggressive awfulness of *The Gambler* derives from its original screenplay, by a young New York City college instructor named James Toback, who must have projected a lot of himself into the positions taken, if not into the actual events. Karel Reisz may be vulnerable to manifestations of self-importance, but given the chance for a real subject—in his case, usually a nonconformist hero—he doesn't normally promote them. A Czech by birth, who in the 1960s was one of the great hopes of the British film industry (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *Morgan*, *Isadora*, etc.), he may be a little bit lost in an alien culture, with a highbrow con man as guide.

For Robert Altman, on the other hand, *California Split* is like a return to happier territory. As capable of symbolic garbage as the next fellow (*Brewster McCloud*, *Images*), he can also turn a neat trick with the sort of breezy camaraderie that Howard Hawks helped establish in American cinema, and that Altman, if anything, refines. I don't think Altman has quite put together an entire movie yet (*M★A★S★H* perhaps comes closest, with *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*), and *California Split*, which virtually exists for the sake of its low-keyed comic routines, hardly changes the picture. But he is one of the genuine talents, and there is more of the movies in five minutes of small talk between Prentiss, Welles, Segal, and Gould than in the whole pretentious progress of *The Gambler* from risk to retribution.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

LIBERATING THE PAPERBACK

Today's most innovative publishing house is pushing paperbacks—exclusively. While certain publishers will print laundry lists to keep their eager paper mills grinding, Links Books' short history (two-and-a-half years) and diminutive size has kept its volume high in quality and variety. These are first-edition paperbacks, books on cult subjects—from gypsy sorcery to transvestite chic—for small, individualized audiences. Bookstores in college communities have been quick to pick up on Links; others should soon begin to pay notice. Limited hardcover editions are sometimes available through Links Books, Quick Fox Inc., 33 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023. Here are a few suggestions for unusual reading and observation.

Private Images:

Hot Shots ($3.95) by Norman Seeff. Not just another rock 'n' roll picture book, but a series of definitive portraits featuring today's top stars. Seeff's lushly lit and skillfully composed photos of the Band, Steve Miller, and Bill Withers are familiar from album covers. Other striking shots are printed for the first time in black-and-white reproductions.

As They Were ($2.95) by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Topp. Charles Atlas as a teenage ninety-pound weakling, three-year-old Frank Sinatra in a tux, Lyndon Johnson as a four-year-old lonesome cowpoke. Snapshots and baby pictures of the famous before they became you-know-who. Proves that the child really *is* father to the man and mother to the woman.

Idols ($6.95) by Gilles Larrain. Stunning high-fashion color photographs of drag queens in all their splendor. Larrain's crisp studio technique celebrates the glamorous and the grotesque on the wilder side of decadence. No gaping, no leering, just style you'll never see in the pages of *Vogue*.

The English Sunrise ($3.95) by Brian Rice and Tony Evans. An exercise in esoterica. More than seventy-five color photos of the English sunrise pattern in its natural habitat (handbags, theater marquees, gas meters).

Personal Visions:

Out of the Whale—Growing Up in the American Left ($4.95) by Jonah Raskin. The son of Old Left parents and a brother of the New Left, who was present during the Columbia student strike, at the Chicago SDS convention, and in Algiers when Leary and Cleaver were joined in exile, Raskin relates the personal odyssey of a young radical. At times superficial, but mercifully free of revolutionary jargon.

The Marrakech Express—A Train of Thought ($3.95) by David Saltman, photos by Paul Hyman. A fictional documentary of a tripped-out American abroad in Marrakech. Occasionally patronizing and often rambling,

Idols: Larrain photographs the elegantly bizarre.

Saltman's best writing deals with the history and culture of Morocco. Hyman's eloquent photographs are worthy of their own book.

Baseball the Beautiful—Decoding the Diamond ($3.95) by Marvin Cohen. An avid fan muses about the nature of the once and future National Pastime. Cohen's essays on the sport never become trapped in sentimentality or overblown analysis—as pleasing as a perfect game with two out in the ninth.

Group Experience:

The Hog Farm and Friends ($3.95) by Wavy Gravy. This is the long-overdue companion volume to Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Hugh Romney, a.k.a. Wavy Gravy, counterculture court jester and head Hog Farmer, relates the roller-coaster lives of fifty people in a half-dozen converted school buses on a six-year journey, with special guest star Pigasus, porcine candidate for president. What a long, strange trip it was!

The Dead Book—A Social History of the Grateful Dead ($3.95) by Hank Harrison. A nonlinear recollection of the Bay Area scenes that gave birth to San Francisco Acid Rock. Harrison wallows in hip nostalgia while casting little new light on the Dead or their music. Loads of lovingly remembered trivia, but you really had to be there. . . .

Hot Shots: Seeff's view of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.

The Brothers of Attica ($3.95) by Richard X. Clark. The story of the infamous uprising at New York's Attica State Prison in 1971 as told by the inmates' spokesman. Clark's concise narrative is a chilling calendar of the events that took forty-three lives. Says Clark: "Sometimes I think the walls around prisons are not so much to keep brothers from getting out as to keep those on the outside from seeing in."

Public Information:

The Robin Hood Handbook ($5.95) by Bill Kaysing. Everything you need to find your own Sherwood Forest, and how to live in it. A potpourri of inspirational quotes, picturesque alternatives, practical information, and essential references. Rhetoric occasionally gets in the way of the dream, but the vision of living free in the wilderness is awfully hard to ignore.

The Waxing Moon—A Gentle Guide to Magick ($3.95) by Helen Chappell. This guide to the powers of the occult casts its spell with breezy yet well-researched writing and stylish line drawings. Chappell gets down to the nitty-gritty with recipes for finding your Perfect Object, curing headaches with gypsy sorcery, and of course, love charms galore.

The 50¢ Guitar Book—An Underground Multi-Media Experience ($3.95) by John Adams and Bob Davis. This elementary guitar course in underground comic-book form is chock-full of karmic kapers and off-the-wall humor. The pointers on basic mistakes to avoid are worth the cost of admission. The colorful drawings, including a depiction of what it's like to wake up with bullfrogs on your mind, are a treat and a half.—*Steve Ditlea*

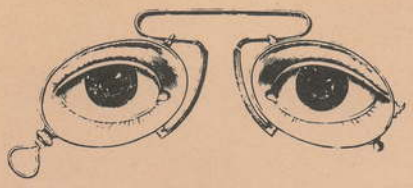
RECOMMENDED READING

The Male Machine by Marc Feigen-Fasteau (McGraw-Hill, $8.95). As a victim, Fasteau feels that Western *machismo* values have dehumanized men into machines "programmed to tackle jobs, override obstacles, attack problems, overcome difficulties, and always seize the offensive"—an admirable program for an instrument "designed mainly for work." Fasteau does not blame women's lib for the present crisis—if it is a crisis—in fact, it is apparent that the movement has shed light on what sexism has done to the male.

Native Funk and Flash by Alexandra Jacopetti and Jerry Wainwright (Scrimshaw Press, 149 Ninth Street, San Francisco, $7.50 paper, $12.95 cloth). A dazzling array of color photographs that examine an "emerging folk art" —the decorating, embroidering, and making of clothes and personal talismans that express a creative rebellion against the tyranny of manufactured impersonality. Not a how-to, but a why-to book. "The patterns are all within . . . longing for expression."

The Best by Peter Passell and Leonard Ross (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95). This is a fun book, even though it has useful and unexpected information such as the best pocket calculator, the best doorlock, the best tennis ball, etc. The pleasure of this book's subject matter lies in its more audacious entries—The Best Explanation for the State of the Indian Economy: the Kos, a unit of distance in India, may vary from one to three miles in length; The Best Example of Analytic Thought: "Whenever a person is called upon to make a speech, the first question that enters his mind is 'What shall I talk about?' "—Gerald R. Ford. And of course, The Best Nixon Line: "Sure there are dishonest men in local government. But there are dishonest men in national government, too."

Tales of Power by Carlos Castaneda (Simon & Schuster, $7.95). In each of Castaneda's books, the teachings of the Mexican Indian Don Juan have always taken a new turn into the unknown. This time the old Indian turns up in Castaneda's own urban environment to



complete the training of his protégé. *Tales of Power* will probably increase the number of readers who suspect that Castaneda's mentor is a figment of the author's imagination; but what an imagination!

Dateline: America, dispatch from an altering nation, by Bennett Kremen (Dial Press, $7.95). An important, powerful, and ultimately pessimistic study of today's America. In an attempt to discover where we are and where we're going, Kremen spent months in a Chicago ghetto, worked in factories, lived with students, and talked with Americans rich and poor. This book describes people's increasing feelings of powerlessness and dissatisfaction with the continuous scramble for the dollar.

More Joy edited by Alex Comfort, illustrated by Charles Raymond and Christopher Foss (Crown, $12.95). Every bestseller must have a sequel. This one is "Son of the *Joy of Sex*." It has the same lovely drawings and the same happy, reassuring tone. But while the original *Joy* was a recipe book for couples who already had a good basic relationship, *More* explores the more difficult areas of emotional relations. It doesn't, however, neglect illustrated technique.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

THE FUNKY SYNTHESIZER

It whispers behind Aretha Franklin, wails with Herbie Hancock, and does just about everything but play harmonica on Stevie Wonder's albums. It's hard to imagine that only a few years ago the synthesizer—an electronic instrument capable of creating virtually any musical sound—was an expensive gadget whose name few musicians could pronounce and which even fewer could play. With fingertip-control for every characteristic of the sound waves we hear as notes, the synthesist can create the sweetest of traditional instruments or the grittiest of electronic whines. Developed by engineer Robert Moog for "serious" electronic compositions, the synthesizer was brought to prominence by switched-on parodies of classical music. But the instrument is finally coming into its own—not with classical kitsch, but in jazz and soul.

The technical sophistication of today's black music is providing fertile ground for the synthesizer's almost unlimited possibilities. The instrument's impact on the music scene was demonstrated most dramatically at last summer's Newport Jazz Festival in New York, at a Carnegie Hall concert featuring veteran jazzmen Donald Byrd and Herbie Hancock.

When a temporary ailment prevented Byrd from playing trumpet, it gave his backup band, the Blackbyrds, a chance to prove their virtuosity and focused the spotlight on keyboard man Kevin Toney's subtle synthesizer work. Then it was Hancock's turn to dazzle the crowd. From behind a three-sided bank of keyboards and synthesizers, several acquired just a few weeks earlier, Hancock began to pull chirping, growling, chattering, humming lead-lines, cosmic string sections, and honey-sweet rhythm fills. This was the same sound which had turned Hancock's *Headhunters* album into one of the best-selling jazz LPs of all time, and is successfully repeated on his latest album, *Thrust*.

The synthesizer in jazz is not exactly new: such avant-garde musicians as Sun Ra and Paul Bley have been using it for several years, but it took the likes of Byrd and Hancock to give it wide acceptance. "I'm still a baby with synthesizers," insists Hancock, himself one of the early users of the electric piano. "The synthesizer only became practical in the last few years," recalls Donald Byrd. "When they finally introduced a model which used a keyboard to control its sound and was priced within a musician's means, a lot of cats had to decide if they wanted to start all over again learning a new instrument. A lot of them just said, 'It ain't got no soul,' and closed their minds to it. Cats like Sly and Stevie Wonder were way ahead of the jazzmen."

Stevie and Sly: Ahead of the jazzmen.

Hancock and Byrd: Unlimited possibilities.

Sly Stone explored rhythms and electronic textures never before imagined on his *There's a Riot Goin' On*, and Stevie Wonder followed course by mapping out the frontiers of synthesized sound on his last four albums. Wonder even modifies the sound of his own voice on "Love Having You Around"—the same opening bars of *Music of My Mind*, which includes a plug for ARP, makers of Wonder's synthesizer. From the *Talking Book* album, his hit single "Superstition" uses synthesizer rhythm lines. All of *Innervisions* features

synthesized bass parts, often setting up hypnotic patterns with other inorganic sounds, as in his urban epic, "Living for the City." In concert Wonder has been known to end his act by setting up the synthesizer and then walking offstage to let the instrument play itself, until a roadie pulls the plug.

R&B musicians who had tamed the exotic effects of fuzz-tone and wah-wah quickly saw in the synthesizer both a challenge and an opportunity. Keyboard ace Billy Preston had never played a synthesizer until he saw a simplified model in a music shop and bought it on the spot. The next day he went into the studio and recorded "Space Race," an improved instrumental using the machine's artificial trumpet settings. The tune quickly sold a million and a half copies, making it Preston's most popular single to date. On War's hit album *Deliver the Word*, all of the richly varied violins were actually produced by a synthesizer. One of Aretha Franklin's biggest songs in several years, "Until You Come Back To Me," was also her first recording with a synthesizer for background fills.

While openly acknowledging their debt to soul music, many of the jazz musicians now using the synthesizer are coming to it from a very different direction. "I was listening to the electronic music of Stockhausen long before I ever heard Stevie Wonder or Sly," says Herbie Hancock. "It opened my ears up to sounds that were very different from what I knew on acoustic instruments." Though he named one of his recent tunes in honor of Sly Stone, Hancock still considers Karlheinz Stockhausen's classically oriented compositions among his favorite synthesizer works.

The ways in which jazz is making use of the synthesizer are as varied as the music itself. As part of his more eclectic sound these days, Ramsey Lewis has added the synthesizer to his array of keyboards. On the fringe between jazz and rock, Mahavishnu Orchestra alumnus Billy Cobham has taken to the synthesizer to augment his own drum solos in addition to giving his keyboard players a chance to let loose with everything from storm and nature sounds to the grittiest of electronic tones. On Weather Report's latest album, *Mysterious Traveler*, Joseph Zawinul draws a calico array of textures from his instrument.

Marshall Tucker and Lynyrd Skynyrd: Humble origins.

Wet Willie and Mose Jones: Back to the land.

Probably the most ambitious use of the synthesizer has been Les McCann's delicately structured *Layers* album. As the title implies, after recording the basic piano and rhythm tracks, McCann added layer upon layer of other instrument souds with the help of the synthesizer. "It was a fantasy come true," says McCann, "like a kid left in the candy store. I became the whole orchestra!"

These are just the first hesitant steps for an instrument that is already a musical giant. Virtually unexplored as yet in the pop field is the synthesizer's ability to create non-Western or even totally abstract tonal scales. As Donald Byrd says, "On the piano you've got possibilities in the thousands. There are over two hundred thousand combinations on one of the simpler synthesizer models. When cats start getting into those possibilities, their music is going to go through an awful lot of changes."—*Steve Ditlea*

SOUTHERN ROCK BANDS

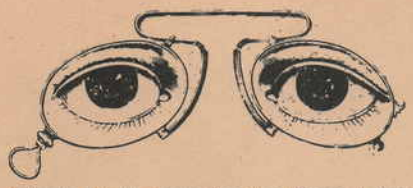
I was riding to a concert with Todd Rundgren and asked him what he thought of Southern music. He broke into a braying mock-blues: "Ah'm *duuumb* ayund ah'm *stew*-pid. . . ." This same distinctly Northern attitude was later summed up in the comment of a friend: "Southern mentality? I didn't know there was one."

Northern condescension is the reason why you see lapel buttons and bumper stickers reading "Support Southern Music" all over the South. It is why the Southern music scene is so insular, and why, ultimately, much of its musical product sounds stereotyped and repetitive.

Most Southern musicians hate Northern bands, especially "glitter" rock. In New York, of course, the chic decadence of these groups is certainly insular, although they've been spreading across the country fast enough to become the latest teenage fad.

But in the South, citizens of ambiguous gender are not looked upon with much tolerance, unless you count New Orleans at Mardi Gras time. It is still supremely important for a Southern male to be a *man* on the *land*, preferably his own. Southern musicians tend to take a *macho* stance that may be regarded as utterly retrograde to many of their Northern counterparts. And since the Southern musical tradition consistently works from a black blues, these musicians always end up singing those low-down, mean-woman-done-left-me blues—which probably accounts for attitudes such as those voiced by Rundgren.

But Rundgren fails to understand the strong blues tradition that has become a kind of religion to the new, young breed of Southern rock musicians. The blues is a limited musical language, but so is rock 'n' roll. Southern musicians are simply more in-



terested in the emotional mileage that can be found in a geometrically limited musical system than any kind of innovation.

Today, white rock in the South comes out of two major organizations: the long-established Capricorn records, and Al Kooper's carpetbagging Sounds of the South label. Kooper used to be in a mostly Jewish New York jam group called the Blues Project, and he later founded Blood, Sweat & Tears. He is greatly resented by the locals in Atlanta, where two years ago he scooped up the most promising local bands, produced and marketed them, and then moved his operation to Los Angeles.

The most successful Sounds of the South group is Lynyrd Skynyrd, who toured recently with the Who and currently combines a heavy Allman Brothers influence with Johnny Winters vocals. Their strong three-guitar combination often finds both lead players soloing at once. As is the case with many of these groups, Lynyrd Skynyrd doesn't mind singing about their humble origins. In making music of their home soil, these people have a sense of their society and resent any outsiders stereotyping that scene: "I hope Neil Young will remember/Southern man don't need him around."

The conflict between old and new Southern music is represented in two songs: "The Ballad of Curtis Loew" and "Workin' for MCA." "The Ballad" is about an old black man who supposedly taught the singer all he knew about the blues, while "Workin' for MCA" is a charging holler about getting bought up by the music business, mentioning a "Yankee slicker" who sounds suspiciously like Al Kooper.

Mose Jones, another Sounds of the South group, is far more eclectic and subtle than Lynyrd Skynyrd, but lacks their bedrock force. Mose Jones's vocals are softer and less obviously Allman Brothers-influenced than those of most other Southern bands, and they can be tender in a way that is refreshing if not as grittily atmospheric. Utilizing stylistic elements borrowed from the Beatles, Stevie Wonder, old rock 'n' roll, and sweet soul groups, they still manage to return to the thematic constants of Southern music: being a rambling man, often on his way home and sick of the road.

Their best single is "Stood Up," an old-fashioned shuffle that makes great pub-crawling music: the protagonist, stood up by his girl friend, goes down to the bar and gets so drunk he falls on the floor—"Another end to another perfect day."

A perfect day for the Marshall Tucker Band would consist of hunkering down by a Carolina mountainside with a jug and shooting at passing quail. More musical than most of the competition, there is a sense of wide-open spaces, a scenic grandeur in their sound that is almost cinematic. Toy Caldwell plays subtle, fluid guitar in a rolling Allmanesque mode, and the whole band has a sense of dynamics and beat that marks them as being far more than just a glorified bar band. The first notes of "A New Life," for instance, have a refined, almost symphonic sound, especially when contrasted with such groups as Lynyrd Skynyrd. But the lyrics are the same old goin' home blues: "Gotta get back to Georgia now, don't care what it cost . . . and I'm so homesick I could die."

In Wet Willie's music the spaciousness of old Georgia is sacrificed for cabaret sizzle, and it's worth the price. This is pure Southern juke-joint music, funky jive for block parties and street-corner struts: "Singin' in a honkytonk cafe/Nobody's hearin' what you play/They're too busy drinkin' anyway/You gotta keep on smilin'."

"Soul Jones" is a straight James Brown "Tighten Up" jump cooker about hanging out, "drinkin' wine, and eatin' hot barbeque," while in "Country Side of Life" Wet Willie manages to apply the same jive elements to the apparently ever-present subject of getting back to the land.

While they may have their own song in homage to the state of Alabama, Wet Willie sets a chopping reggae, crisp guitar, and harp that transcend regionalism. They are among the finest Southern groups currently working —they're road-dues rockers in the classic mold.—*Lester Bangs*

CURRENT RELEASES

Small Talk/Sly Stone (Epic PE 32930). Sly Stone skates out onto the painfully thin ice of domesticity—placid songs of home and hearth with baby crying in the background. *Small Talk* is about nothing in particular, except hanging out around the house and digging on the old lady and kid; it will not be remembered as one of Sly's better LPs. After all, who cares about all this puttering around the house?

Fulfillingness' First Finale/Stevie Wonder (Tamla T633251). It is an understatement to say that Stevie Wonder is in a particularly prolific period. Mooging out gemlike ballads, funky rockers, and statements on love, God, and the failure of a president, this Wonder album follows the same musically innovative patterns of *Innervisions*. It is another indication of just how far he outdistances everyone else in pop music.

Hamburger Concerto/Focus (ATCO SD 36-100). During the very successful first phase of their career on Sire Records, Focus was known and appreciated for a determined virtuosity. This quality is most often attributed to guitarist Jann Akkerman, who is possessed of the speed and dexterity of an Eric Clapton or John McLaughlin, and thematically falls somewhere between the two. But this album finds Akkerman and Focus in a holding pattern, not falling short of their past but doing little to further it.

Head to the Sky/Earth, Wind and Fire (Columbia KC32194). This group has literally come out of nowhere to become a serious force in the music business. They have built their success in startling, dynamic, in-person shows rather than hit records. While this album narrows the gap between studio and stage, it doesn't go all the way. Certainly the best cut on *Head to the Sky* is a cut called "Evil," a strangely bouncy, vibes-oriented tune. The others require familiarity with the group's live antics and sound for full appreciation.

City in the Sky Staple Singers (Stax STS-5515). The Staple Singers do not change; they just continue to improve on what they've done for years. Their style still revolves around the vocals of Mavis, and, as always, the songs are faintly dogmatic gospel rock, telling tales of better lives and uplifted spirits. This album is their best—the production values are keener, and it goes some distance to outrun stagnation and rigidity.

Rejuvenation/The Meters (Reprise MS 2200). Occasionally the Meters show up on Allen Toussaint's productions of Dr. John and other New Orleans-style sessions, where they are adept at playing slick, big-city funk with innovation and study. But on their own, the group loosens up. On this album there is very little that fits formula or concept, with the exception of the wide-open "concept" of extended riffing. Most of their material is based on a catchy melody-line and rhythm pattern, and the idea that a good thing repeated is a better thing. They are exceptional musicians and their tunes are solid.

The Wild, the Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle/Bruce Springsteen (Columbia KC32432). Bruce Springsteen's debut in the music world was followed by a lot of hoopla about his being the next Dylan. His detractors have been busy saying he's no such thing, and his supporters have been trying to arrange a proper perspective. The comparison with Dylan is true only in that Springsteen tends to pile up lyrics in a frenzy as Dylan did at one time. But Springsteen is his own artist: a singer, a bandleader, and a songwriter. This album has a batch of songs that will either be hits on their own or will be covered. David Bowie has already cut one.—*John Gibson*

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The reason? Our unique filter. It has two outer "tar" and nicotine filters, plus an inner chamber of specially treated charcoal granules.

Together they smooth the smoke, and give you a taste that's richly rewarding, uncommonly smooth.

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King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74.)

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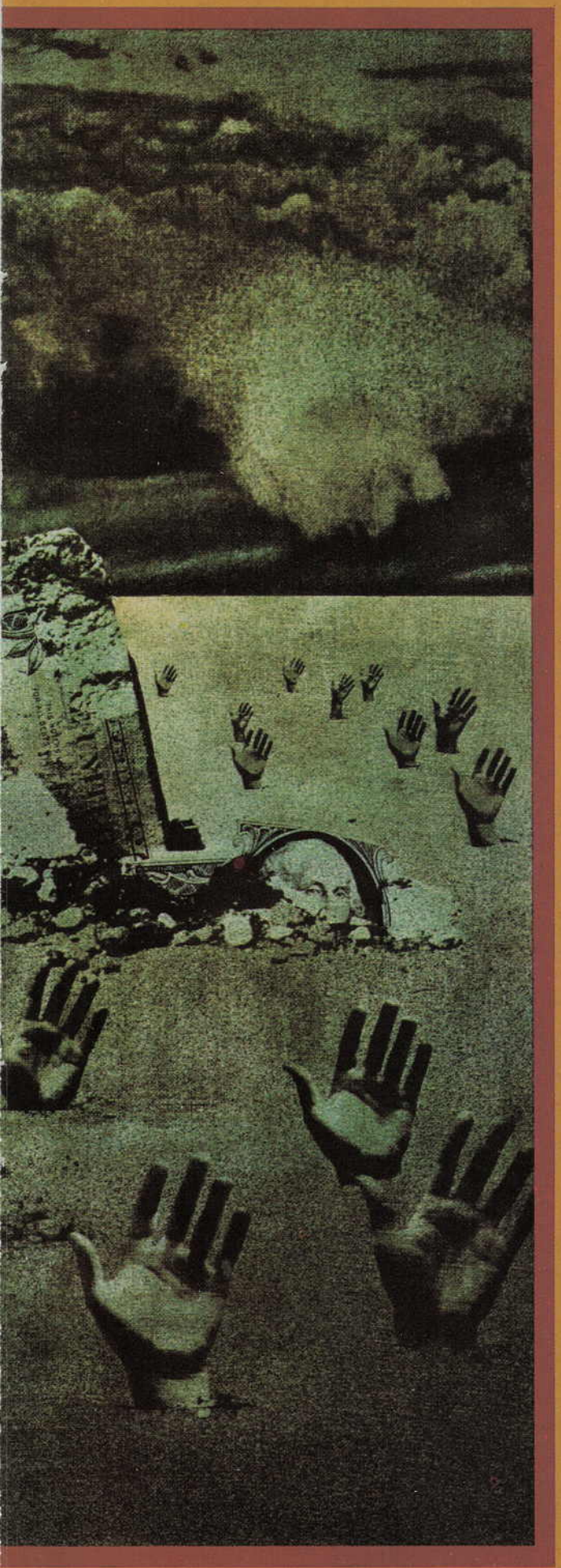


GOING BROKE

by Alexander Cockburn

Suddenly, people have no faith in capitalism . . .
the books have been checked, and it all turns out to be lies.
A bank goes bust, then another bank goes bust . . .
there is nothing you can put your faith in.

"People just have no idea yet," said the businessman on the other side of the lunch table from me. "They don't know what a recession or a slump really is. Sometimes I drive along the Long Island Expressway and look at all those people rolling along in their big cars. And I think, 'You people don't know what it's going to be like.' I remember those films of French refugees clogging the roads after the start of the Second World War. Imagine all those middle-class families fleeing the city when the big crash comes. Little carts piled high with Miro prints, and parsons tables, and big house plants. Can you imagine it?"

We had been talking about inflation and recession and slumps. This was at the end of the summer, and the big rise in stock prices that people had expected to come with the arrival of Gerald Ford in the Oval Office had not taken place. The Dow Jones average was below 700. Interest rates were at an all-time high. Everywhere one looked, the sky was black with evil portents. Albert Sindlinger, one of three top pollsters in the country, whose polls are bought by top corporations and the White House, reported two things: first, nearly 60 percent of his daily polling sample across the country believed that bank collapses and large-scale bankruptcies would occur in the near future. The second thing Sindlinger reported was more personal: he was moving all his money into cash.

I asked my friend, a vice president of a large corporation, what he was doing with his money. "CDs," he said. "I sold all my stocks and started buying ninety-day certificates of deposit. You get a 12 percent interest rate on your money."

"What happens if those people in the Sindlinger poll are right, and the bank where your certificate is deposited goes bust?"

"Nothing much you can do about that," he said. "Just don't go to the same bank with all your CDs."

We started talking about whys and wherefores. "I can't see any specific reason why capitalism seems to be going on the rocks," he sighed. "I mean, we all know about the energy crisis and the world shortage in raw materials and all that. But I still don't understand it."

This was my opening to tell him all about Kondratieff. When people start talking about downturns in the economy, recessions, and going broke, they start talking about cycles: the business cycle, the building cycle, the trade cycle. The Kondratieff cycle is in the cyclical big league. It lasts approximately fifty years.

Kondratieff, a Soviet economist who was executed in one of Stalin's purges, analyzed European and American prices, wages, interest rates, and other indices from roughly 1780 to 1920. He found a pattern. To be exact, he found that what went up also went down. For 140 years, slump had followed boom and boom had followed slump. He found that the rises occurred from 1789 to 1814,

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED OTNES

from 1849 to 1873, and from 1896 to 1920. The falls came in between.

No one has ever said that Kondratieff was wrong. No one, on the other hand, has come up with any really convincing explanation of why these ebbs and surges in the world economy should occur. But they do. And 1971, just like 1921, marks the beginning of a downturn—into Hard Times.

Ideally, the Kondratieff cycle should permit us to get a grip on things, brace ourselves for the worse that is yet to come. As Professor Geoffrey Barraclough of Brandeis University wrote in the *New York Review of Books* in the course of ruminations on the coming world depression, Kondratieff "forces us to view the current world situation in historical perspective, not as the outcome of a series of historical accidents caused by a glut of footloose Eurodollars, the greed of Arab sheiks, the cost of the Vietnam war, or the machinations of over-mighty multinational corporations (though all these and other things enter in), but rather as a particular phase in a recurrent phenomenon, which has its parallels in the past."

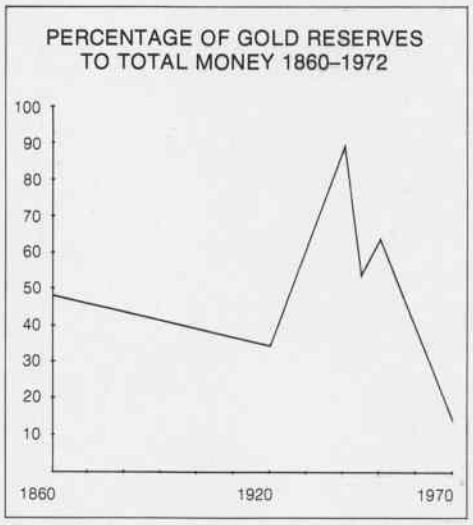
But then Barraclough gets to the nub of the matter: "If we accept the Kondratieff cycle, it conveys the frightening warning that we are only at the beginning of the 'lean years' and that we must suppose that things will get worse before they get better. To that extent the parallels often drawn between 1971 and 1931 are misleading, and so is the conclusion that, as things did not turn out as bad when the dollar went off gold as they did when the pound went off gold in 1931, we are out of the woods. On the contrary, the parallel, if there is one, of 1971 is with 1921, when the boom which began in 1896 ran out and our comparative place in the cycle today is 1924, not 1934. Evidently there is still time, as governments fiddle and inflation grows, for another Hitler—or worse."

Hitler or worse? Barraclough thinks so. Democracy is balanced on the premise that the bulk of the voters are satisfied enough with their lot to put up with existing social arrangements. If they start going broke, they get turbulent. They go on strike. They start to tear up all sorts of existing social contracts. They start to turn to strong men with answers to all of life's terrible problems. In Germany in the Thirties they turned to Hitler. In Italy they turned to Mussolini. Fascism did not simply go out of fashion at the end of World War II. No one needed it for a while, as the long postwar boom roared prosperously along. But now we are turning the corner into times of trouble. We haven't, quite yet, arrived at the slump. We're still inflating.

The main thing inflation does is diminish people's belief in money. In the simplest way, they find that things just don't add up the same anymore. We should take a look at what one of the greatest economic thinkers of the twentieth century, whose economic ideas Western governments have been using since the 1930s, thought about that.

Late in the autumn of 1919 John Maynard Keynes sat down in a pessimistic mood to write *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. He was gravely disturbed at the outcome of the Versailles Peace Conference, where the Allies had exacted enormous reparations from Germany for starting and losing World War I. He thought these reparations would bankrupt the German economy and that out of the bankruptcy would come not only economic but political disaster. In a spirit of rational pessimism he found it appropriate to evoke the views of the most successful enemy of capitalism.

"Lenin," he wrote, "is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the Capitalist System was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process of inflation, governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an important part of the wealth of their citizens. By this method they not only confiscate, but they confiscate *arbitrarily*;



and, while the process impoverishes many, it actually enriches some. The sight of this arbitrary rearrangement of riches strikes not only at security, but at confidence in the equity of the existing distribution of wealth. Those to whom the system brings windfalls, beyond their deserts and even beyond their expectations or desires, become 'profiteers,' who are the object of the hatred of the bourgeoisie, whom the inflationism has impoverished, not less than of the proletariat. As the inflation proceeds and the real value of the currency fluctuates wildly from month to month, all permanent relations between debtors and creditors, which form the ultimate foundation of capitalism, become so utterly disordered as to be almost meaningless; and the process of wealth-getting degenerates into a gamble and lottery.

"Lenin was certainly right. There is no subtler, surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose."

How we progress.

Intimations of economic catastrophe come in two guises: the unpleasantly particular and the menacingly general. The exact nature of the unpleasantly particular depends, naturally enough, on one's station in life. For an old person in a ghetto, it comes in the sharp realization that the only form of nourishment he can afford is a tin of cat food. (And indeed, it was recently estimated that one-third of all the pet food sold in ghettos was bought for human consumption.)

For a middle-class couple it comes in many forms. To start with, everything goes up: food bills, school bills, fuel bills. A young couple tries to buy a house and finds they can't get a mortgage, because banks are lending money out at 12 percent or 14 percent or 16 percent, while the legal limit that can be charged on housing mortgages by the banks is lower. Why should a bank lend money at this lower rate? Further, how can the builder afford to build the house in the first place? He's had to pay more for his materials and more for labor. He has to borrow money, too, and that costs him more money. That's why the building industry is in a shambles.

Another unpleasant particular: people find that their savings have dropped in real value. As Roger Kennedy, a vice president of the Ford Foundation, recently wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a large part of the savings of many Americans has been taxed away when they weren't looking, and it isn't coming back. It's been taxed away because, thanks to government spending, the money in the saving accounts just isn't worth what it was when it was deposited.

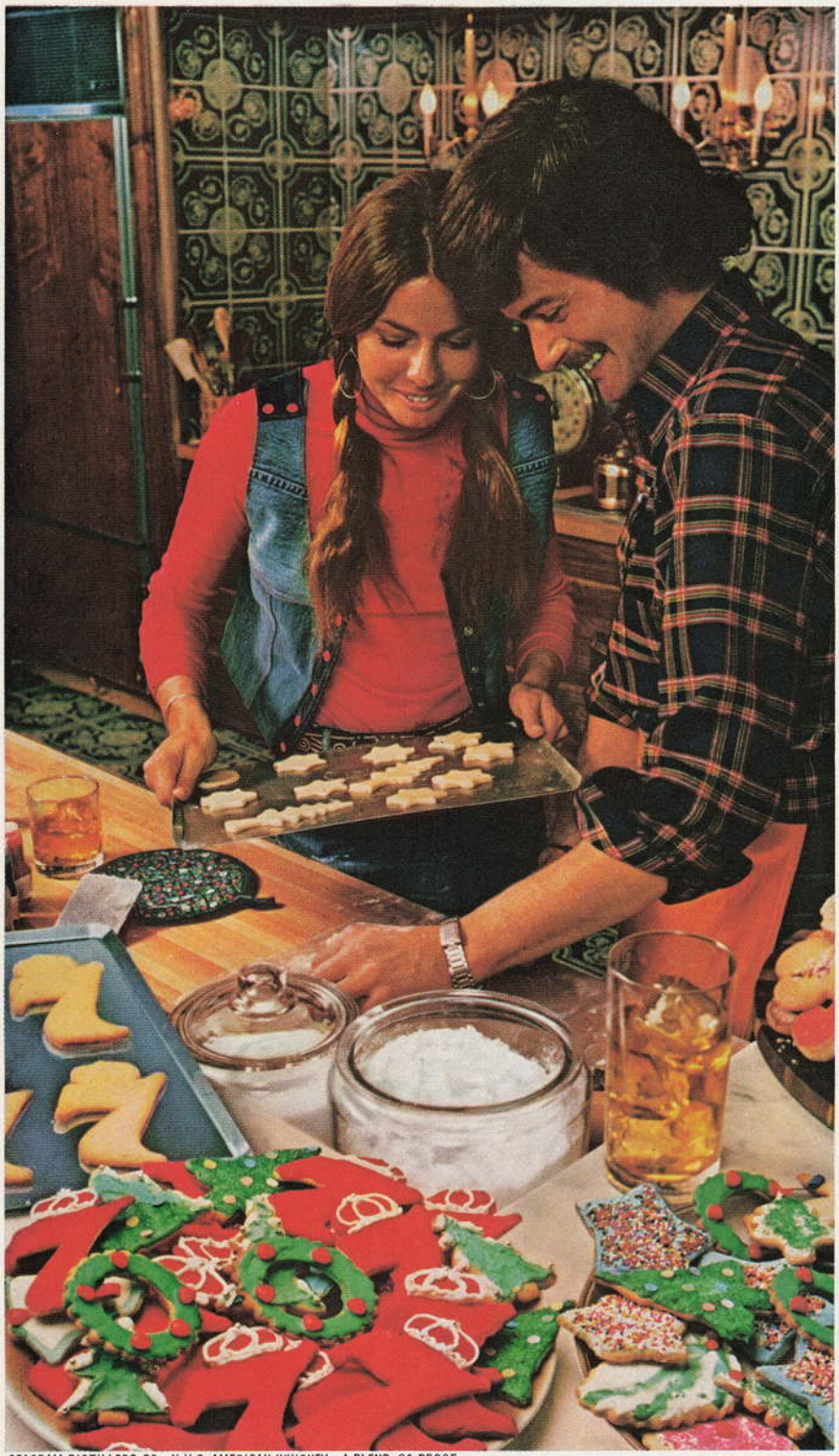
Starting in the middle Sixties, the government printed money to pay for its debts that accrued from the costs of the Vietnam War and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs. The dollar was devalued twice. This means that people had to pay more dollars for the same thing, more dollars for the same imports from abroad. The ripple effect in this downturn in the fortunes of the dollar spread through the stock market, where the price of the average stock on the New York Stock Exchange is now worth about half what it was in 1968, and then into the bond market. Bonds are the means by which corporations raise that part of their capital they have not raised by offering shares. When the interest rate on the bonds seems to be attractive, people rush out and buy bonds. But if government's financial policy is to cut back on business expansion and investment and try to "cool down" the economy, money is made scarcer by raising the prime rate at which money can be bought or lent. The interest rates on bonds then seem less attractive and people stop buying them.

Worse and worse: savings-and-loan banks, by law, are pegged to a low rate of interest on the money they can lend. Depositors realize that they'll make more money if they take their deposits out of savings-and-loan banks, where they may be getting 6 percent, and put them into certificates of deposit in a commercial bank, where the same money may earn 9 percent.

There are plenty of particular intimations of Hard Times. After a while the reader of the financial page will become familiar with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Share America's Whiskey.



Like fir trees, old stockings, and chimney tops, sugar cookies have a special meaning at Christmas time.

And what makes them special is not just in the cookies.

It's something in the air.

Something that breathes new life into old traditions, and binds us all in a joyful holiday spirit.

It makes Christmas a time for sharing. And a time when, all across America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown.

Both in the gifts they give and in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.

Give Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's favorite.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF.

BEAUTIFULLY GIFT-BOXED AT NO EXTRA COST.

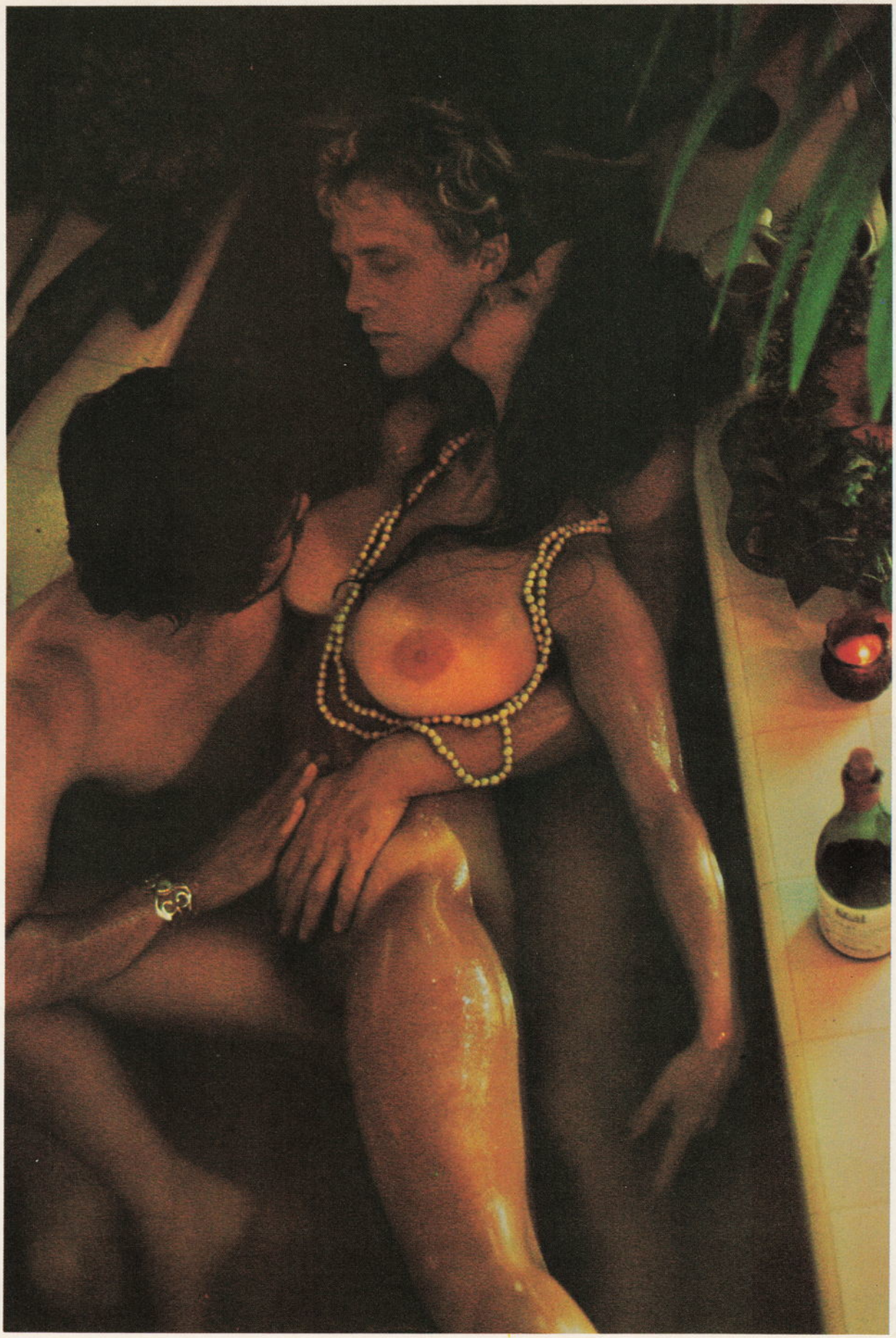
When participated in by both sexes—in various multiples of gender and dress—a bath can be a sensuous, joyful, exhilarating adventure.

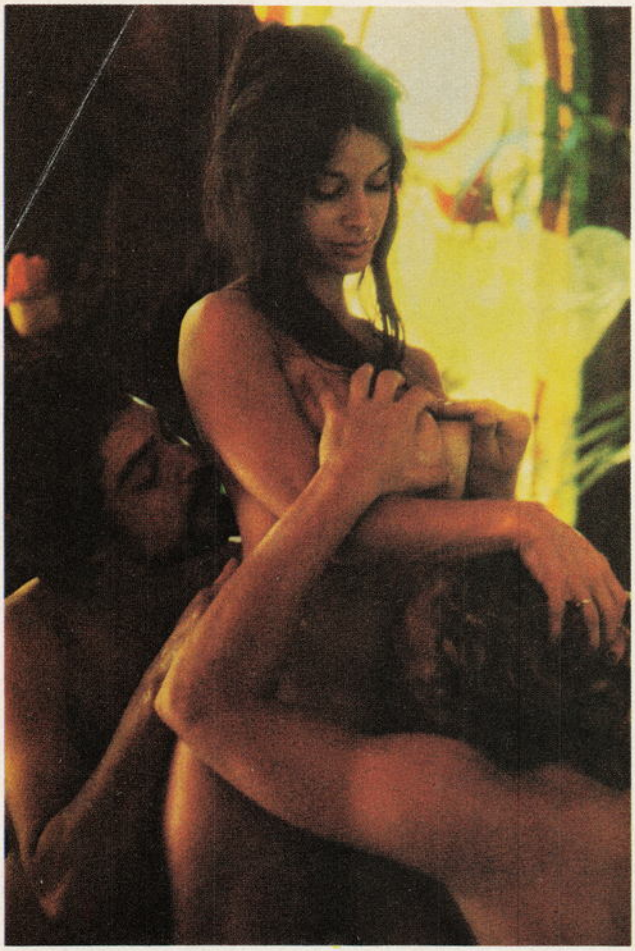
Bawdy Bathers

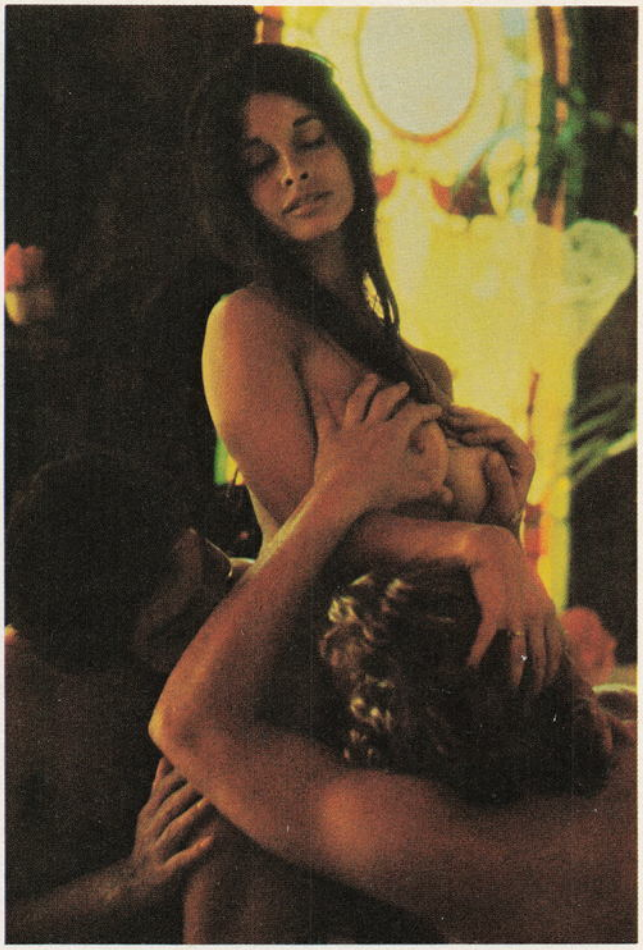
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

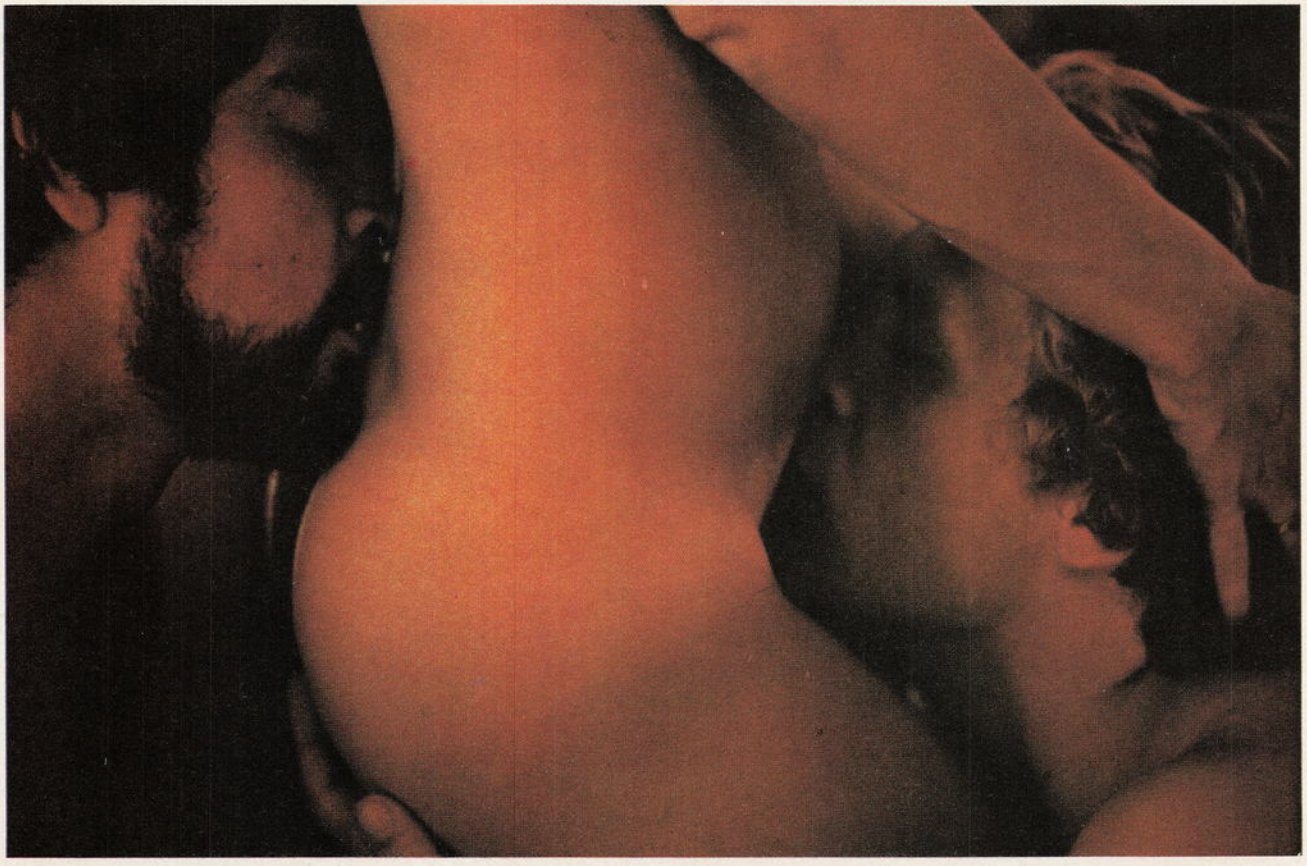
Edmund Wilson, the great American social and literary critic, once rhapsodized, "I have had a good many more uplifting thoughts, creative and expansive visions, while soaking in comfortable baths . . . in well-equipped American bathrooms than I have ever had in any cathedral."

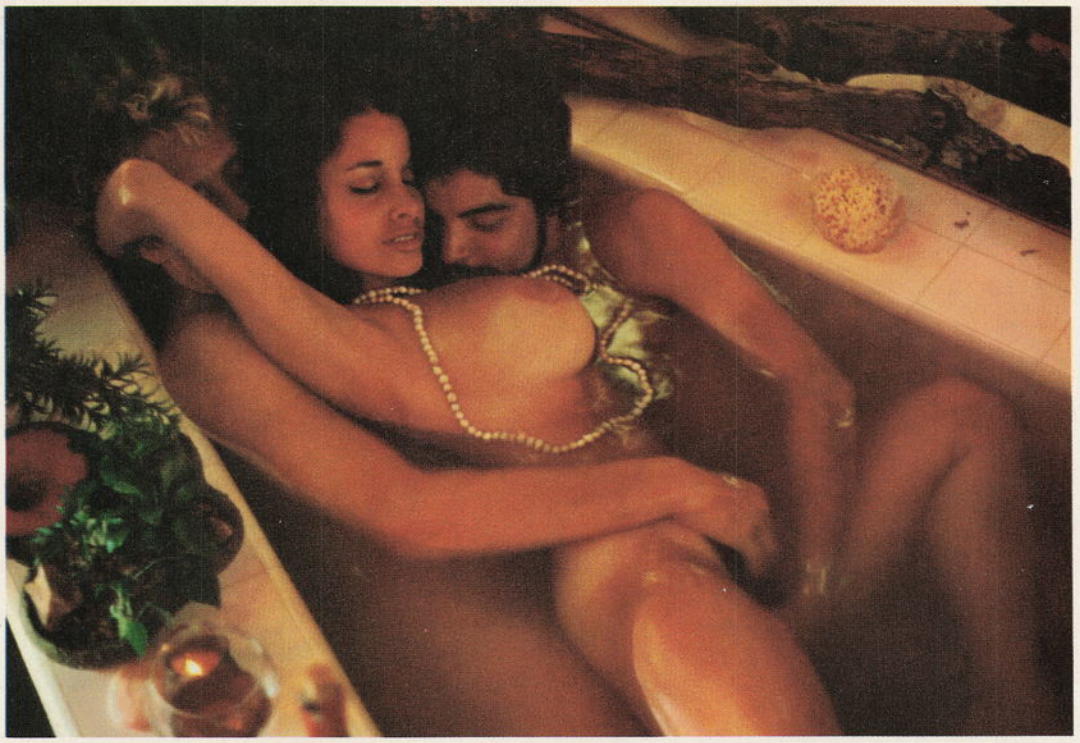
Well said! Bathing may indeed be a spiritual experience. But when participated in by bathers of both sexes in various multiples of gender and dress, it becomes something more—a sensuous, joyful, exhilarating adventure.

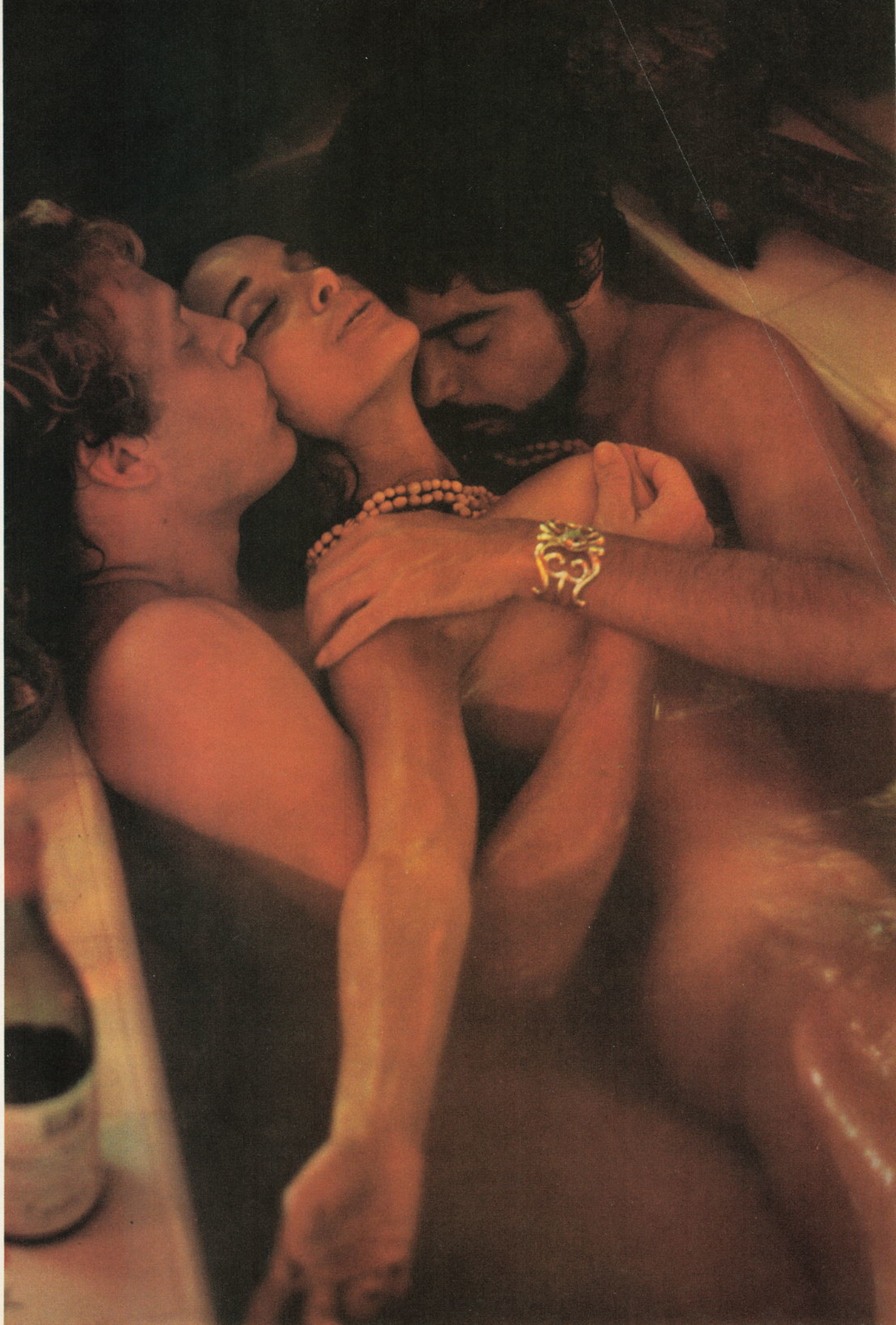






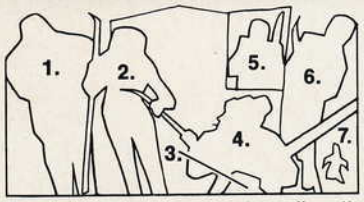






Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Almost every skier up here today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** Nope. He's Sandford R. Brochure, resort owner. Gimmick: Every weekend predicts "two inches of powder is coming!" (It's his wife—wearing heavy make-up.) Just bought some super-cool menthol cigarettes, and they turned to slush. **2.** She's Althea Home. Gimmick: Stretch pants so tight she mends them with spray paint. Thinks a ski pole is an athlete from Warsaw. **3.** An abominable snowman. **4.** No, he's Boyer U. Dumm, beginner. Skis like a man being attacked by a lumber yard. Has been picked up so often by ski patrol, they've sewn a handle on his jacket. His filter cigarette's taste is recessed so far, it needs lift tickets to bring it out. **5.** Right. He likes to put on skiis —not his fellow skiers. Wants his cigarette without fancy fads and gimmicks, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. Just good taste and great tobacco. **6.** He's Gay Abandon, ski model. He's either wearing a huge fur hat—or his head is unravelling. Thinks a giant slalom is something you buy in an Italian deli. **7.** A pigeon, on his way to a formal dance.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

EMERGENCY
WARD
Bill Lee

CHILD BRIDE

By William Kloman

"I'm givin' him everything," she thought.
"Now I don't have nothin' left to
give him 'cause he's got it all."

For Janey Tully, who grew up in a dusty Tennessee farmyard, the second oldest of fifteen barefoot children with round red faces, meeting Marine Corporal David Bowers was the second most important event in her seventeen years of life.

The *most* important event of Janey's life occurred two years earlier, on a muggy summer night when she saw her brother Thackery, one year her junior, get his skull broken by four black boys who, drunk on cheap red wine, had picked a fight with Thack after he pushed one of them against a tree for calling Janey a pretty piece of pussy.

The blacks ran away when they saw blood running out of Thackery's head, and Janey chased them down the road with a shovel, fully meaning to kill the lot of them if she caught up with them, which she did not. Thackery died the next morning in the county hospital.

David Bowers came to Centerville as the Marine Corps representative to visit the Murdochs, whose son Wendell was killed near the end of the Vietnam war. The Murdochs hadn't asked David to stay for dinner, and Janey met him in the D&C Diner across the street from the bus station.

David was short and all muscle. His silly grin and curly blond hair made Janey's whole body tingle. They drank iced tea together, and David told her he had been a high school track star in North Carolina, before Nam. Janey had never been further than Knoxville, so Vietnam and North Carolina were equal mysteries to her, equally exciting.

"See this scar here?" David said, pointing to a short red gash inside his right forearm. "That's where they took out the whole nerve from this arm so I could defuse bombs. No matter what happens that hand won't shake. I could be scared as hell and it still wouldn't shake."

Physical oddity always upset Janey. She once saw a black man with no nose and was sick to her stomach for three days.

"Can't you have it put back in?" she said.

"Hell no! I can't have it put back in," David answered. "I sold it to Uncle so I'd have a specialty. They give me two hundred and fourteen dollars to let 'em take it out."

Janey stared in wonder at the nerveless hand. David finished his meal while the girl distractedly shredded a paper napkin onto the table.

"There's signs I'm comin' to a change," Janey said suddenly. "Sure as we're sittin' here you're the man I'm goin' to marry."

David slurped up the last of his iced tea through a straw, then broke into a broad grin. "How do you know I'm not married already?" he asked.

"I know," Janey said.

David went back to Quantico on the next bus, dreaming part of the way about the skinny mountain girl, remembering most her long brown hair and the funny look she got when she saw his scar.

Four days later Janey took her life savings of fifty-nine dollars and followed David to Virginia. She camped outside the Marine base gate with her suitcase and raincoat through two changes of guard, then approached the guardhouse and demanded to see Corporal David Bowers on important business.

At first the guard said no, then yielded to her pleas and tears, and David was sent for.

"What in hell are you doin' here?" David said.

"I came to be near you," the girl replied.

David got his battered gray Volvo from the NCO parking lot and parked it on a dirt road that ran behind the base.

"You sleep in this until we make some other plans," he told her. Then he showed her a place where, separated by a chain link fence, they could talk when he was able to get away from his duties.

By the weekend, Janey was crazy with love and longing for the man she had been able to touch only through a fence. Friday afternoon David got her a room in a boarding house near the base.

Their lovemaking was noisy and passionate, and Janey emerged with dark-blue bruises where David had squeezed her with the hand that had no feeling. She had to scream and beat him on the back to make him let go once he grabbed her with it.

She also discovered that as a result of his combat reflexes waking David from a deep sleep was a deadly risk.

"Don't you never wake me by touchin' me," David told her. "I don't want you to be scared of me, but you got to do like I say. Either call my name or let me sleep, 'cause if you shake me I just might kill you before I know who you are."

"I'm not scared of you," Janey said, but in fact she was and the element of fear bound her closer to him. She loved David like a mother loves a baby. His violence inflamed her protective instincts, and when she dreamed of him his face sometimes got confused with Thackery's.

"I'd kill for you if I had to," she told him.

The next weekend, true to Janey's prophesy, they drove to Maryland and got married. For an extra fifteen dollars, the wife of the justice of the peace recorded the wedding vows with a sound-equipped home-movie camera.

The newlyweds spent a honeymoon weekend in Baltimore, where Janey got her first taste of champagne at a show bar in the seedy strip-joint district. The bubbly was a magic elixir to the young mountain girl. Dancing with her man under flashing strobe lights, her life in Tennessee seemed like some distant dream. Ailing parents, her brother's violent death, and years of caring for infant siblings all slipped away in a euphoric haze.

Two days later, in Quantico, David moved off the base into a furnished apartment with his wife and the couple had their first fight. Their new landlady had routinely asked if there were any children and Janey told her she had a little boy. When they were alone, David exploded.

"Dammit, Janey," he said, "how come you told that old woman we have a kid? She might not have rented us this place on account of you."

Illustration by Edward Lindsay Bennett

Janey thrust out her hip in a gesture of defiance. "I only said what was true," she said. "Little Billy's as much mine as if I was his natural mother. I raised him from a baby and he calls me momma. What do you want me to say?"

"He's your *brother*, for chrissake," David shouted. "Anyway, he doesn't live with us, so you didn't have to tell the old woman."

"I only said what was true," the girl replied.

David began opening boxes, trying to remember where his shaving kit was packed. Janey watched, pouting, then stamped her foot on the bare wood floor. David looked up from the boxes.

"What is it now?" he said.

There were tears in his wife's brown eyes. "You got to give me some respect," Janey said. "You got to think about my feelin's sometimes. I'm part of you now. I'm not your whore."

"Nobody said you was a whore," David said. He picked the weeping girl up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom and made love to her until her sobbing turned to moans of pleasure.

Janey and David lay naked, curled together like lazy cats. David stretched his muscles taut as Janey made little circles around his nipples with her fingers. He was aroused again and took Janey by the hair and pulled her head down to his belly.

"Now you suck it," he said.

Janey shook herself loose, her eyes flashing as if David had crossed some ancient taboo.

"No," she said. "That's one thing I won't do."

> "What do you think of a woman who gets down on her knees to candles and pictures when she won't get on her knees to her husband?"

Janey opened a bottle of metal polish, poured a gob of light brown fluid out on a soft cloth, and began shining David's uniform insignia the way he had taught her to. David, in his boxer shorts, was hunched over his dress shoes, bringing them to a mirrorlike shine with spit, Kiwi polish, and lighter fluid—a technique learned in boot camp.

He and Janey had spent the sweltering summer afternoon in the laundromat getting his whites ready for the next day's dress parade and inspection. The smell of bleach clung to Janey's cotton dress. The man-smell of undershirts hot from the drier, the acrid odor of brass polish and shoeshine gear defined a world as new to her as if she had been transported to a distant planet. The sour farmyard smell of her impoverished childhood was light-years behind.

Janey hummed a little tune as she worked on David's gleaming belt buckle with its bas-relief of an eagle straddling the globe.

"If David makes the Marines his life," she thought, "I'll do this thousands and thousands of times."

The thought of a reliable and useful routine pleased her, and she drifted off into a daydream, seeing herself with gray hair and blue-veined hands sighing by a crackling fire while she polished the star-shaped shoulder insignia that identified her husband as a general.

"Even if we get to be a general, she thought, "I'll still take care of David's uniform. Even if we have servants and go to the embassy parties, I'll still polish his brass."

David looked up from his shoes. "You be careful with that Brasso," he warned. "Don't get any on the belt."

"I'm bein' careful," she said. "You warriors sure are vain and that's no lie."

"I'm no warrior," David said. "I'm just a gyrene doin' my job."

"I can think of you as a warrior if I want," Janey replied petulantly. "You can be a knight goin' off on a crusade, and I can be the village girl that runs away with you disguised as your page. Things like that happened all the time back then. I could dress up like a boy, so the other knights wouldn't know."

"I didn't know I married a damned transvestite," David said.

Janey pounded the coffee table with her small fist. "That's not fair!" she said. "I didn't say I wanted to be a boy. I'd just dress up like one so we wouldn't get caught."

A knock came at the door.

"Comin'," Janey said. She crossed the room while David looked suspiciously at the door.

"Don't open it if you don't know who it is," he said.

"I know who it is," Janey said.

She opened the door and a heavyset young woman came in the room. The girl had on rubber-soled white shoes and a black acetate waitress's uniform decorated with a green silk handkerchief pinned orchid-fashion above her heart. Her black hair was piled in a beehive.

"Honey," Janey said, "this here is Marie. She works at the One-Two-Three Club and she's been real nice to me. She gave me a free vodka collins, and she says she'll give us both free drinks if we come in when the manager's not around."

David nodded in Marie's direction, and the girl returned a smile that indicated shyness or embarrassment or both. Janey continued the introduction.

"This is my man, Marie," she said. "I told her all about us, baby, so we don't have to have any secrets from her."

Marie didn't know how David might like this and she looked imploringly at Janey for a clue. She obviously wasn't used to seeing men in their shorts.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," Marie said.

"Not a chance," Janey said, waving away the apology. "We're gettin' David ready for inspection. There's some big brass from the Pentagon comin' down tomorrow for a parade."

"In this heat?" Marie said.

Janey cleared a small table and draped it with a white cloth. Marie took a crucifix and a framed picture of the Virgin from a satchel she had with her, and Janey placed them on the table.

"What in hell's goin' on here?" David wanted to know.

"Hush up, mister," Janey said. "Marie's teachin' me to pray the rosary. We been down to see the father at the RC church and I'm takin' lessons to be a Catholic."

David dropped the shoe he was shining and squinched up his face like Steve McQueen.

"I figured it was time for me to learn how to pray," Janey said. "My momma never had the time for it and all my daddy ever prayed to was the whiskey bottle."

"I'll be damned," David said. He watched as his wife and her new friend knelt in front of the makeshift altar and crossed themselves.

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty . . . ," Marie intoned. Janey followed her, looking distraught when she missed words, beaming proudly when she got through a prayer with no mistakes.

When the rosary was over, Marie declined Janey's offer of lemonade, saying she had to work an extra shift at the One-Two-Three Club for a girl who was out sick and had to be on her way.

"I'll bring you some vigil lights next time," Marie said. "You can use regular candles 'till then." Then she left.

David was obviously angered by this session with Marie, and he paced up and down the small living room trying to decide how to deal with his wife's newfound religion. Janey resumed work on his uniform, casting worried glances in David's direction.

"You look like a tiger in a zoo," she said.

"I feel like I'm in some kind of zoo," David snapped. "I don't like the idea of some Spanish barmaid buttin' in on our life."

"I can have a friend if I want," Janey said. "I don't see nobody but you from one day to the next. Sometimes I feel more alone when you're here than when you're not."

She tried to put her arms around David, but he pushed her away. "Now I can't even give you lovin'," she said. "You need to have things done for you I just don't know how to do."

"Bullshit!" David said.

"It's not! It's not!" Janey cried. "I love you! That's why I'm becomin' a Catholic. So I'll have outside help."

"That's the damndist thing I ever heard," David said. "If you want to do somethin' for me, you can go down to the Seven-Eleven and get me some malt liquor. Get on out of here before I say somethin' I shouldn't ought to."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

A Christmas Carol

You better watch out, You better not cry,
Better not pout,
I'm telling you why: Santa Claus is comin'....

"SANTA CLAUS IS COMIN' TO TOWN"

A chilling reappraisal
of the spirit of Christmases
about to come
by Jack Medoff

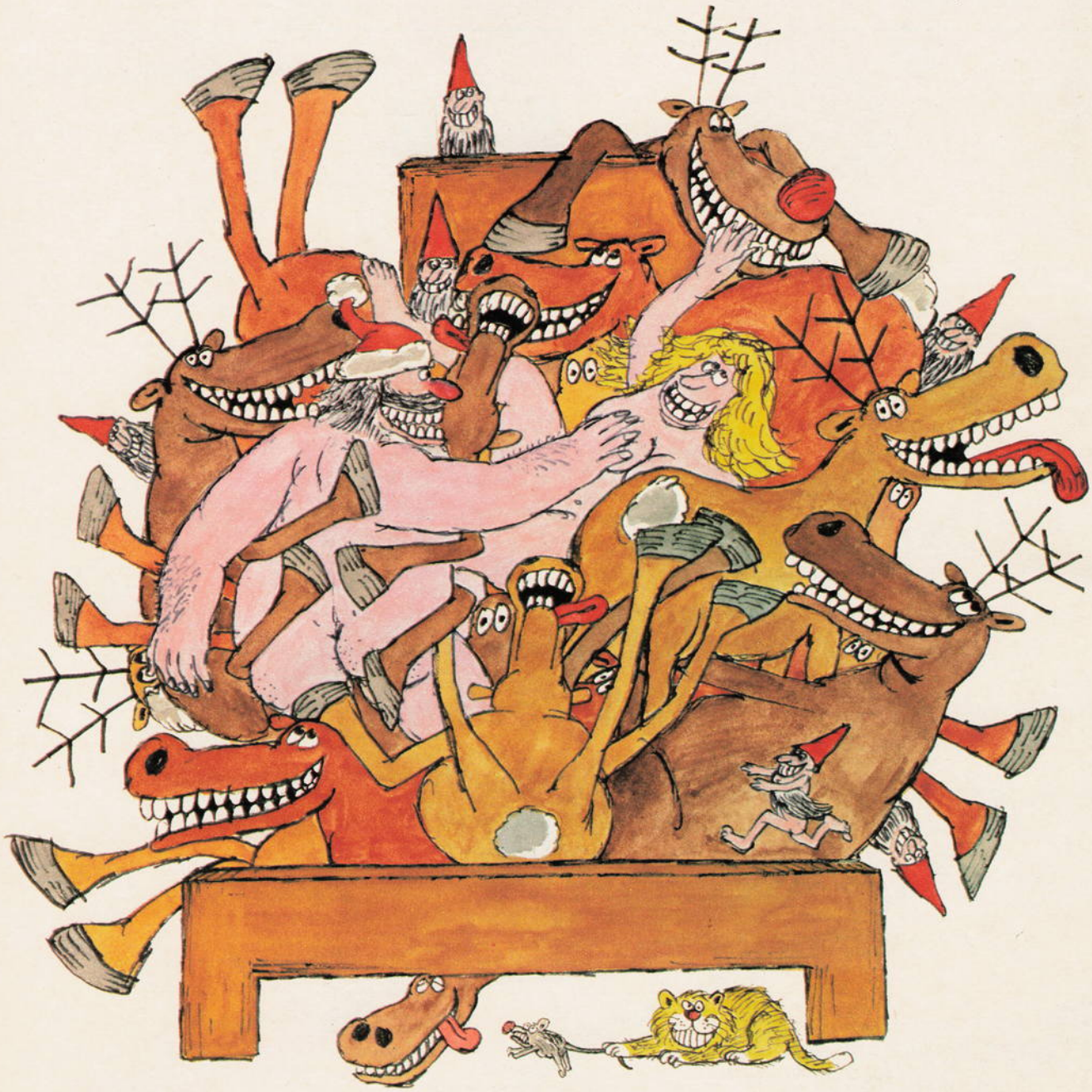
Why lies he
in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?

"WHAT CHILD IS THIS?"

O come,
let us adore him....

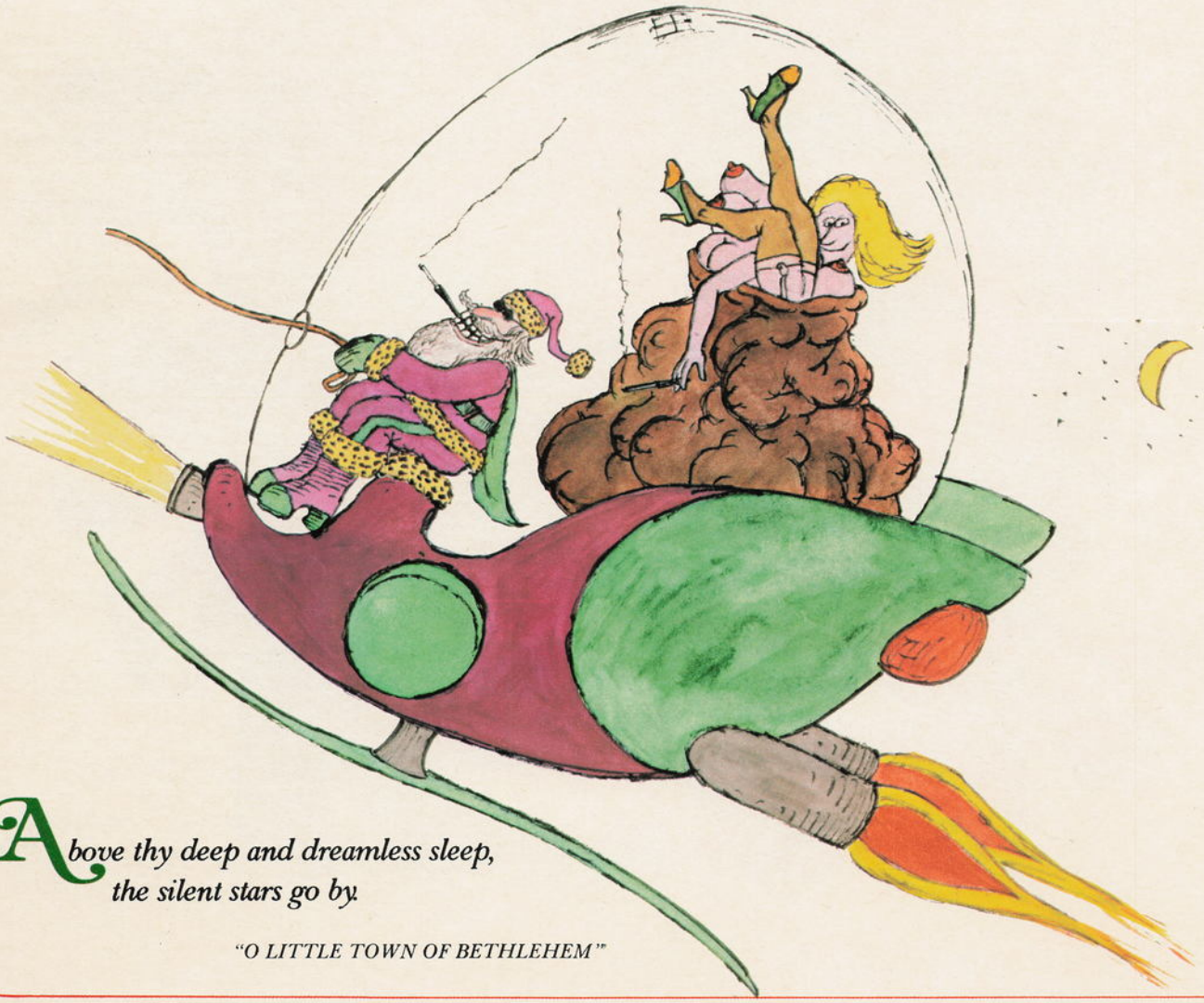
"O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL"

O come, all ye faithful....



When shepherds
left their flocks a-straying....

"QUEM PASTORES"



Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
the silent stars go by.

"O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

It came upon
the midnight clear....

Noël, Noël...
Born is the King of Israel....

"THE FIRST NOEL"

"On this last night in Vietnam, even if God or the Devil offered me my fondest wish, I would not go with them . . . because first of all, I must go home . . ."

FICTION BY
LARRY HEINEMAN

COMING HOME HIGH

The Vietnam Veteran—Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler; Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden

I gave everything away. My orders came, so I took everything out and spread it on my cot and stood looking at it. *Fuck it, give it all away. What can I do with a footlocker full of uniforms and shit?* I pulled my AK-47 down from the nail. *I have to give it away, too. It is the first thing I will give away.* I had picked it up the day of the big four-hundred-and-some truce-day body count. I just sauntered over and picked up the first AK that didn't look too shot up and a couple banana clips and some loose rounds. Most dudes were standing around taking pictures and laughing at the funny gray faces, snatching wallets and dope and shit, but I put a palm on the AK and let it go at that.

The night before I left there was a party down at Staley's tent. They had moved the cots against the wall and everyone was dancing and drinking quarts. Quinn and Staley were standing in the middle of the tent passing a pipe back and forth, Quinn with a foot up on a chair and my AK hanging off his shoulder. Staley had his four-hour tape of Lou Rawls laying smoke across the floor and every stash in the platoon was on the table. Then Staley and Quinn got the idea about going over to the mess hall and cooking up something warm. Gonzales, the little dude who drove the provision truck and had arms like *that*, sashayed up to Staley and announced that he knew where he could steal some frozen pizzas, so the party moved over to the mess hall. I stayed behind because I didn't give a shit about pizza; and besides, Lou was just getting wound up. They came back sooner than I expected and Staley was pissed off at somebody for not letting them use the oven, but everybody else was laughing and poking each other. We opened another round of quarts and started the tape over, then we started dancing. Some dudes grabbed each other and danced couples, but most jigged around, talking to themselves and stomping on the floor. Every now and again someone would let out a whoop and throw an empty into the company street.

Akins came down with the mail. I got two letters from Jenny and the two fuck books I had sent for back in December. I put the letters away and began to read one of the books. The dudes dancing near stopped and stood listening. Pretty soon they were crowded closer trying to read over my shoulder.

". . . the dress now hung by her breasts. Her eyes half-closed, she was aware only of the warmth of his fingers on her thighs. She reached up and pulled the dress away from her breasts and the gown gathered in folds around her waist, hesitated, then floated to the floor and gathered in a pool of black silk. . . ."

One of the dudes behind me let out a whoop and hopped around yelling, "Get 'em tiger!"

". . . lifted her and placed her spread-eagle across the head of the bed, then undressed as quickly as he could. . . ."

"Sounds like my brother," someone yelled. "By the time he's ready, he looks like one of them two-dollar cucumbers." Whoever said it walked away, but turned and came back. By this time I was drawing a crowd and continued reading, only louder so everyone could hear.

". . . he kneeled on the floor and put his face in front of her muff, his neck outstretched, and breathed deeply like a cook will do sometimes when he takes just a taste of a fussed-over sauce. Then he worked his nose past the bristled brown hair, nestled it in her crack and wiggled it like a fat old rabbit. . . ."

Lou was saying something nasty cool and a couple dudes hooked arms and began dancing in circles, chanting:

muffdiver
muffdiver
muffdiver

and stamping their feet in time with the music, while I kept reading.

". . . Irma let out a squeal, clamped her legs tightly around Roger's head, and locked her ankles, stretching her toes. As Roger worked his tongue into her puss she squirmed and wriggled her hips. Her fingers were spread on her stomach; and as she whimpered and moaned, her hands moved to her breasts and she began massaging her swollen nipples lightly with the palms,

Dickran Palulian

pressing down harder and rotating so that the fingers interlocked and touched the other breast. . . ."

"Ya-hoo," someone yelled and jumped into the air, coming down heels first and landing with a loud crack on the floor.

". . . Roger began humping the side of the mattress and reached up to grasp Irma by the arms for leverage. Soon Irma caught the rhythm and the bed began to buck and bang against the wall, then Irma started to cry in earnest and call Roger's name."

"Roger, Roger, Roger! Oh, Roger! Uh, oh! Oh, Roger, Roger!"

Everyone in the tent took up Irma's cry.

"Roger, Roger! Roger! Ra-jer! Ra-jer!"

They clapped their hands and stomped around.

"RA-JER! RA-JER! RA-JER!"

Back at the tent everyone was asleep. Akins was snoring softly and scratching his nails on the canvas. I had not slept well for weeks, it was too close to my time. I had no need for sleep. I had been stoned and drunk every night for a long time, and anyway I was going home in the morning. When I was tired or drunk enough to pass out, I slept in starts and fits, dreaming of flat-out chases with fast black rabbits, my hands and feet jerking, pacing the quick obliques and sharp flanking moves. I was always quick to awaken. The slightest noise, even the subtlest shadows on shadows of the first man to sit up and yawn was enough to make me open my eyes.

On the last night, sleep was not possible—not even the sleep so familiar to guards, sleep where the body stiffens and nods, but the mind still churns along, listening, sniffing, seeing past the heavy, heavy eyelids. *I will sit by the table and watch the wire and listen for the soft plushy sound of the incoming and when they come I will hear the rounds screaming like the dead scream and count them on my fingers. I will sit through everything—the mortars, the rockets, the skinny fucking sappers hugging their packs while they crawl along the ditch out back. And I will be silent, because I am going home in the morning.*

I know they cannot kill me.

Everyone talks about what they are going to do when they get home. Home. The magic word spoken with no small reverence: everybody-goes-home, I'm-going-home, back-in-the-world. A mountain held to the ground by trees, green like the color green that dripped from the hand of God. The green of all green. *That's where I'm going in the morning. God or the Devil could walk into the tent and call me, saying, "Come with me, I will take you to my house and give you soft, fine clothes, your fondest wish, simple rest." But I would not go with them, because first of all, first before anything, I must go home. I have come too far, done too much, seen too many things to deny myself the ritual of stepping back from all this.*

Now it's my turn. It's owed. But I have to go home the way I came, that's why I have given everything away. The dream is dead, only the ritual remains. The dream lies draped among the scrub bushes near where Atévo died, the neatest small puncture in his face. Silent swift Atévo never saw it coming. The dream died quickly, but I hung on to it for a long time. I lugged it around like a dead man for a long time, until I didn't know whether the stink of it was the dream or my flak jacket or just somebody's dirty asshole. It had me around the neck and hung down my back and whispered to me in my sleep that this was not the place, farther on, always farther on, and soon I was walking on my knees until one morning close to Christmas when I was sitting up on guard, wrapped in a blanket, it slipped off my shoulders. It cried and fell away and screamed good-bye. Suddenly there was no caring, except for the things I could reach out and grasp with a hand, and if it was too big to grab it didn't mean anything and I didn't care. There was too much sleep and good feling lost and it had been too long since I had seen someone smile and mean it and I had had my R & R already and a grunt only gets one. I didn't care for anything except the dudes I could touch and talk to today, and going home was simple-ass

wishful thinking. Nobody goes home from here. Come on, fuck with me. I killed one dude with my bare fucking hands, I broke a couple goddamn bones in his throat and squeezed until his eyes bugged out and pounded his head into the mud until I ran out of energy and the sonofabitch clucked and jiggled his arms, then died.

I'll sleep in the fucking mud, eat sheep shit out of a can, kill anybody you want me to kill. I'll do anything you want, because I simply do not care about anything but a drink and a joint and laying my head down every once in a while to rest my eyes. I'll piss where the urge takes hold, short-time any broad with two legs, blow snot holding a finger to the other nostril. The war works on you until you don't care anymore and you become part of it, and then you start working on it instead of it working on you, and you get deep-down mean. You start volunteering for the weird fucking missions, all the goofy ambushes, loaded to the teeth with grenades and knives and your coolass AK; or you drive the road throwing out rounds just to hear the fifty buzz in your ear, and race through hamlets missing slopes by *that* much and you laugh and throw empty cartridges at the kids who stand there begging C-rations. I dug free-fire zones because we could kill anything that moved, and all I wanted to do was kill and kill and burn and rape and pillage until there was nothing left, and then I'd volunteer to get a shovel and turn every fucking square inch I could get to before I got too old to lift the shovel, and

"The war works on you until you don't care anymore and you become part of it, and then you start working on it instead of it working on you . . ."

even then I would get down on my hands and knees looking for earthworms and grubs to squash.

You go crazy and see dudes crack up all around you and dudes keep coming at you and you grease one then the next and still they come out of the woodline and your hands get sore from holding the handle on the fifty and your thumbs get cramps all the way to the elbows from holding down the butterfly trigger and your driver is going crazy helping you reload and the slopes keep rushing out of the woodline and you grease this one and that one and lob grenades and the bodies pile higher and still they keep trotting out of the woods and you blow them away by the squad and they pile higher still until you reach up with your arms as though you were looking for a hand up and scream and scream and scream your lungs flat, and the fire fight stops, and you stand there, knee-deep in hot, smoking brass, and then you jump down the front of the track and commit suicide.

The war has swallowed me, it has clamped off all the veins and I'm high on dope and Darvon and mess-hall coffee and sick and tired of the fucking footrace. I can never go home. I just want to see it. I won't say a thing. I just want to see it one more time. I want to smell it, put my ear to it and hear it tap, tap, tap.

So, now only the ritual remains. I have not been getting closer, only farther away, a year away. Only Jenny is there. Jenny of small, thick letters about working summers and the thousand dumb funny little things that mean nothing but fill up letters. Mail from home, stamped and written in script. Somebody knows I'm not dead.

I have lost a good deal. My hands are stiff and cold, they ache with the changing of the season. The backs are wrinkled and spliced with small cuts. The nails are long and hard and the front edges are discolored and chipped. The fingers shiver when I hold them out. The palms are drawn and chapped, and callouses have grown on the insides of the knuckles and joints. Everything feels the same—the small shards of wool at the edge of the blanket, the fiberglass of my rifle stock, a clean shave, the inside of a thigh. There is not the slightest inkling of texture or coolness or warmth. There is a slack, baggy feel about everything I do now. I can no longer maintain smooth, effortless motion, even when I am stoned. I have lost the simple rhythm of breathing. It must be due to the humidity. I always seem to be breathing as fast as I can, as though to catch up, like a cross-country runner who has stopped to lean against a tree, hysterical for breath to the point of vomiting.

It rained early in the morning. Simple rain. *I can go one of two ways. I can go home and be crazy in peace, or I can stay here, be crazy, and be killed. If I stay they will kill me. If I go home, people will cast down their eyes and offer condolence when I walk the ward of an afternoon. They will visit me, bringing meaningless little gifts and sit for the obligatory ten minutes talking to me in simple sentences. Politicians will pump my arm for the camera, all the while asking me what my name is. Total strangers will walk to the outside of the sidewalk. I will spend my waking hours in the corners of large cathedrals, lighting candles in my own behalf. I will sell shoelaces at elevated stations, be a postman, till the soil, sleepwalk. I will be crazy in peace.*

Death himself walks into the tent, shrouded in his yellow slicker, mumbles his little speech and raises his arm—but I do not move. He steps forward, startled by flat refusal, and raises his voice so that several men stir in their sleep, and calls me again. I look at him and laugh through my teeth. His image curls and smokes, then passes through the mosquito netting. Only the soft stench of salt ash lingers to note his coming. Akins will think I pissed on the floor.

Everyone woke as usual. We went out back to piss and left for the mess hall. I drank coffee and joked with Akins while he ate. Then I went up to the post office to pick up my plane ticket.

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"We didn't question your honesty, Patrolman Murphy, when we knew that you owned a Rolls Royce, but when you hired a police lieutenant to drive it . . ."

Neal Preston

PETER TOWNSHEND

"Progression is always great," says Peter Townshend, "but unless you take your audience with you, it's useless." True to his word, the innovative English guitarist-composer and mastermind of the Who has remained in the forefront of rock 'n' roll for more than ten years. With a score of teen-trauma hits like "I Can't Explain," "My Generation," "The Kids Are Alright," and "Magic Bus," as well as the more recent rock-opera masterworks *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia*, behind him, Townshend now watches Who albums turn gold on the day of their release and Who concerts cause riots at the ticket window. Lately, he has even entered the celluloid sweepstakes with Ken Russell's spectacular film of *Tommy*. At twenty-nine, Townshend may very well be rock's most valuable player.

Teenage frustration, from masturbation ("Pictures of Lily") to the Quest for the Answer ("The Seeker"), has been a major theme of the Who throughout most of its existence. And for good reason: Townshend's fascination with the subject is bred out of experience. "High school was very painful for me," Pete says as he puts a finger to his mammoth nose. "I was very embarrassed and self-conscious about my nose for quite a while. I got obsessed with it. Music was my escape. My mother was no help, she seemed to think that

anybody who wasn't beautiful couldn't be any good. She was gorgeous, of course. My father was very good-looking, too. How they spawned me I'll never know. Dad was kind to me about the nose, but in an unintentionally devastating manner. He used to say things like, 'Don't worry. Arthur Miller married Marilyn Monroe, didn't he?' I didn't want to look like fucking Arthur Miller, I wanted to look like James Dean.

"But I knew down inside that the only way I was really gonna become confident was to become something everybody could respect. So I labored at the guitar, trying my best to be incredible within a few weeks. And when it didn't happen, it destroyed me. It was only later on that I realized I actually did have a talent. As soon as I started to write, I really came together in one piece for the first time. Even in the early years of the Who, I suffered that frustration of searching for my niche. That's why my first songs were so screwed-up and indecisive."

Originally called the High Numbers, the Who was formed in 1964 when singer Roger Daltrey and bassist John Entwistle auditioned and accepted their beak-nosed schoolmate into the group the two were putting together. A year later, after playing in small English bill came in, *Tommy* gave us enough money to pay it. And it was a frightening sum, too. If we hadn't been able to pay it, it would have been a public scandal. We'd all be in jail right now."

Thanks to a dynamic performance at Woodstock in 1969, the Who found a mass audience for the newly released *Tommy*. The story is essentially a parable incorporating the band's familiar themes of frustration and violence. It tells of a boy who becomes deaf, dumb, and blind after witnessing his father killing his mother's lover. Tommy then staggers through a series of nightmares which include torments from his cousin and a sexual assault by his uncle. He eventually becomes a pinball champion, is worshipped, and ultimately regains his senses. Tommy forms a kind of pinball religion, only to be flung aside by his oppressed disciples.

In 1971, after years of drug-taking and brief flurry of experimentation in psychedelics, Townshend publicly denounced the drug culture and proclaimed devotion for Indian spiritual master Meher Baba. One of the most important ground rules for Baba worshippers, it seemed, was a complete disregard for drugs.

(Baba's life story is little known outside of the hard-core cult of his devotees. Born in 1894, Baba grew up in the Indian town of Poona.

Neal Preston

Russel Eliot Reif

bars with pick-up drummers, they added a permanent fourth member, Keith Moon. Drummer Moon, rock 'n' roll's most lovable basket case, entered the band in classic style. He had been watching the High Numbers play at the Oldfield Hotel, thinking—not unlike any self-respecting musician—that *he* could do a far better job on drums than the particular fellow they had onstage that night. Entwistle remembers the evening well. "Keith staggered up onstage, drunk out of his mind, and started to play the drums. He destroyed the drummer's bass-drum pedal, something the guy had had for twenty years. Keith was dressed all in ginger, with ginger-dyed hair, and he was just as mad and loud as the rest of us."

The Who, as they soon began to call themselves, gained quite a reputation as a live act. Townshend, known as "the Birdman" because of the way he spun his arms in the air and across the guitar strings, began demolishing guitars onstage. Daltrey smashed his microphone into the floor, filling the room with a loud metallic thud. Moon destroyed his drum kit for the encore, and Entwistle all the while stood a discreet distance apart, dressed entirely in black. "All four of us were unbelievably aggressive," says Daltrey, "we were very violent. We would literally have bloody fistfights onstage, as well as destroy all the instruments. But in the end, it became a sort of monkey on our back. After two years, people were just coming to see us smash up all our gear. The music meant nothing. All our pre-*Tommy* stuff had that stigma about it."

"We've always spent a lot of money and created a lot of damage," adds Townshend. "And we weren't really making any money during that time. *Tommy* came just at the point when the Who would have had to split because of financial burdens. Like most performers, we didn't pay any tax in the first few years of our career. So, when the

While in college, he built up an affection for an old woman named Hazrat Babajan, who was in reality a Perfect Master. One day she kissed him on the forehead and from that moment on, Meher Baba was a changed man. He neither ate nor slept for months, and spent the next seven years in study with the five Perfect Masters of the time. One of these Masters threw a stone at Baba, hitting him at the spot where Babajan had kissed him, between the eyes. It was at this moment, so the story goes, that Baba became aware of his role. Meher Baba did not speak at all from July 10, 1925 until he died in 1969. His silence was intended to be symbolic. "You have had enough of my words," said Baba, "now it is time to live by them.")

The *Tommy* film isn't Townshend's first attempt at writing for the screen. In early 1971, he attempted an intriguing, but ultimately overwhelming rock fantasy called *Life House*. In the end, all that remained were the handful of songs he wrote for the aborted project, some of which appeared on *Who's Next*, the group's seventh album, and *Who Came First*, Pete's only solo album. More *Life House* material will appear later in an upcoming album of forgotten material dating back from the earliest days to the present, called *Odds and Sods*.

For now, though, *Quadrophenia* stands as Townshend's last major recorded work. The story deals with the despondent and disillusioned Jimmy, a teenager growing up in the Mods vs. Rockers era of English street life. Jimmy suffers from double schizophrenia, hence the title. Townshend insists that *Quadrophenia* will be his last work to be preoccupied by teen turbulence, but don't bet on it. Pete Townshend, after all, is everybody's favorite rock 'n' roll adolescent, even if he *is* pushing thirty.

This exclusive interview was conducted by Cameron Crowe.

Penthouse: Many people think that Jimmy, the hero of *Quadrophenia*, is a thinly disguised Pete Townshend. Is this true?

Townshend: No. I identify very strongly with Jimmy in several ways, but certainly not all. He's a workshop figure. An invention. And while he may seem a lot more real than Tommy, he isn't. *Tommy* was set in fantasy, but there was something very real about its structure. Jimmy, on the surface, looks like a simple kid with straightforward hang-ups, but he's far more surrealistic. I don't fully identify with Jimmy's early experiences . . . his romanticism, his neurosis, his craziness. I never went through a tormented childhood. When I was a kid, it was just me and the guitar and the belief that if I ever learned the secret of rock 'n' roll I would own the world. I feel closest to Jimmy when he's reached the stage, late in the album, of being stuck on the Rock. He's surrendered himself to the inevitable, whatever that is, and has put all his problems behind him. Jimmy's not become any kind of saint or sage, he hasn't even found *anything*, much less himself. Basically, he isn't gonna be any different. He's just reached the point in his life where he's seriously contemplated suicide—as we all have—and the fact that he chose not to kill himself has left him with a fantastic emptiness. A need to be filled. A lot of kids today try to fill that void by waving the rock 'n' roll flag, but they just don't understand it or feel it or live it. In a way, they should be *totally* immersed in rock 'n' roll. That is, they should either be filled with something a little more tangible or feel rock 'n' roll the way I do . . . which is in a practically religious sense.

Penthouse: Don't you think that viewing rock 'n' roll in a religious sense is a contradiction in terms?

Townshend: Just to sit and talk about rock 'n' roll is a contradiction in terms. So there you go. All I'm saying is that rock 'n' roll usually isn't anybody's sole salvation. Too many rock musicians don't know what the fuck they're doing.

Penthouse: What effect has discovering Meher Baba had on you? Are you still "on the Rock"?

Townshend: Of course. A lot of people equate finding a spiritual master with discovering the escape clause in life. Actually it's just the opposite. All that happens is that, for the first time in your life, you acknowledge the fact that you've got problems instead of futilely trying to solve them. The problems become more acute, yet somehow less painful. Still, they don't get solved automatically. The only way in this lifetime that you can move something from A to B is to get up and fucking *move* it. There's no magic. All Baba has done is to get me to start looking outside myself and tempering all my results in his terms rather than my own. I was keyed-up, at the time *Quadrophenia* was ready to be released, for total failure. I kind of figured that was what I needed. I thought that was the only thing left that was gonna teach me any kind of lesson. That sounds nihilistic. And yet the failure wasn't what I really wanted. I wanted continued success and everything, but somehow I was expecting it rather than working for it.

Penthouse: Don't you think that when a group becomes rich and successful, their basic motivation is gone?

Townshend: That's assuming something really quite incredible. That's assuming that every rock band picks up their instruments because they want to be rich and successful. I don't think any band worth its oats ever picked up a guitar because it wanted wealth and fame. That's always part of it, but it's never the sole purpose. It wasn't why *we* wanted to play. We wanted to play because we were into the music and into the fact that the only reality that existed was in losing yourself in people's reaction to you. Money's got nothing to do with it. What prompts musicians that have gone through that painful trying-to-attract-the-attention-of-a-drunken-pub-audience, and worked their way up to the top, to go back to their fucking roots in cabaret and start trying to win over a drunken audience again? It's got nothing to do with money. Or success. It's got to do with some kind of need to be looked at, to be respected and—this has been made more evident in rock than in any other aspect of show business—the need to find yourself through your audience's reaction. You've got to discover what makes that audience tick to discover what makes you tick. A musician has to be affirmed; and if someone else won't do it, he has to do it himself.

"I very sincerely believe that I know the route to perfection."

Penthouse: Looking around at your contemporaries, do you think too much fame, too much money coming in while one is very young—say eighteen to twenty-five—is a good thing?

Townshend: I don't know. I think perhaps too much money can be harmful, but too much fame I don't think is necessarily bad. Teenagers, while they're in school, do get to learn that it's quite important to work out your own way of being special and, in a sense, *famous* on a small scale. You have to be famous for being yourself. Either you're famous for being long, thin, and acting queer, or you're famous for being the girl with the big tits, or you're famous for being the guy who always gets his Levi's just right . . . whatever it is, you become famous in a sense. I don't think that really hurts anybody. It makes them confident. It also teaches you what people need from life. People *need* heroes and you're doing a job in being a hero. You're performing a service.

Penthouse: Did you have any heroes when you were a kid?

Townshend: Well, there was Bob Dylan. When I was a kid . . . well, not a kid, but younger and listening to Dylan, I couldn't wait for the day when somebody would get to him and do that in-depth interview where everybody would find out what really was in the back of his head. And when I discovered that there was nothing there at all . . . *nothing* . . . I must say I was incredibly disappointed. From that day onward, he ceased to be my hero. He remained somebody who wrote music that I loved. I still love the earlier stuff for the pure nostalgia of remembering how stimulating he was; but he wasn't quite the gladiator I had expected. You can't deny, though, that Dylan's music marked a new dimension in rock 'n' roll. He opened the door for rock to say bigger and better things.

Penthouse: Like what?

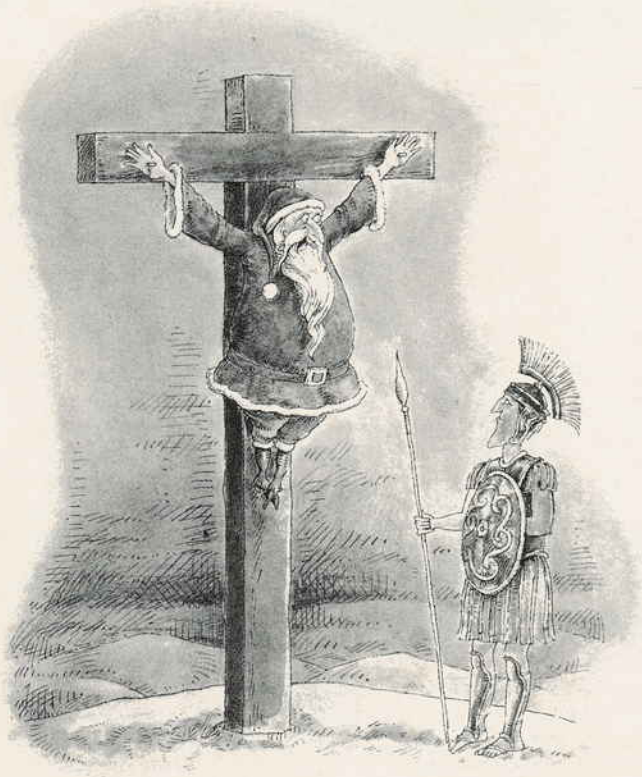
Townshend: Well, I think rock became more idealistic. It became the music of the adolescent and a vehicle for the denunciation of whatever we didn't believe in. If there was something a bit dodgy, we knew that pretty soon there'd be a song about it and through that music we'd know what we felt to be right and what we felt to be wrong. It was like an affirmation.

Penthouse: Much of your early writing displays an intolerance of age. You wrote in "My Generation" that you hoped you'd die before you got old. You're twenty-nine now, and to a lot of kids that's perilously close to being antiquated.

Townshend: I wasn't ready for how quickly I was going to get old. Rock 'n' roll doesn't just age you in time, it ages you quicker than time. I'm still a young man in a normal sense, but I'm constantly thinking about age, always watching the audience change over the years. The audiences come in waves, you know. There's the people that grew with the Who, then there's the second wave, and then there's the third wave. In Los Angeles, that third wave stretched from maybe fifteen years old back to thirteen. In the whole of our career, that's the youngest our audience has ever been. I kind of automatically assume that thirteen- to fifteen-year-old kids are gonna be really thick . . . maybe "secure" is a better word. I assume that all they really want is some kind of mild sexual stimulation like the Osmonds or some other silly flirtation act. It surprises me when their appetite includes the Who. I don't think those kids come to see us because they can identify with what we said in "My Generation"; I think they go for the sound. That rams age down your throat as well. I'm constantly aware of how old I am and how fast I'm aging. Rock 'n' roll also ages you because it's extreme. Its

spikes are so much more lethal than in any other business. It's not just the artistic pressure, it's a creative pressure that the recording industry throws down on you. There have always been a lot of people asking me about what I said in "My Generation." I suppose when I wrote that song I was thinking more about genuine old age, being in your late fifties or sixties and adjusting to being an old person: worrying less, doing less, and feeling less. That was what I meant by old age. But then somebody comes up to you and says, "You said you were gonna die before you got old." All you can do is nervously laugh it off by saying, "Oh, I was just a young kid when I said that, what did I know . . . ?" I think back now to the way I was when I wrote those songs and I must admit that I don't really like myself in retrospect. I just don't like the person I remember. I like what I wrote and I like the success I came up with, so presumably I must hate myself in retrospect because—I keep saying this—I had sharper edges. Those edges aren't quite so sharp now. So I wonder whether ten years from now I'll like what I've done today as much as I like what I did ten years ago now. I really like my first few songs because they were an incredible surprise. Through writing I discovered how to free my subconscious, in a way. I wrote out of necessity, in fact. The Who couldn't get its initial recording contract without somebody in the band writing. So I wrote "I Can't Explain," and I thought it was about a boy who can't explain to a girl that he's falling in love with her. But two weeks later I looked at the lyrics, and they meant something completely different. I began to see just what an outpouring the song really was. At that point I became the greatest rock critic in the world. I was two people—someone who sat down and wrote a song for some particular purpose, and then somebody who looked at it and saw something totally different. Then I realized, "Of course, that's why Bob Dylan doesn't know what to say when people ask him about one of his songs—because he doesn't fucking *know* what it's all about. *I* know . . .

"I just take people's thoughts and feelings and give them back . . . for that, they call me a genius."



"Listen, you're making a mistake!"

because I'm on the outside, reacting to it, and whatever it means to me is *it*. But he doesn't. How could he? All he did was write it." Trying to project into the future, what I think will hurt me about *Quadrophenia* when I'm old is its deliberate self-consciousness. But I felt it was time for the Who to be self-conscious. It's incredible how well it works on record and how badly it works on stage. I found it so embarrassing to have to explain the album in between numbers. It's a bloody admission of growing old, to stand up and talk about "When I was nineteen. . . ." Nineteen isn't too fucking young and that was ten years ago. When I walk onstage I feel timeless. I feel abundantly athletic, free, and liberated and unfettered and completely unselfconscious. I don't feel like I'm Pete Townshend, I feel like one of the Who—a group with tremendous collective impact on that audience. I get lost in the rush and then all of a sudden, there you are trying to explain yourself. Well, it won't happen again, because another conscious aspect of *Quadrophenia* is that it's a rejection of that sort of work ever again. Or at least the adolescence obsession, the teenage frustration thing. I've got some lyrical growing up to do.

Penthouse: Is there anything that moves you, that makes you want to act, besides music or Meher Baba?

Townshend: Obviously Baba moves me. I don't know, I think music is the main thing. It's the root cause of everything. I've got ideas now about making a musical film of a type that's never been made before, but music is even at the root of that, I imagine. I think music is probably the only single thing. Like everybody else, I'm moved by traditional things like love, a sunny day, or a mighty sea. But most of all, music. Really good films can make me cry or make me happy, but music can do more than that to me. I think that's true, funnily enough, for most people who have been brought up on rock 'n' roll. They regard music as the most fully saturated medium. It's words and pictures to them; whereas in the Thirties and Forties, music was much less important. Movies were where it was at. I don't think that's true anymore. And it's certainly very hard to be moved by anything on television just because of its very nature.

Penthouse: You visited India several years ago——

Townshend: India was an absolutely, totally mind-blowing experience. Nothing that I was ready for at all. It all started with a visit on our last tour, three years ago, to Myrtle Beach, in South Carolina, on the Atlantic Ocean. It's made up of lots of lakes, kind of an inland Hawaii-type situation with lakes and fairly easy jungles leading down to the Atlantic coast. There are three or four thousand acres there that were a gift for an American Baba center. There are lots of little cottages and places where you can go and stay. Baba loved the place. I went there for one day, in the middle of the tour, and spent the night in this cabin, a place where Baba had lived. All of a sudden, for the first time in my life, I felt that I was in his presence. I'd

never ever met him when he was alive. I put my head on the bed and fucking thought the most incredibly . . . unthinkable, unrepeatable, and unspeakable thoughts I've ever had. It was so awful, it was like being in hell. I completely broke up. I finally went out with fucking tears streaming down my face. Tears of self-pity. And I thought that I'd blown it. There I was, in the presence of the Master for the first time, and all that bullshit, all that filth.

Penthouse: What kind of thoughts?

Townshend: Listen, I don't even want to relive them by discussing them in any kind of detail. Suffice it to say, they were fantastically disgusting and terrifying. I tried to convince myself that it was just a kind of cleansing process, but that wasn't what it was about at all. It was me fighting like mad not to surrender and using the most subtle, most subconscious way that I knew how. It was very, very spooky. . . . Anyway, that prompted a trip to India. I suddenly realized that I was gonna have to go to India and at least meet all the people that were around Baba. I went over there and the first thing that hit me was that India was a fantastically beautiful country. It's the only place where poverty is almost pure. I mean I felt like the fucking peasant with my twenty suitcases and my first-class ticket and my charcoal-gray suit. I felt like a pig, I really did. So to cut a long story short, I ended up in the tomb where Baba was buried. There's a ritual that goes on there in which you walk in, put your head down to the ground, and walk out again. It's a kind of sacred procedure. Awful in a sense. It's just what Baba would never, ever have wanted . . . a ritualistic thing. The first time I went in there, I put my head down and tried to really feel like I was in Baba's presence. And I had the same thoughts that I had when I was in the bedroom at Myrtle Beach. And the same thing happened once again, when I went around the second time. By this time I'm really starting to know what I'm going to think as soon as I get in there. So the third time I go inside, I'm standing there thinking, "Well, I'm washed up. I'm never, ever going to be in the presence of God, so I might as well fucking enjoy being with all these people and have a good time during my unhappy years on earth." And suddenly this young guy walks in and he's obviously got dysentery very bad. He's small and fragile, his face is white, and he's shaking like a leaf. Somebody kind of ushers him forward and he looks like . . . well, he brought out all my maternal instincts, if that's possible for a man. I just felt so much compassion for him . . . so much sorrow for him, and that sort of identifying self-pity thing that always happens in those situations. And I see him get down, put his head to the ground, and tears begin to stream down my face. I'm so wrapped up in this kid that by the time I get my head down, I've forgotten about what it was that was in my head. I forgot that whole trip. So I get up after realizing that this guy was just a device to get me out of the way, you know what I mean? It was Baba's compassion that had arranged it. It was nothing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

"Did you hear the one about Old Mr. Boston and the farmer's daughter?"

She gave him some dairy products. He mixed them with Rum, Brandy, and whiskey to create Old Mr. Boston Egg Nog. Always in perfect taste.

Let Mr. Boston be your bartender. He makes more fine liquor products than anyone else in the world.

Whiskies. Vodka. Gin. Rum. Scotch. Brandy. Cordials. Cocktails.

30 Proof, Mr. Boston Distiller, Boston, Mass. ©1974

"Momma's Boy in the third race at Monmouth Park."

Judge Justin Ravitz
sports cowboy boots and denims under
his unbuttoned robes, and
he is an avowed Marxist—but
nowhere in America is
the meaning of justice clearer than
in his courtroom.

MAVERICK ON THE BENCH

by Ken Kelley

As often as five days a week, Irving Deuter dresses immaculately in a dapper suit and walks the eight blocks from his downtown hotel to the bleak edifice that houses Detroit's Recorders Court. Deuter is nationally acknowledged as a dean among professional card hustlers, but he no longer appears in Detroit's bridge clubs until late afternoon. For more than a year he has passed up modest winnings from bored widows so he can spend his days in a windowless courtroom and satisfy an annoying curiosity about His Honor, young Justin Ravitz.

Actually, Deuter is only one of a crew of self-styled sentinels who gather in the back of the courtroom of Judge Justin Charles "Chuck" Ravitz. Aides to the governor show up. So do modish auto executives. *Detroit News* columnist Pete Waldmeir makes a point to drop in as often as he can.

"Frontier Justin," as Waldmeir calls him, usually sports cowboy boots, denims, and an open-collar shirt under the black robes that he refuses to button. But that is only a sideshow to the main event: Judge Ravitz himself, an avowed Marxist. At thirty-three he has gone farther in public life than any other Marxist in the history of this country. To those who feel comfortable only in the company of tradition, Ravitz is a strange and frightening phenomenon.

For one thing, he has done away with the mystique of the courtroom and replaced it with an aura all his own. No one calls "Hear ye, hear ye" when Ravitz enters his octagonal courtroom. No one stands up in deference to his entry. That is the way he wants it. Ravitz does not bang a gavel; he has no ceremonial architecture on which to bang one. Instead he chats amicably with visitors. And he unfailingly introduces his cases as "The State of Michigan *versus* John Doe" rather than "The *People* of the State of Michigan." In the opinion of Judge Ravitz, the John and Jane Does *are* the people.

His style is nothing if not loose—a swagger of casualness in the hip-Marlboro pose his lanky frame assumes. What draws comments are his wire-rim glasses, his untamed hair, a face uncluttered by somber mien, a judicial manner informal enough to preside over a frog-jumping contest.

But make no mistake—this cowboy is actually a legal genius. "If Ravitz is ever reversed by an appellate court, it'll probably be the appellate court that's wrong," allowed one chagrined prosecutor after Ravitz snapped a lawbook shut on his case.

This does not surprise anyone who knew Ravitz as a lawyer whose bruising fluency once made judges look pedantically bankrupt. Attorneys who now appear before him say he is "one of the best legal minds to come down the pike" or, alternately, that he is "a goddamn pain in the ass." Many say both. One syndicated television commentator who's made a career in skepticism interviewed "Frontier Justin" and effused: "If that's a Marxist, we should have more of them."

Ravitz took office last year after a rigorous and improbable campaign that had as its slogan: "Justin Ravitz is a lousy politician and that's good!" Detroit cops who have since felt the sting of his legal rebukes have branded him "a lousy Commie." By the reckoning of a more lofty critic, the *New York Times*, Ravitz is "the first radical judge in the country."

Clearly he is among the most audacious. When he was sworn in, he refused to stand for the pledge of allegiance, as a protest against the pittance of liberty and justice enjoyed by most citizens. "That turned into an international incident," he recalls. "I got flak all the way from Madrid." The Michigan State Supreme Court responded to Ravitz's refusal to hoist the Stars and Stripes in his courtroom by passing a special rule (called the "Ravitz Rule") requiring that every judge conspicuously display the flag.

No group has been more pained by his irreverence than Detroit's finest. Speaking at a recent gathering of staunch Lutherans, Ravitz chastised the city's big badges for "covering up heinous crimes, including murder, that have been committed by police officers." When police captured an accused cop-killer after the most intensive manhunt in city history, Ravitz shoved past a police guard to make sure the suspect's rights—and life—were protected. Once, while eating dinner in a Chinese restaurant, he tried to set up a court hearing on the spot for three teenagers who were being rousted by the cops. Early in his term he ordered a writ of *habeas corpus* for everyone who had been locked in a police precinct for ten hours without being arraigned—a judicial *tour de force* that could have put a quarter of the city's prisoners back on the streets over the course of a year.

As a lawyer who won a landmark court ruling in 1972 that local jail conditions were unsafe, unsanitary, and illegal, Ravitz is understandably reluctant about keeping people locked up even overnight. And, as a judge who believes that Michigan's ancient Jackson Prison (the world's largest walled prison, located in a cow pasture seventy-five miles from Detroit) constitutes "cruel and unusual punishment," Ravitz does not lightly imprison anyone who comes before him for judgment. When he does, he is profoundly iconoclastic.

Consider the recent case of a Vietnam veteran who pleaded guilty to raping a woman in her office. Ravitz did not shrink from handing out a stiff sentence. "Obviously the guy was vicious," he explains. "But I didn't feel that he was, as a person, beyond redemption." So Ravitz mailed him a copy of feminist Susan Griffin's insightful analysis of rape, and included a letter offering a deal that some may consider to have a touch of Solomon and others may regard as hopeless naiveté: "I told him *if* he reads what she wrote and really tries to deal with it, and *if* he works with others in his rock on the matter of sexism, and *if* at some point he can satisfy me that he understands sexism, *then* he holds the key to his cell in his pocket."

Remember this was for a rapist, someone who gets little sympathy from either women's liberationists or Archie Bunkers. But Justin Ravitz, who once defended clients no one else would touch, is not shy about controversy. His aim is to free everyone he sends up if they can somehow rehabilitate themselves. If they also politicize them-

selves, so much the better. Nor is this an idle offer to be left to future electoral whims; Ravitz was elected to a ten-year term.

The voters who legitimized his radicalism live in a city never known to be fond of leftist politicians. Even in the wild, desperate 1930s, when the then-socialistic United Auto Workers organized a powerful antibusiness upsurge in Detroit, no radical was elected to a citywide office. The Motor City's many auto workers were seduced into complacency long ago by pudgy (if not fat) paychecks and by sandbagged leaders. There are plenty of Detroiters, clinging to patches of green turf and aluminum-sided bungalows, who cheered County Commissioner Richard E. Manning's bid to cut off Ravitz's $42,000 annual salary on the grounds that "a Marxist judge is the supreme insult to every American."

Yet this is a city that has been primarily preoccupied with survival ever since that July day in 1967 when it awoke to the brrrat-a-aa-tat of machine guns, the rumbling of tanks on its downtown streets, and the country's bloodiest ghetto insurrection. Today Detroit inspires little hope that it can turn out anything more dynamic than 400-horsepower motors; even those locals who can strut out in Borsalino hats and peacock flounces wear a ruffled bitterness on their faces. Only a network of concrete canyons seems to hold the city together. In almost every yard a German shepherd stands sentry against an army of rapists, robbers, and murderers. It has become fashionable for victims to be found with hands bound in clothesline and a bullet hole tucked behind an ear. Since 1971 no major city has had a homicide rate higher and more chilling than Detroit's: one in every 600 men, women, and children.

No wonder these Murder City residents have an obsession with the processes of violence—and the accepted remedy: jail. Into this climate, which might easily invite a posse of hanging judges, entered Candidate "Chuck" Ravitz, a gangling Lincolnesque champion of nonestablishment (and usually nonpaying) clients, a "people's lawyer" sporting those scuffed high-topped boots.

It seemed no simple task to put this confessed Commie into an office that remains the most mystically sacrosanct in America. But it soon became clear that Ravitz was no lone figure on a far-off political horizon; he had a skilled organization behind him and grassroots support on his flanks. The organization, From The Ground Up, is a holdover from the movement of the Sixties, a collection of the best of the brightest dissidents. It is a relative rarity among New Left groups—it gets things done—and its program includes a monthly newspaper, a book club, political education classes, a pamphlet-reprint service, and an idea bank on how to popularize socialism in the Seventies.

For the four months before the election, From The Ground Up was Ravitz's campaign staff. Sheila Murphy, a fiery ex-secretary, was his campaign manager. Murphy has a gutsy political history that belies her twenty-four years; she, for instance, deserves much of the credit for catalyzing a change in the city charter to give civilians more control over the police department.

And Ken Cockrel, also brilliant and notorious in his own right, was the inspiration for the scores of young volunteers who worked long hours for no pay. Cockrel was Ravitz's law partner and one of the group's founders. He is recognized by many as *the* black radical in Detroit. He was once held in contempt of court for calling a judge a racist. But the case was dismissed after Cockrel lined up scores of witnesses to testify that the judge was indeed a racist.

Since the late Sixties the Ravitz-Cockrel team had been devoted to working legal coups. They provided flashy copy for Detroit reporters, who often missed the actual significance of their landmark accomplishments: acquittals on murder charges for black separatists, a successful suit that overhauled the local jury system and put more blacks and poor people on the juries, a suit that tossed out the state's pot law, a successful defense of a Chrysler worker who shot his foreman and two fellow workers (on the grounds that assembly-line drudgery and racism were responsible for the killings), a series of suits that eventually led to the end of a commando police unit, and a court victory that forced local officials to either close down or change the state's largest jail. Ravitz brought something more than a warm hand and a contagious smile to the campaign stump. "I found I got a good reception out in the neighborhoods because I knew the legal institutions of this city better than any other candidate," says Ravitz. "I knew what kind of shit had been going down—and people knew that I knew."

"No one calls 'Hear ye, hear ye' when Ravitz enters the courtroom; no one stands up in deference. That's the way he wants it."

When the computers spewed out results of the primary it showed Ravitz *first* in a field of forty-two candidates. Local newspaper columnists were dumbfounded. They quickly pasted together an analysis that voters must have confused Marxist Justin Ravitz with Mel Ravitz (no relation), the popular city council president. The conservative *Detroit News*, the city's largest daily, tried to clear up such "confusion" by splashing a dramatic front-page picture of Justin Ravitz hugging Afro-bushed Cockrel. "The *Detroit News* editors didn't print that picture just because they thought it was newsworthy," Ravitz snorts. "It was to show the voters who I really was, to align me with that nigger Cockrel."

Three months later, Ravitz surprised pundits again by winning his judgeship in the finals with one of the largest totals ever amassed by a Detroit judicial candidate. And Ravitz gave a major share of the credit to the *Detroit News*—even though it had seized every opportunity to call him a Marxist. The *News* assigned reporter Stephan Cain to cover Ravitz fulltime in a race that ordinarily would not have commanded the meager attention of a rewrite man. "When Cain first showed up, I had this serious talk with him. I told him, 'Look man, I'm not going to give you the time of day, and I might give you a lot worse, unless we get a couple things straight from the giddyap. And that is that you quote my shit straight and don't take it out of context.' Cain got real uptight. But he wanted to be the 'liked liberal.' So for several weeks afterwards I got headlines and articles that ran my shit straight. Well, it happens that the truth also makes a mass line and it happens that the *Detroit News* reaches masses of people. When most other candidates were buying ads—which I couldn't afford—to parade out dribble, I was getting what amounted to free ads. It was fantastic. And it helped. It *really* helped."

Ravitz won on a platform that called for courtrooms to be open twenty-four hours a day, for police to be charged with perjury if their testimony proved to be dishwater, and for ransomlike bails to be reduced so jails would stop serving as modern-day debtors prisons. Ravitz's Marxist label did not produce the voter backlash that the *Detroit News* anticipated. Instead his election showed that a surprising number of Detroiters apparently believed that the Murder City's cop-prosecutor-judge team mugged as many citizens as it did tenement outlaws. Indeed, three of the six other judges elected with Ravitz also took considerably anti-traditional positions. Among them was James Del Rio, who packs a revolver under his judicial robes and who has picked fistfights with attorneys of the Detroit Police Officers Association.

Ravitz's flamboyance steers clear of such violence. But he can start an uproar just by the impeccable way he applies the law, as he did last year when he released Erskine Langston, a short-haired young man with an IQ of fifty. At seventeen, Langston had been charged with molesting and knifing an elderly widow in 1967. He was assigned a lawyer who just two months before had been working as a homicide detective. Although no court testimony was ever presented against Langston, his attorney essentially left him to waste for thirty-seven months behind bars when he might have been out in twelve days.

Eventually, the prosecutor's office dropped the case and Langston went to work in a restaurant. Then six years after the murder, Sergeant John Roffey was investigating the slaying of another widow when a fellow detective sent him a note: "This sounds like that case in 1967—check out Erskine Langston." Roffey decided to pick up Langston for murder again.

The evidence connecting him to the crime was remote. A daub of blood was found on his jacket, but the blood could have be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

Cathy

"I'm definitely a prick lady....
I can't stand skinny men,
so I really go for size."

THE GREENING of AMERICA

The flight down from San Francisco to Los Angeles takes less than one hour, and you can drive the distance in about five. Geographically, the two cities are jet-age neighbors; culturally, they are oceans apart.

Cathy Green spent her Dr. Spock years in the city inevitably referred to as "sophisticated, cosmopolitan San Francisco." During her early teens, the family—all eleven of them—made the physical and, more significantly, the metaphysical move to Los Angeles.

"I've been back to San Francisco many times," Cathy says, "and there is a difference—like the difference between Paris and New York. Frisco is a charming old-world lady filled with dignity, formality, memories, and bits of funky old lace. Los Angeles is like a big, gangling child by comparison. There is total informality. Like glitter and

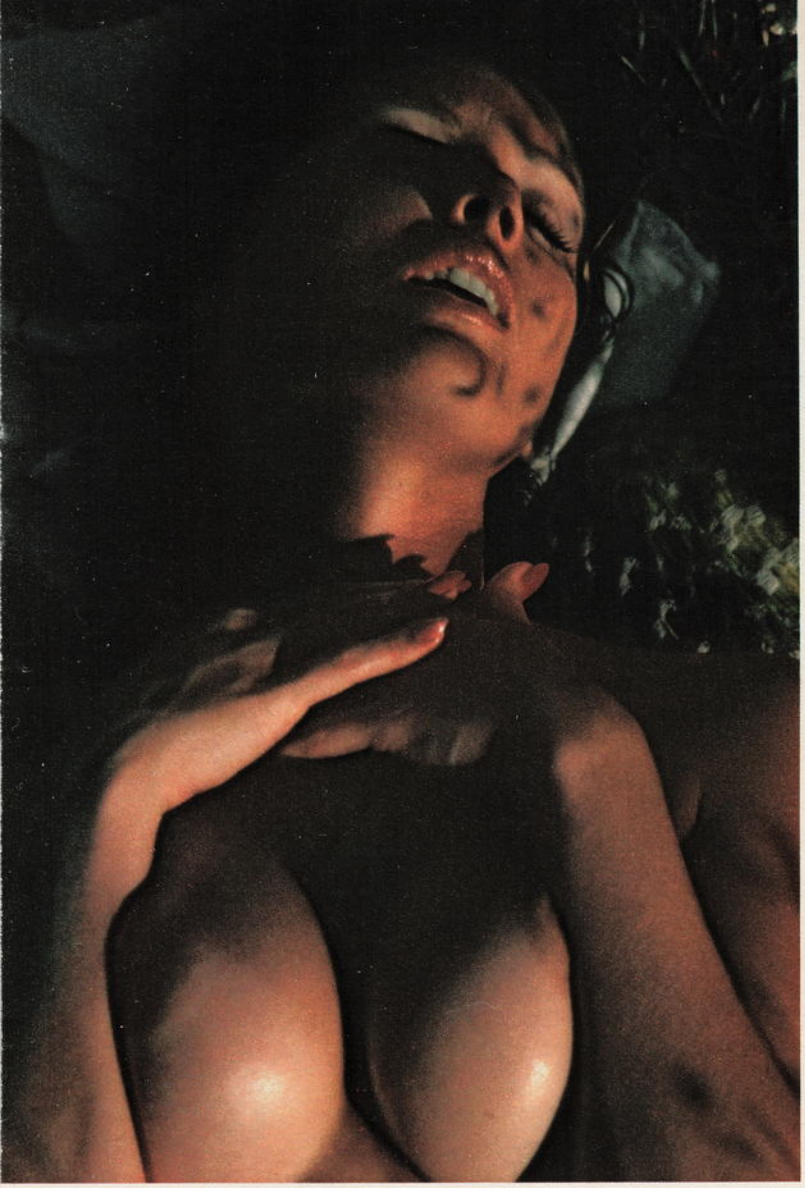
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Location courtesy of the Friendship Company, Marina del Rey, Calif.

trash... and lots of today... no yesterdays to brood about. It's a city of magical legends instead of memories.

"You can be very happy in a special environment... particularly if you and the environment are expressions of one another. I'm an expression of Los Angeles... of southern California. I'm sunny and free and a little freaky. I've traveled a lot for my age... I'm twenty-six... lots to Europe, and yet I love this country more than ever. Americans are so much less rigid in their customs. The way we do things; the way we think; the way we value our freedoms. And European men are no great bargain. Americans are tougher. I prefer the way they treat you —and their size. I like larger men, and European men seem to be physically small. I mean sexually as well. I'm definitely a *prick* lady.... I can't stand skinny men, so I really go for size."

Nor is Cathy's own 37-23-35 configuration likely to disappoint any gentlemen statisticians of similar persuasion. "Bigness isn't always best, but having plenty of flesh and muscle in the right place can go a long way toward making things more pleasurable. In a long-term relationship, I would want my man to have brains as well. But for anything shorter, a gorgeous body and a big cock are enough. And I mean that seriously ... I mean about limiting the common ground between us. I'd hate to queer a really good physical relationship by just talking it out. Unless you're really inclined to settle down to something more or less permanent, you've simply got to think of love and sex as being two different things. I like the idea of having one, steady relationship on the one hand and a series of exciting sexual adventures on the other. The open marriage thing really works if you can be totally honest with each other.



Sex is mandatory—don't forget—but love is a privilege."

Despite the obvious pleasure Cathy receives from describing her attitudes toward life and love and the necessary philosophical mortar that integrates the two, Miss Green has little real interest in promoting her own personal philosophy to others. "People must have the right sort of inclinations to begin with. I hate trying to change some red-neck's opinions about sex or about women's new role in society—or discussing whether it's proper to fuck a total stranger just because you happen to dig the way he parts his hair. I can't work up any enthusiasm over people like that. Morally, we operate like radios. If you don't happen to be tuned in on my wave length, I just don't get your message. And there are lots of other programs to choose from.

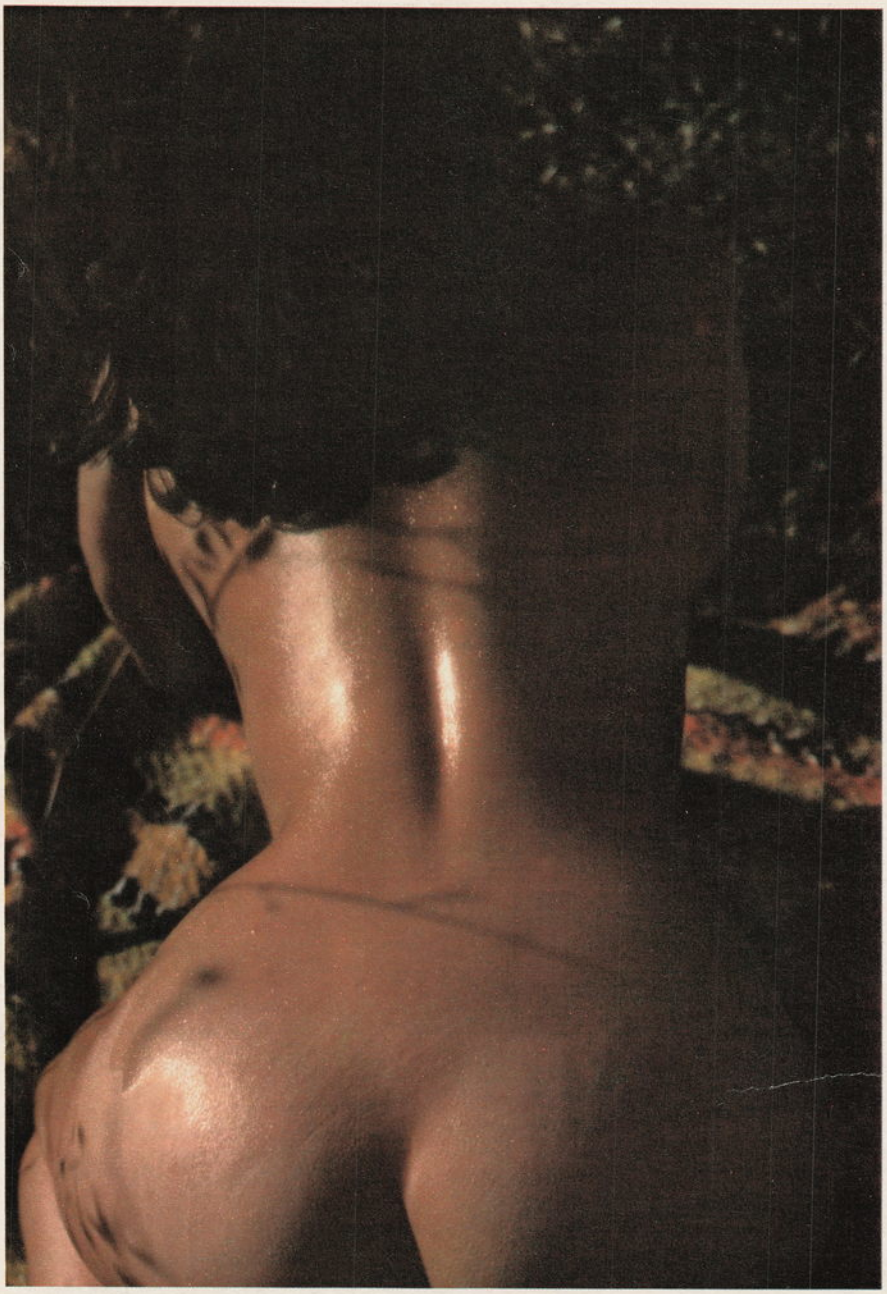
"Think of how much more creative we could be... how much easier it would be to get along... if everyone could only be a little bit freer with their emotions. We should end the slavish devotion to the rules and regulations that society has placed on all human sexual conduct. The rituals of courting—the ceremonial nonsense that goes with elaborate seductions—and the verbal foreplay.... It all has something to do with manners and I think it's a pose... a

little bit of misdirection that manages to make the whole thing pretty goddamn dishonest.

"If being attracted to someone is, in itself, not a crime, then why do we get so uptight about telling some perfect stranger that he or she turns us on? Wouldn't it be marvelous if you could stop someone in the street and say, 'Hey! You're pretty...let's ball!'"

Whereas—honesty and personal integrity apart—Cathy prefers the freedom and flexibility of a one-to-one relationship, she is not averse to spreading the wealth a little by dabbling in the mysteries of group sex. "I believe in trying things. I've participated in sex parties because I think you have to try *everything.* Experience makes you a better, more integrated person—even unhappy experiences. The first party I ever went to was a bore. The people weren't very good-looking, and I thought they had a kind of uptight attitude. They seemed to fuck obsessively...as if they were proving a point rather than undergoing some deliciously uninhibited physical pleasure. I think they were fucking with their minds instead of their organs."

As for her views on other matters, Cathy says, "Masturbation is normal. It's nothing to be ashamed of...everybody does it...and



when you have to have it, well, you have to have it." She has no preferences in sexual positions: "I love them all. They haven't come up with anything I don't already adore... oral sex as well as straight intercourse. I love both. A little of everything and a lot of everything." On seduction, she is equally explicit: "I can only see it as a fifty-fifty thing. Any other way would be dishonest. If I find a man I like, I'll go out of my way to get him interested sexually. Once he responds, I've got him. I use an elaborate technique to find out what his needs are... his secret desires... and then I fulfill them. But, with all that, I still require complete honesty between us—and respect and independence, too—with no rules to limit any other emotional experiences we may be looking for."

As we've said, Cathy is *not* a missionary. She is not out to promote a new sociosexual ball game, nor does she believe in the wholesale propagation of her own (or anyone else's) particular faith. There are, she believes, enough of one's own kind of people around to maintain one's normal level of selectivity. If America is not quite ready for Cathy Green, then Cathy Green is prepared to give it all the time it can reasonably need.

MISS CATHY GREEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

Who're you trying to kid, Ralph.

THE BOX

Tough enough to take good taste wherever you go.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1974 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

SEEDS
RATED X
Lane Gerkes '74

Any fool knows that if the average parent tries to tell the average kid anything about sex using the birds-and-bees approach, that kid is going to be a mess.

THE SHY (HA-HA!) VIOLET

by Henry Morgan

Over the years, people have made many disgusting remarks about the birds and the bees. In order to avoid having to tell children the facts of life (which aren't facts at all, of course, but a series of wild guesses), Poppa or Mamma will start clowning around by telling the little ones about, say, birds.

It is a fact that not one adult in a million knows the first thing about birds—*any* birds.

"They lay eggs," Mamma says.

Really? And what makes them do that? Is Poppa bird involved? Yeah? What does he do? I mean, *exactly* what does he do . . . and don't try to fob me off with some silly generality. And you can start with the simplest bird there is—the hen.

Okay, we all know that a hen lays eggs. Is the rooster necessary? Well, you're wrong.

So come on, what is the rooster for, then? And how does he do that? Does he have a you-know-what?

Wrong.

Bees? All right, there's the queen bee, the worker bee, and the drone. What goes on there?

Wrong.

Even if you fake it, it's wrong, because what really goes on is impossible. There's a good chance that it doesn't make sense even to the bees.

(Some *verichte* Germans say that a bee goes out to find pollen—or at least he goes out. If he finds anything, these guys say, he comes back to the hive and does some kind of little dance which tells the rest of the crowd that he's found stuff, how far away it is, and in which direction, based on the angle of the sun. Hoo-hah!)

What bees really do is to take the pollen from one flower and deposit it on another one. Your typical bee practices artificial insemination, that's what. He's nothing but a common procurer and a pimp.

There was once a vice president of the United States named Henry A. Wallace. He's no longer with us and it's not nice to speak ill of the dead . . . but he raised corn. Hybrid corn. In short, this man, a man who held high office, a man who was a heartbeat away from the presidency, was in the habit of cross-pollinating. *By hand!*

He had the morals of a bee.

Any fool can plainly see that if the average parent tries to tell the average kid anything about sex using the birds-and-bees approach, that kid is going to be a mess. And when he finds out the truth, he'll think his parents were insane.

The point of all this is that nobody wants to tell children about the flowers either.

Anybody who knows about the flowers will tell you they're rated X.

Start at the beginning: pollination. Even if flowers never do another single thing, they pollinate. All of them. And some of them cross-pollinate. And many of them do it with a stamen and a pistil.

Can't you picture dear old Dad telling little Mary about the stamen and the pistil?

If he happens to know that the pistil is an ovary, he won't dare start up in the first place. And if he knows that your average pistil consists of an ovary, a style, and a stigma, he'll just tell the kid to get lost.

As for the stamen, it's an *organ* and it performs the functions of a *male* by producing a *fertilizing* cell. You're gonna have the nerve to tell that to a little child?

All right, let's look at one of the better-known plants, the holly. Makes you think of Christmas, right?

Listen to this, from a pamphlet published by Ashumet Farm, Falmouth, Massachusetts:

"The first thing to remember is that there must be two hollies for successful berry-bearing, a male and a female plant—the female being the berry-bearing tree—but the male can pollinize *many females* within a limited distance."

Go ahead—tell the kid.

And tell him your favorite flower is called "phlox." And tell him that phlox are described as "hardy, erect or diffuse, tall or tufted perennials."

Are you ready for this one? Fuchsia are named after a doctor. Doctor Fuchs.

Orchids. Wow!! Pay dirt! Now we go to *Webster's*: "Orchid. *n*. See orchis." Okay, let's see orchis. "Orchis. *n*. (L. fr. Gk. *orchis*, testicle)."

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Dewar's!

Take the common ailanthus tree. This baby needs no outside assistance because it *self-seeds*. That's right. Right out in the open for all to see, the ailanthus goes on propagating.

Now we will consider the banana, an herb. (It is, too.) But the banana doesn't make any seeds. You ever see a banana seed? Well then, what does it do when the time comes for reproduction? It sends out little suckers, that's what. There's the Chinese banana and the Dwarf banana and the less said about them the better.

People think the dandelion is so darn cute. In the first place, its name gives it away—comes from the French, *dents-de-lion*, lion's teeth. And when it turns all charming and white and blows away, isn't that cute, too? It's throwing out its seed, that's what—just tossing it to the wind. Your cute little dandelion is nothing but a dirty old man.

And your pine cones and your acorns—what do you suppose they're all about? Why, even the kids in the street know.

And the peas in the pod. And the eyes in the potato. And the filthy things growing inside of figs. Cucumber seeds, tomato seeds—you know perfectly darn well what's going on. Same with the watermelon and those slippery black things you have to spit out (at least, if you don't want a watermelon growing in your stomach).

Lilies do it. Roses do it. Yes, even the little daisies do it. Nasturtiums! Forget-me-nots! *Baby's breath*, for God's sake!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

TERRI

"I can't remember the last time I made love
without having some kind of little outfit on," says Terri Saunders,
"it just makes it better for me." This "dressy" lady
is British, twenty-three years old, and unashamedly proud of
her most conspicuous attributes. "I'm quite pleased
I'm made the way I am. It's the way women are supposed to be put
together,and when I hear anyone say otherwise
I know it's because she's built like the back of a bus."
The outspoken Miss Saunders models when she must work—and
plays life's games the rest of the time. "Let's face it,"
she asserts candidly, "a woman never really has to pay for a meal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK ZIMMERMAN

or a bottle of perfume if she doesn't want to. I don't exploit men, but if they get pleasure from being in my company, what's wrong with my getting some sort of treat in return?" Sounds fair enough.

"Basically," she continues, "I'm in love with the thought of being in love. I can fall in and out of love with a man in the space of a bus ride . . . without ever exchanging a word with him. I just know from his eyes or his look that if we did meet,

something special would happen."

Something "special" with Terri often revolves around the amorous. "I'm young and healthy, and there's nothing more pleasing than being in the arms of a big, lusty man you can adore without shame. I'm not into leather or anything heavy like that, but my little outfits turn me on and they turn on the men I'm with. I love jewelry and little lacy things that

make me feel feminine. My bedroom is all white and frilly for the same reason. I'm really into being feminine." Next on Terri's agenda: "A little trip to North America. I've never been there, and I'm just going to bus from city to city, seeing the sights, absorbing the atmosphere, and meeting the people." Terri can't wait . . . nor can a few other people we know!

EGLESFIELD

TOWNSHEND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

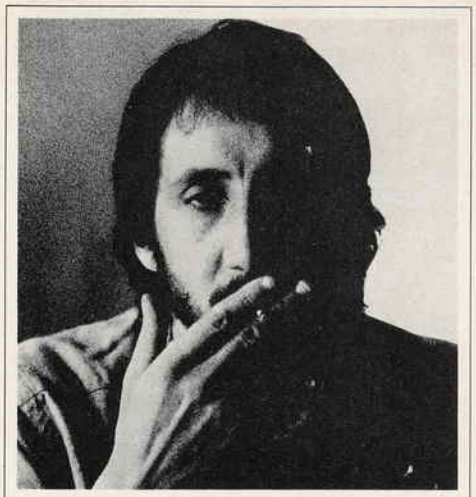
else. I felt so insignificant that I might as well have been a speck of dust. It was the most incredible feeling I've ever felt in my entire life. And I went out afterwards and collapsed in thanks. That's what happened in India. I came back, and since then really very little has happened. I'm kind of nervous about going back again. I mean I've had my little zap. I don't know how much more I could handle. It's like a door was opened for an instant, just so you could quickly glance inside. Then it slammed shut again. And you think, "Christ, is that where we're all going?" Because if it is, we're all right. I'll tell you that right now.

Penthouse: Do you think Meher Baba rescued you from the self-destruction of the music business?

Townshend: Yeah, possibly. I don't know, you see. The thing was that I found Baba after the Who had already found success. We had already gone through the most trying period of our careers, the long downs and short ups of trying to break through to the American audiences—which was very hard on our egos because of the instant success we had in England. All these experiences led to—although we still act like kids all the time anyway—a kind of spiritual maturity. And spiritual maturity has got absolutely nothing to do with the normal maturity suffered by the majority of the world's adults. That kind of maturity is an adopted, assumed frame of mind. It's a shackle. I did expect, if you like, that when I got into something as big as a surrender to somebody like Baba—not knowing years before whether it would be Baba or LSD or flying saucers or whatever—I was sure it would change me. And it didn't. The only part of me that's changed is the way I review my results. You do the same things, you just have a better perspective on the outcome. But I think that change in me is due more to the Who than Meher Baba. Because of the Who and the lessons I've learned with them, I instantly accepted something meaningful and obviously right for me. Some people go all the way through life without even batting an eyelid at anything bigger than your average adulthood maturity. Most politicians are that way. They think that maturity and courtesy are the only things anybody needs. They've mutilated the words "peace" and "freedom." Politicians are the last people to know the real meaning of those words.

Penthouse: Do you have many political convictions?

Townshend: Well, if it's possible for someone who's reputedly a millionaire—I'm not, incidentally—I'm morally very left-wing. I suppose as a member of the Who I've earned quite a lot of money. I've also spent that money. I'm a capitalist, yet I feel that the most spiritually correct of all political states would be a Communist one. But I think *all*



"It's hypocritical for a band like the Who to pretend they're adolescents, when all they're doing is reliving their adolescence."

politics are useless unless the component parts—the people, the leaders, the organizers, and the workers—are spiritually together. Communism at its *purest* can be corrupt, hurt people, and not do its job. Capitalism at its finest and most effective—even in a period where it was really working, like Fifties' America—stands and falls on the quality of the people involved in it. It's really great when you've got a good bunch of leaders leading you, but when they turn sour, you realize how little control you actually have to change them.

Penthouse: *Life House* was about politics, wasn't it?

Townshend: Well, first of all, *Life House* was an aborted film script. The essence of its story line was a kind of futuristic scene, a fantasy set at a time when rock 'n' roll didn't exist. The world was completely collapsing and the only experience that anybody ever had was through test tubes. They lived TV programs, in a way, everything was programmed. Under those circumstances, a very, very, very old guru figure emerges suddenly and says, "I remember rock music, it was absolutely amazing, it really did something to people." And he talked about a kind of Nirvana people reached through listening to this type of music. The old man decides that he's going to try to set it up so that the effect can be experienced eternally. Everybody would be snapped out of their programmed environment through this rock 'n' roll-induced liberated selflessness. . . . Then I began to feel, "Well, why just simulate it? Why not try and make it happen? If it doesn't, well okay, we'll spoof it." And so I became obsessed with *really* making it happen, and *Life House* would be the film of the event. I was talking wildly about a six-month rock concert, hiring a theater for it, and having a set audience with a closed house of maybe 2,000 people. I was

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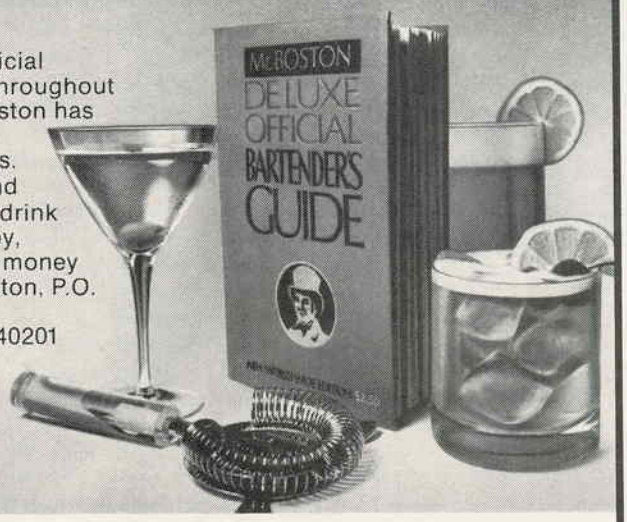

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going to write a theme for each individual, based on a chart that told everything from their astrological details to alpha waves to the way they danced to the clothes they liked, the way they looked . . . everything. All these themes would be fed into a computer at the same moment, and it was all going to lead to one note. All these people's themes put together would equal one note, a kind of celestial cacophony. I did a lot of experiments, and it was practical; it wasn't just a dream. I was working at it.

Penthouse: And this one note was the note that would produce a mass Nirvana?

Townshend: Right! The song "Pure and Easy" is about that. The music I was writing for *Life House* was more interlude music than individual themes. The nearest thing I got to the type of music I thought I would come up with was "Baba O'Reilly." It was a theme that I put together in reaction to Meher Baba himself. That was his theme. That was the sound I thought represented the power and, at the same time, the ease of his personality. *Life House* was an incredibly ambitious project, but it got entirely out of hand.

Penthouse: Were you fighting the group all along on it?

Townshend: No, not at all. Everybody was behind it; they just didn't understand it. The fatal flaw, though, was getting obsessed with trying to make a fantasy a reality, rather than letting the film speak for itself. And it hurt when I realized it was all a crazy idea. We needed people, for example. So we opened up the theater we rehearsed in and played a few unannounced concerts to try and get some flow of people coming through. All we got were freaks and thirteen-year-old skinhead kids. If we had advertised the thing as a Who concert, we could have packed the fucking place for a year. But we were just opening the door and playing, waiting to see who came in. It was a disaster. It made me the most cautious I've ever been. The self-control required to prevent my total nervous disintegration was absolutely unbelievable. I flew to New York and did some therapeutic recording work, pieced myself back together, and went back to England to finish off *Who's Next*.

Penthouse: Which was. . . ?

Townshend: The remains of *Life House*.

Penthouse: There's a song called "Naked Eye" that the Who have never released on record. But when you play it, it seems to have quite an effect on the audience.

Townshend: Yeah, I wrote a couple of songs in a period where people were writing extensive analysis of my character and stuff like this. And I thought, "Well, fuck it. You don't know me. I don't know myself, how can you know me?" And the other thing was that people were attributing so much to dope at the time and I felt that was very stupid. People just didn't seem to be looking any further than they were seeing. "Naked Eye" is a song saying, "Wake up . . . it's not really happening the way you see it." It's a sincere request for people to look a little deeper into things. Like they say, when you're running an engine in, run it in at varying speeds, don't just run it in at a fixed thirty-miles-an-hour. Don't always expect a band to be the same. Don't always expect a stoned musician to automatically be a good musician. You know, junk sometimes makes a musician good, and it sometimes destroys a good musician. The same goes for people in the audience.

Penthouse: Do you feel strongly about dope?

Townshend: Well, I don't feel as strongly now about it as I did a couple of years ago. The kids now have put it in perspective on their own. I should have known they would. Four years ago, man, nobody ever came up to me on the street and said, "Are you Pete Townshend of the Who?" without offering me a joint or a snort or something like that. It seems like those days are gone. We're back to the point again when people can turn down a joint without feeling that they're some sort of schmuck. Just as long as that's happening, just so long as kids who don't want to get stoned aren't considered crazy, then it's okay. But I used to feel very explosive about the fact that if I played something good, someone would inevitably come up to me and say, "Wow, man! What are you on?" I should have told them I was high on life. There's no bigger drug. I spent too much of my adolescence attributing everything I was capable of to drugs, and not to myself, to stand for people crediting dope with everything that they can get out of rock music.

Penthouse: Do you have any particular fears?

Townshend: Yeah. My main fear at the moment . . . I mean this is a very bad thing to say, but I'm very worried that I'm fucking around with the most serious thing a man can ever wake up to. And that's the fact that I very sincerely believe I know the route to perfection. That route, in my case, is through living my life in a way that would please Baba. I get very scared when I see that I'm fucking around with my life. I'm my own witness, I know when I'm doing it right according to my own set of rules. I get scared when I don't live up to those rules, that's all. I get scared when I see I'm not my own master. I feel there's a power within me that's getting more and more impatient with me, like a schizophrenic situation. A case in point is what happened last night onstage. I got disgusted with myself because I wasn't able to have a good time. It was an incredible thing where I was angry because I couldn't enjoy myself. "Come on, you cunt, enjoy yourself! Have a good time! They don't fucking care if your guitar's out of tune or your leg aches! All they care about is you having a good time watching them have a good time! So have a good time!" That's the kind of conversation I've been having. I feel sometimes that, impulsively, I don't take life seriously enough. I get afraid of how long I'm going to have to go on and on and on playing this game. I get very scared of the fact that I might have a long, long time to live.

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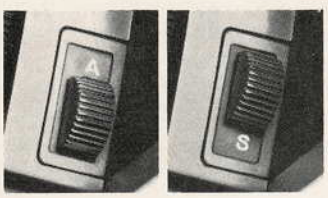

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Penthouse: You seem to love getting a passionate reaction from your audiences, whether that reaction is extremely negative or extremely positive.

Townshend: I'm afraid I'll have to go along with that.

Penthouse: There was one show in England where you got so upset with an indifferent audience that you said from the stage you'd never play again.

Townshend: Yeah, that was in Newcastle. Quite weird. I'd really decided that that was the end, that it had all become a complete waste of time. Any business where one night you can be playing before a completely ecstatic audience, and the next night you're playing to an audience of complete dummies, must be a farce. How can a human being stand such extremes? It's like getting adulation one day and the next day complete detachment. It's very hard to live with it. It's like recooking a cold meat pie. You do it enough times and fucking salmonella grow up in it and you get food poisoning. I just couldn't understand it. It seemed like the only people who really knew what was happening were the group. Then I suddenly realized, "Well, obviously, we can't go on working like this because the audience, the roadmen, the lighting crew . . . nobody knows what is happening in this room. Nobody knows the low vibration that's occurring. It's far below normal." Anyway, I completely exploded and smashed up a load of very valuable gear, including a lot of prerecorded tapes, imagining that I would never, ever walk on the stage again. Twenty-five minutes later, there I was for the encore.

Penthouse: You're very nice to your fans offstage. Very personable.

Townshend: I'm after all their asses. No, I suppose it's got a lot to do with the fact that I remember when I had heroes. I just wanted to be able to spend an hour with them, that kind of thing. That hero worship was one of the main motivations for playing. I idolized the Shadows and jazz bands like Acker Bilk. One day, actually, John Entwistle and I went to see Acker Bilk, and as we were coming out of the concert, the band went past. We waved and we were just dumbfounded because they all waved out at us, stopped, and gave us a bottle of beer. They were all saints from that day on. I don't know, I suppose that one little thing has always stayed with me. But I have to admit it. I almost feel guilty about my position. If you think about it, I'm really using the kids. About five years ago there was a big thing going on in rock about the bands financially exploiting the audience by high ticket prices. I had big rows with people over that. I'll admit that I'm exploiting, but not by high ticket prices. I'm taking their thoughts, their moods, their feelings, and I'm giving them back to them. For that they call me a genius. All I'm doing is telling them how they are. That is the exploitation part that worries me. But I suppose if they're nuts enough to pay me for it, then it must be cool. Still, I feel so guilty that when I meet up with my admirers I really try to relate to them. I feel that exploitation factor is the biggest problem in rock. Not everybody wants to take to *me*, though. When we play a concert, most people are happy to see it and then go home. Maybe five or six want to talk or touch you and there's only about three or four women who want to fuck you. It's not like hundreds of thousands. And after a while, you get to know those few people by their first names. They come again and again and again. But I've been very rude to people almost as often as I've been very nice to them. I'm often very rude to women because I find that if you're in a rock band and you smile or are courteous to a girl, she seems to think that's a come-on. So I get a terrible reputation with a lot of women who *must* think I'm queer. The operator who screens my calls at this hotel must think I'm queer. If somebody comes on the phone who says their first name is John, I think, "All right, I'll take a chance that it's John Entwistle and talk to him." But if somebody comes on the phone and says her name is Kim, I know there's trouble on the end of that line. So I tell the operator that I don't want to talk to her. She either thinks I'm queer or have a million girl friends.

Penthouse: What do you do to have fun?

Townshend: The best fun I have is definitely in stag situations. I like getting drunk with the guys, smashing up hotel rooms, riding on boats, falling off, drowning . . . that's the kind of thing I like doing. I also have a lot of fun recording on a loose level with the guys in the group. The heavy level of making an album I don't necessarily enjoy, but just fooling around in my home studio is great. I enjoy being at home because it's a place where I can live and also work and play. I don't know why I like bawdy situations, but I do dearly love them. The bawdier the better.

Penthouse: You speak almost wistfully of the past. Are you afraid of the future?

Townshend: Well, the future is going to bring some changes. I don't think we should have to assume any more attitudes or roles and play along with a game plan that we can't sincerely and honestly deal with. Even if one can get away with it, hypocrisy is not tolerable in something as intrinsically honest as rock 'n' roll. It's very hypocritical for a band like the Who to stand onstage and pretend that they're adolescents, when all they're really doing is reliving their adolescence. So the future, if nothing else, at least holds a challenge for the group to really see themselves as they are. I'm not squeamish about the future. I have some album ideas and general plans for the music we might end up playing. It's all well and good, the band is still together; but do they really, really, deep down inside, want to be together? I think that everybody in the band, if they were asked that question, would say yes. You occasionally get flashes of frustration—John makes albums on his own, Roger felt the need to do a solo album, Keith wants a film career. So you could worry, if you like, about an earthquake hitting the Who. But if an earthquake is going to hit us, I want it to be a fucking big earthquake, not a slow and boring crack.

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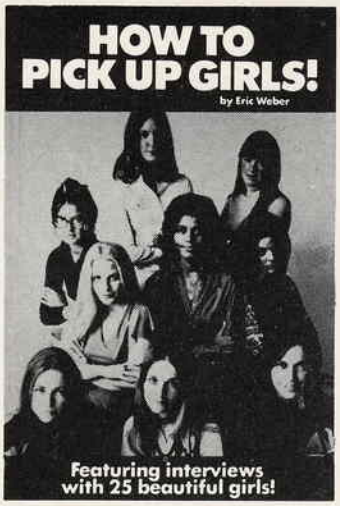

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

longed to anyone. A fingerprint that was lifted from the victim's coin purse might or might not have been his. And it happened that the victim's house was two miles from where Langston's father lives. Basically, the police relied on similarities between the two killings: both women were white, old, widowed; they had been tied up, stabbed, dragged from one room to another, and left with dresses pulled over their heads. The police, without troubling over the fact Langston is a moron, also extracted something they described as a "confession."

To Judge Ravitz, the Langston case seemed sadly akin to that of George Whitmore, the Harlem youth who was falsely tied to a string of rapes after being wrongfully convicted of one. "The charge against Langston makes sense until you ask this question: 'If you're basing *this* charge on the 1967 case, what proof do you have that Langston committed *that* murder? The record tends to show that he's the only one in the world who's been *cleared* of doing it.' Using their own logic, the only one they couldn't charge was Erskine Langston."

Ravitz threw out the alleged confession (which was in Roffey's handwriting because Langston can't write) after the sergeant admitted Langston did not even understand what it meant to waive his constitutional rights. Then Ravitz set Langston free, ruling that the remaining evidence was too weak and too greased with illegal seizures and illegal interrogations.

The reaction was electric: The *Detroit Free Press*, a liberal daily that had endorsed Ravitz's election, abruptly rapped him for being the kind of "soft-headed" judge that Nixon screamed about; letter writers reviled Ravitz for being in league with a "crazed black maniac rapist, a hot-blooded sex-fiend killer."

Legal scholars who later reviewed the case found no flaws in Ravitz's trenchant dismissals. But a few months later, when a rapist began terrorizing downtown secretaries, Ravitz was not surprised that the first suspect picked up was Erskine Langston —even though police had no evidence against him at all. "He still might be locked up," fumes Ravitz, "except that we heard about it and got a writ for him.

"The problem is that this shit isn't over. You think he won't be busted again? You think there won't be more cases like him?" To Ravitz it is not at all a question of sympathy for a deprived black kid; it is a matter of the legal rights due every person. As unpretentious as Ravitz is in the way he talks, and as slack as he is in the way he dresses, he is awesomely scrupulous in his approach to the law. At every turn he protects the Constitution against vigilante attitudes.

"A kid will come in with stitches all over his head, and the cops, one after another, will testify that 'he ran and fell.' That bullshit has to stop." Ravitz outraged conventional law-and-order last year when he interceded for Hayward Brown, an ex-junkie involved in the shootings of six policemen and described as "a mad-dog killer" by the police commissioner. Brown had gone to trial for murder, attempted murder, and felonious assault. Cockrel had defended him. And, against what seemed to be overwhelming odds, Brown had been acquitted in three separate trials. One of the most convincing defense exhibits had been eight-by-ten-inch photos of his face, badly cut and bruised, taken shortly after his arrest.

But four months after Brown's last trial, he was picked up by police on another charge and admitted to Detroit General Hospital bleeding and doubled-up in pain, a condition police termed a "narcotic stupor." Ravitz rushed over and penciled out an order on a yellow pad that Brown be cut loose on $1,000 bond unless he was granted access to an attorney in the hospital emergency room. "There have been cases where suspects like this supposedly make 'spontaneous utterances' which are later admissible in court. I wanted to make sure that someone didn't encourage Brown to become 'spontaneous.' " When an attorney for the police protested, Ravitz convened a midnight court hearing. Brown was finally allowed an attorney and the police guards went home muttering obscenities.

Ravitz gave few hints of any future radicalism while growing up in Omaha, Nebraska. Born into a family of unspectacular means, he was able to attend Babson College (a Massachusetts school better known for alumni like Edsel Ford III) only because of a scholarship. By 1965 he had earned a master's degree in international relations from the University of Pennsylvania and a law degree at the University of Michigan. From there he moved to Detroit where he met Cockrel. "The first time I spoke with him he talked nothing but street talk in his own inimitable and totally unique blow-your-mind way. I could tell that he wasn't just rapping bullshit or talking pig Latin, but I couldn't understand a word he was saying. The next time we talked he was speaking in the most erudite, sophisticated, pedantic manner I'd ever heard in my life. I was well read and had three degrees and I still couldn't understand him."

Cockrel, the product of the inner city's anger and a law school's legerdemain, became Ravitz's closest friend and a catalyst in his emerging radicalism. Three years later they joined shingles with a few other leftist lawyers in a law firm run as democratically as possible—secretaries had an equal voice with attorneys in what cases were accepted and what fees charged.

Ravitz, the hotshot Jewish kid from Omaha, proved a natural in a world of firebrand revolutionaries who believe that one of the most useful weapons around is the Constitution. Ravitz's name was soon caroming about courthouse elevators and lawyer hangouts. He was the frizzy-haired maverick telling legal seminars that his fellow attorneys were rip-off artists and that judges and prosecutors were backroom dealers. His reputation spread even more quickly among indigents caught in the vise of injustice. Ravitz doggedly defended them, often shelling out his own money to investigate their cases.

Few things currently raise his berobed hackles as much as cavalier lawyers poaching off their clients, as in the case of one lawyer who had advised a client to plead guilty on a weapons charge before Judge Ravitz. "I asked the defendant if he had talked to his lawyer about his defense, because the case involved a possible illegal search," Ravitz recalls. "The defendant said, 'I don't know what you're talking about.' So I said, 'Well now, Counselor, I assume you had a preliminary exam and cross-examined the police officers zealously and diligently, and you filed a motion to suppress, and you exhausted all legal remedies for your client?' And he said, 'Yes, your honor, I did.' And I looked at him and I said, 'Hey, man, I've got the file in front of me. You waived the exam. You never cross-examined the officers. You never filed a single motion. You just came in here and pleaded your client guilty.' Well, that hit him. He stammered and stuttered and lost his voice and finally he admitted he'd only talked to the cops. So I said, 'Counsel, what led you to take the representations of two police officers over the position of your client?' And he said, 'Experience, I guess.' "

Ravitz kicked the lawyer off the case and reassigned it to another lawyer who speedily won a dismissal. "But you know what the first guy had the audacity to do? He brought in a voucher to get paid for the case. I told that motherfucker, 'Hey, you better get out of here quick.' I made it clear I'd have him up before the state bar if he persisted." He departed with the pallor of a man who has seen his worst fears come true.

Defendants often leave Ravitz's courtroom with the opposite reaction. Nonetheless, Ravitz has been careful to distinguish leniency from bleeding-heart anarchy. He twice sent Carl Baker, a seasoned street brawler, to halfway houses. "I told him I was taking a chance no other judge would take. I told him my ability to do this sort of thing depends on people like him having the minimal consciousness to realize that if they fuck up they hurt others." Baker split from both halfway houses. But, because he has staked himself a claim on being a revolutionary and because he respects Ravitz, both times he turned himself in to His Honor. After the second time, as Ravitz had promised, he sentenced Baker to prison—but without penalizing him for the two escapes.

Ravitz harbors few illusions about the value of prisons, even with the benefit of reforms he's helped set up. So he's been experimenting with work-release bonds, which let prisoners live at home as long as they show up for their jobs. The program's success has inspired other judges to copy Ravitz's approach, a way of balancing lawbook rigidity with human realities. "If you don't keep your word on this," Ravitz told

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's column, *The Treasure Chest,* is syndicated in several newspapers. His last book, "Making Your Money Grow," received wide acclaim. He has also written several books on his travels to other lands and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."

one member of the program, "we'll confiscate your stereo and use it in the jury room."

This kind of balance infuriates both the extreme right and left. One critic, who also calls himself a Marxist, confronted Ravitz at a meeting: "If I was over there in court, I'd simply declare the place to be illegal as a capitalist institution and I'd free everyone." Ravitz replied with an expression of studied ennui: "First of all, Trotskyites like you don't believe in winning elections, so you'd never get over there. And even if you did, you'd never last. You wouldn't be worth anything to anybody. You'd be a hippie judge for a day."

For Ravitz's brand of radicalism to have any real future, he says, the left must transcend fiery rhetoric and narrow dogmatism. "A lot of people on the left have become irrelevant because they haven't been able to grow. They're too sectarian. The people who are important are the new Marxists, not the ones who've been breastfeeding Marxism in their closets among their cadre."

What it means to be both a Marxist and a judge is not as easy to define. But one result is that business executives tread softly in Ravitz's courtroom. Ravitz is the first American judge to put a corporation president on criminal probation for violating antipollution laws. And he is the first judge since 1946 to give a jail sentence to a supermarket employee for shortweighting steaks and roasts at the meat counter.

"Corporate crime is much more serious than individual crime because it truly is a crime against the people. But in most cases the prosecution and courts conspire to impose minimal fines and to hold no individuals accountable." Probably the Wrigley's Supermarket district manager expected no less a deal when a state inspector caught the company cheating a few ounces short on thirty-three of forty packages of meat. "I looked to the prosecutor who assured me this was the 'usual' method of disposing these cases. But I refused to do business as usual and informed the Wrigley's district manager that he had better call the corporation lawyer and advise him that at least one judge regarded the cozy arrangement between the prosecution and the corporation to be unacceptable. I explained to him that supermarkets like Wrigley's routinely have shoplifters sent to jail for stealing far less." Ravitz handed out only a symbolic one-day sentence but it sent shivers down spines in Executive Land.

Ravitz is a model of the pragmatic revolutionary—studious, never careless, able to unscramble a soufflé of ideas as if the priorities were listed in a cookbook. He can compromise his demands without sideling away from his principles. But he also retains a flair for radical melodrama—as he demonstrated in a meeting to debate his proposal that court hours be extended to 6 P.M.

Most of his colleagues, despite campaign oratory to the contrary, were ready to turn down the proposal. "Finally I got pissed off and I made some really threatening rap. I mean, it sounded like what a revolutionary is *supposed* to say. In my tone and style and all, I played like I was almost out of control although I was perfectly in control. I got up and walked around the table and pointed my finger really menacingly at these two judges. And I told them, 'I remember what you motherfuckers said on the campaign trail and, if you cross me, a whole lot of people are going to learn about it.' Would you believe it—they chorused in unison, 'I didn't say I wasn't voting for it.' " The final vote was eight to three in favor of Ravitz.

Tantrums aside, Ravitz has invested a lot of time in building working relationships with his brother judges, even those on the other side of the ideological gap. One judge, a former rock-hard prosecutor, has even come to be friends with Ravitz. "He puts in more hours than just about anyone else and he talks straightforward," Ravitz says. "He doesn't let a lot of petty shit interfere with the way he treats a person." Of course, the force of Ravitz's personality can only stretch so far. When he tried to coax the other judges into keeping Detroit's courthouse open around the clock, they turned him down flat.

Still Ravitz continues to work hard, damn hard. He attends his early-morning appointments despite his affection for late-night bull sessions, and he often expands his own court hours long past dusk. And he is willing, much to the pleasure of his less adventurous colleagues, to handle cases they feel are politically too hot.

Donald Lobsinger's, for instance. For a decade Lobsinger has been Detroit's busiest anti-Communist, organizing his own band of right-wing raiders, leading them into the fray, kicking and beating up peaceniks under the tolerant gaze of onlooking cops, and flashing into print with his fantasies about being the city's next mayor. This time Lobsinger was brought in for punching out an antiwar priest. Four judges buckpassed the case before Ravitz accepted it. The thought of a Marxist judge sitting in judgment on him was unbearable to Lobsinger. He sputtered out that Ravitz, "a traitor and a nigger-lover," should disqualify himself.

"In cases like this judges always say that they can be impartial. Well, I did something unusual. I told the truth. I admitted I had a tremendous animosity for Mr. Lobsinger, both personal and political. But I also said that, in a jury trial, I could probably give Mr. Lobsinger a fairer trial than any other judge because I really do follow the laws."

So Lobsinger went on trial in front of Ravitz. "I let him do whatever he wanted. The more he stood naked in court, the easier it was for justice to come about. He got on the witness stand and started naming off 'Commies.' He named me and some others. Then he looked at the black jurors and named Martin Luther King."

After all the testimony was in, the jury had no trouble dispatching a guilty verdict. Even so, Lobsinger's lawyer, looking a little foolish, conceded that Ravitz had consistently interpreted the fine edge of the law to Lobsinger's benefit.

Not that Ravitz avoids human responses. A few months after the trial, Lobsinger and Ravitz happened to cross paths on a downtown sidewalk. The moment was rich with uncertainty. "Lobsinger looked up and started freaking out, really climbing a ladder. He was babbling this weird shit: 'You're a d-dangerous . . . d-daa-ngerous . . . M-m-marxist!' " Ravitz pushed past him. But then he stopped, looked over his shoulder, and said, with withering hauteur, "Drop dead, worm."

As much as Ravitz cherishes the goal of humanity within the law, he is endlessly grieved by the frailty of the institution he administers—what he sometimes calls "America's only working railroad." Sometimes I come home totally wasted after working from nine to nine, and hearing forty cases, and seeing asshole lawyers, and seeing psychotic people going to jail—where they don't belong. But it doesn't make any difference if you send them to a hospital because the hospital just shackles them up and lets them rot, too.

"[Or] take this vicious neighborhood quarrel where oppressed people are taking out their frustrations on each other. One person's already been killed, and both sides are in court ready to kill again right there. You have to say something; no matter who you find guilty. So you tell them it's insane to be fighting each other. You tell them there are other enemies to fight. Then you look over at the cops in the courtroom and you try to explain that you don't mean the cops are the enemies."

Of course, many cops believe exactly that, or, anyway, that this hip-dressed judge is *their* enemy. That is the harsh reality that Ravitz had to confront when he ascended a bench guarded by the very police officers with whom he had so often tangled. "I had a long history as a militant lawyer, which meant a lot of court cops hated my ass. And I didn't want to find myself up against the wall someday looking first to see if my own bailiffs were going to shoot me in the back—literally!" After a bristling feud with police officials, Ravitz finally got three bailiffs he feels he can trust.

Due to an accident of superb irony Judge Ravitz is now presiding over Detroit's most explosive police corruption scandal in three decades. In a blind draw, Ravitz was picked to oversee the trial of twelve cops implicated in a narcotics conspiracy that employed bribery, assault, kidnapping, castration, and execution. The cops were indicted after a secret, year-long investigation that was shackled by sabotage and intimidation; two dope dealers and a prostitute involved in the investigation have since been executed, along with half a dozen other potentially incriminating witnesses.

Under other circumstances these cops might wish themselves in a chorus line of drag queens or in the palace guard at a Hare Krishna convention rather than in a court run by a Marxist. It is a tribute to Ravitz, however, that the shrewd police attorneys have made no serious attempt to replace him. The reason is simple: defendants, even policemen, become the *people* in the courtroom of Justin Ravitz.

Paul Psorakis

TUX FOR LUX

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY KLAUS LUCKA

When the invitation reads "black tie" this holiday season, it's really an invite to turn onto a new world of fashion. Definitely dressy, but no longer a symbol of rigidity, the new, more diversified approach to "black tie" can be the leisurely teaming of a patterned velvet jacket with, say, solid flannel trousers. Or the look of unerring elegance, topped off by the return of silk vests and wing-collar shirts.

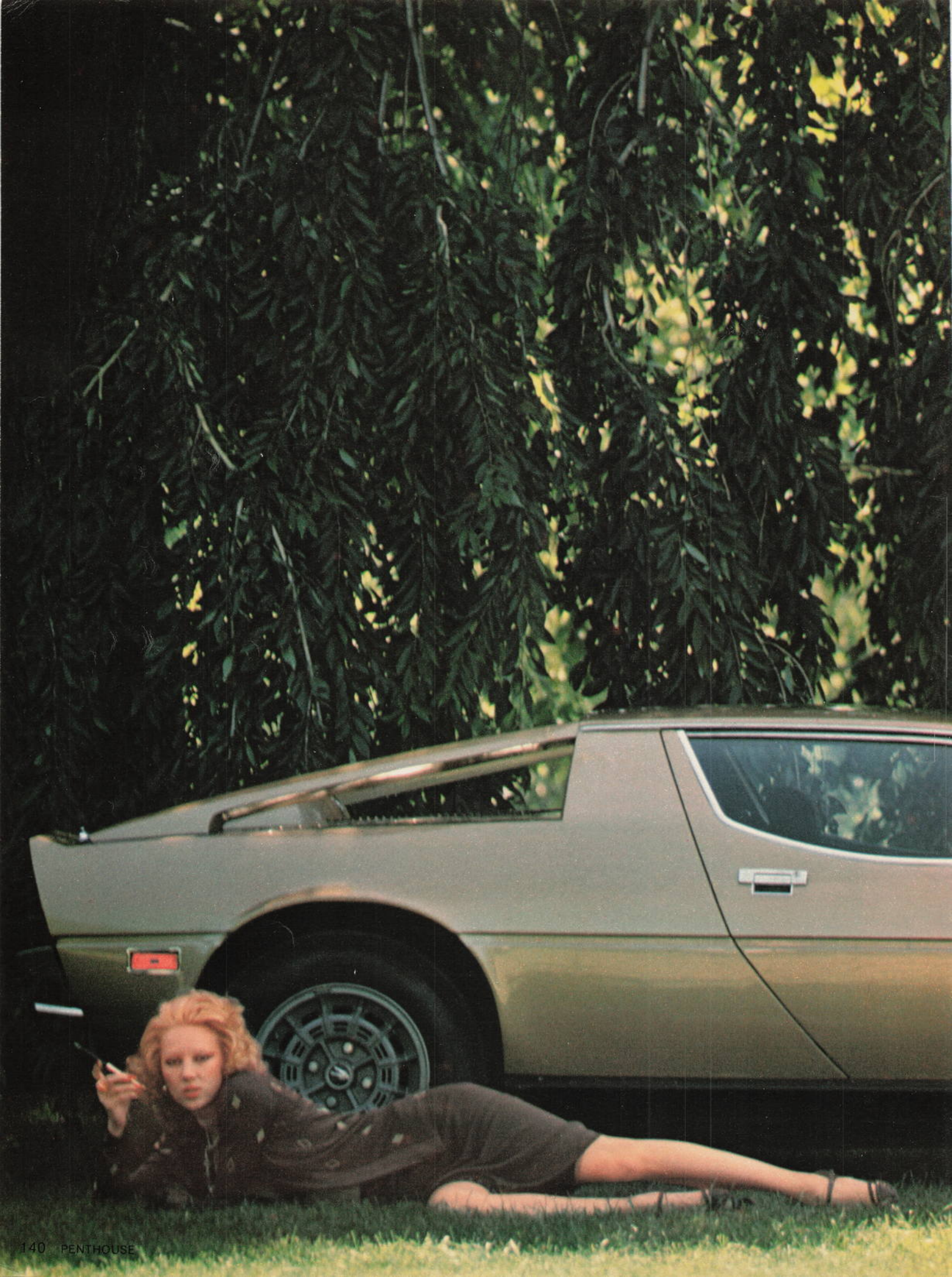
What's emerging of late is that formal wear is being keyed to particular occasions and allows for lively bursts of individuality. What's definitely gone is the all-purpose formal suit. In some situations, the wrong formal wear is like none at all.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check Fashion Finder, page 148.

The new luxury of "winter white" in a cream double-breasted wool gabardine jacket ($350) with satin-stripe black tux pants. The wing-collar shirt ($37.50) and black tie ($12) complete the ensemble by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Available Bloomingdale's, N.Y. All men's shoes by Charles Jourdan. Her black pajamas by Ingeborg. Fur by Pierre Cardin for Michael Forrest. All jewelry by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Bracelet and ring by Kenneth J. Lane. All her shoes by Chelsea Cobbler. All stockings and garterbelts by Michael Salem. The Jaguar E-type V12 convertible top speeds at 155 mph (approximately $9,200).

The new wider satin-shawl-collared polywool-blend formal suit ($185) with satin vest ($25), wing-collar shirt ($17) and black bow ($5), are all by After Six. Available Roos-Atkins, San Francisco. Her dress by Norma Kamali. The Porsche Carrera Coupe breaks top at 134 mph (approximately $15,000).

The man in the black corduroy velvet jacket with black mohair pants adds an elegant gray and black striped silk vest. Entire ensemble ($375) by J. Bellini, Inc. Polka-dot bow ($15) shows off ruffled silk formal shirt ($65). Available Jacques Bellini, N.Y. Her dress by Bieff-Herrara. The dream car is the Bricklin SVI (approximately $7,490).



When easing into a less formal look consider this lush burgundy plaid on black velvet jacket ($129) by Franck Olivier. Available Excalibur, San Francisco. Pearl-gray shirt, ($25) by Givenchy for Chesa. The black velvet pants ($70) by Mallory/Cacharel. Her dress by Scott Barrie. The Masarati Merak can do 149 mph and at a price (approximately $19,975).

Erard de Maj
1974

THE TURKEY IN AMERICA

by Frederick Barthelme

All you will ever need to know about how to keep, housebreak, care for, wash, feed and brush the tooth of your average American turkey...

One of the most intelligent of all domestic animals, the turkey can be a wonderful addition to your home. One out of every five households in America now has a turkey in it. Turkeys don't eat much, and they can be playful and lovable. However, they are liable to get sick. If your turkey gets sick, the best thing you can do is shoot it in the head with your rifle. And keep it away from your wife.

As a turkey owner, you may be surprised to learn that the turkey is thought to have the same ancestor as the dog. Scientists theorize that both are descended from a long since extinct animal, the *Miacis* (pronounced My-a-kiss). This small, tree-living animal was probably also the ancestor of the bear, the weasel, the coon, the fox, the condor, the coyote, and the F-111. The *Miacis*, who lived forty to fifty million years ago, had a long, feathered body with a short red furry tail and one leg.

Phoenician trading ships are thought to have brought the first turkeys to the continent of Europe around 900 B.C. The Romans, who regarded the turkey as an archetypal symbol of honor and justice, are believed to have carried the turkey to England.

In eleventh-century Europe, the Black Plague spread across the land like nobody's business; and turkeys, which had been objects of worship, came into their own for their ability to catch the Plague and die quietly, thus keeping the Plague away from people.

During the Middle Ages, turkeys lost much of their popularity because they were always flying around crazylike, hitting lords and ladies on the head at picnics and government functions. The turkey became associated with evil spirits, and witchcraft cost many turkeys their lives. It is in this period of history that the superstitions still held by many became popular. You all know the ones about throwing a turkey over your shoulder after you've spilled it, knocking on a turkey to ward off bad luck, and never walking under an open turkey.

Today, there are millions of turkeys all over America, littering its highways and byways. You can hardly go forty blocks in any direction without running one over with your car. The 1970 Census lists a total of sixty million turkeys in America. All available information suggests that this number is growing and will double in the next five years.

There are a lot of ways to get into the turkey business or the turkey pleasure, whichever way you want to look at it. The most conventional and by far the easiest way is to go out and buy yourself a turkey and take it home. Generally, anyone with one or more turkeys in his possession is known as a turkey manager.

There are only two kinds of turkeys. The Ocellated or Yucatan turkey (Fig. 9) is found mostly in that part of Mexico for which it's named. Ocellated is a rural farming and fishing community in the south of Mexico known primarily for its tropical forests, where the turkeys live in the trees. The flesh of the Ocellated is considered a delicacy by Mexicans, but in America we use it as rat poison. That reflects poorly on us, but we can afford it. Some Americans have been known to try and eat the bird despite United States Drug Administration warnings and it has killed them. All the cows to which it has been fed have also expired. Tests show the Ocellated turkey will kill anything that comes within twenty miles of it. In addition to this it sings like Mel Tormé.

The North American wild turkey is quite a different story. Found all over the United States, the North American is reliable, easygoing, and almost imperturbable at home—a perfect playmate for the children. The North American is intelligent, beautiful, loyal, and sturdy enough to take rough handling in his stride or hop. He has steady nerves, and, in general, makes an excellent watchturkey.

In 1932 the American Turkey Club recognized the North American wild turkey as a separate breed. In the same year Speedwell Pluto, a Canadian champion owned by Colonel Andros Magoffin, became the first American champion in his league.

The North American wild turkey was spotted in America at the time of its discovery in 1492. Minutes after the discovery of the American continent, two birds of uncertain origin are said to have greeted Columbus as he stepped off the *Santa Maria*'s gangplank and into history. These were the same turkeys that made up the entrée served at the famous Last Supper II, prior to Columbus's hasty departure for Spain.

The turkey had a significant part to play in the taming of the West when pioneers realized that the turkey was a tolerable-fine way to travel if you kept your feet up. Many Indians already understood this and had cut off their legs at the knee in order to facilitate their riding, thus explaining the common misconception that Indians were short people. In fact, after the Indian Wars, many legless Indians could be found riding their favorite turkeys happily through the dusty streets of Dodge, Abilene, Tombstone, and Deadwood. The peculiar gait of the turkey gave rise to another common bit of lore, that your ordinary Indian couldn't hold his firewater. This idea is preposterous—Tonto could not only outdrink the Lone Ranger, but could also beat him at bowling immediately afterwards. And so could Tonto's turkey, Little Fellow.

During the First World War, the North American wild turkey was shipped overseas in great numbers to serve both as a companion to our servicemen and as a particularly effective secret weapon. Hurled at great velocities squawking through the air, turkeys would come to rest in the hair of the enemy, causing much laughter and confusion among the troops, and allowing our boys to sneak in and pinch their positions.

It isn't difficult to tell a good turkey from a dog or a lemon. However, there are some things you should watch out for when you purchase your first turkey:

1. Dent in the breastbone.
2. Missing feathers. (If the turkey you're looking at doesn't have any feathers on him, there's a good possibility that he's dead.)
3. No legs.
4. Deformed beak, back, or wing.
5. Crooked or unusual gobble.

Steer clear of these obvious defects and you should end up with a healthy, happy bird you can take pride in.

Don't be surprised if some little round white things come out the bottom of your new turkey once you get it home. Depending on their size, these are either eggs or droppings. If they are eggs, you may eat them. If they are not eggs, you probably shouldn't. The only way, outside of their size, to tell which are the eggs and which are the droppings is to watch your turkey carefully after the little round things come out. If he tries to sit on them, they are eggs.

If your turkey broods a lot at first, try to remember that he has feelings too. Grabbing him by the neck and swinging him around your head in graceful and beautiful circles may seem like fun to you, but to your turkey it's a pain in the neck.

You can expect your turkey to soil the bedcovers once or twice before he learns the routine around your house. A clean turkey-box with a fresh change of litter will greatly encourage your turkey to do his stuff where he's supposed to. A good grade of commercial turkey litter and an old baking dish will keep your turkey clean and happy, and it's worth the little bit of extra trouble.

Here are some facts you ought to know about your new turkey. All the claws on his foot point in one direction, so the only effective way for him to get out of a tree is to climb backwards, which explains why so many turkeys get stranded in trees. The average man is ten times the size of the average turkey. The turkey, however, has more bones in his body—230 bones, as opposed to 206 bones in humans. A turkey's eyes are one of his best features and are often remarked upon for their gleaming beauty. However, the turkey is color-blind. He sees only changing light. If nothing moves where he is looking, he sees nothing. Washing your turkey can be fun for both of you if it's done with kindness and patience. Put your turkey in the tub but don't get him too wet—his wings are soluble in water and will fall off. Under no circumstances should you submerge your turkey's head in water as that would be like throwing your investment down the drain. Never allow him to dry in the hot sun for he can easily suffer a heat stroke. Also, keep your turkey inside until he is completely dry—otherwise he may decide to go out and roll in the grass and dirt, which is something he likes to do.

There's one special thing about your turkey that you should be aware of. All North American wild turkeys are born with a single large tooth in their beaks. Located forward of the throat, this tooth has many uses. An angry turkey, for instance, will bare his tooth menacingly at another turkey who's hanging around too much or bothering him. Often the novice turkey manager mistakes this bared tooth for a cigarette hanging out of his turkey's mouth, but this is extremely unlikely. Only one turkey in history, that belonging to the great Greek lyric poet Pindar, is known to have smoked, and he only smoked Greek pipes with beautiful bowls, Dryden, Pope, and Swift notwithstanding.

While on the subject of your turkey's tooth, you should know that one of the ways in which your turkey shows affection is by pecking gently at your upper lip and nose. Consequently, your turkey's breath should be of some concern to you. If it is not fresh and sweet-smelling, it can offend your family and your friends. You should, therefore, provide your turkey with a good hard-bristled toothbrush and plenty of toothpaste. Brush your own teeth vigorously several times so your turkey can see how it's done, then leave him to practice in peace. If there is one thing a turkey hates, it's being watched while he is brushing his tooth.

Though we know how the turkey makes the "gobbling" sound, no one knows *why* he gobbles or why he is the only animal to do so. Horses and cows, for example, do not gobble at all, although they are known to be very poor layers. Gobbling does not come from a turkey's throat, but from his knees. You can see them shake whenever he gobbles. Turkeys start gobbling almost at birth; in fact, you can sometimes hear them if you hold a turkey egg up close to your ear. Most turkeys gobble frequently when content—some very loudly, and some so softly they're virtually inaudible. Some even gobble while sleeping. But, contrary to popular belief, gobbling does not always signify contentment. Turkeys can and do gobble when in pain.

One final note about your turkey. As he gets older, you will notice a lack of coordination of the muscles and joints involved in locomotion or movement. Your turkey will stumble around, bump into things, and go blind. In this period, you'll want to give your turkey all the extra attention you can to show him that he still means a lot to you. You and your turkey will have enjoyed many memorable years together, and in his old age, the burden of affection falls on you. An occasional patting or stroking of your turkey will do much to shore up his sense of security. If you can manage a gobble or two, well, so much the better.

CHILD BRIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Janey's look of helpless misery made David pity her. "The car keys is in the bedroom," he said softly. "Take ten dollars and get yourself somethin' too. Just don't bring no more people back here."

Janey returned carrying two bags from the grocery. David was sitting at the formica dinette table with a man Janey had never seen before. He was about twenty-five and had the thick ruddy features of a Southern farm boy.

Janey kicked off her shoes near the sofa and padded heavily to the kitchen, where she put down the bags with a thunk and a deep sigh.

"It's hotter than Hades out there and you're sittin' here with the air conditioner, drinkin' lemonade," she said.

She acknowledged the visitor with a tight smile and a worried look at David. Janey had the mountain people's apprehension of strangers.

"Ain't she a beaut?" David said, slapping his wife's behind. "This here's Pickle. He come to see if we wanted any laundry done."

"Oh," Janey replied. "That your truck downstairs with the cupids on it hangin' out the wash?"

"Yes ma'am," Pickle said.

"Well we get our laundry done on the base," Janey said. "What David and me don't do by hand at the laundromat."

"He knows that," David said. "Me and him's just passin' the time of day. Pickle deals dope, too, and thought you and me might want some marry-wanna."

"Lord love a duck!" Janey said. "I suppose the dydee-wash man sells heroin."

"No ma'am," Pickle said. "But I got some pure 100 percent cocaine that's good for special occasions."

David slapped the table. "I don't mess with stuff that's not legal," he said. "No offense, but I figure there's a good reason if somethin's against the law."

Janey began unpacking groceries. "Here's your beer," she said, plunking a six-pack of malt liquor down in front of David. "I got me some cherry-vanilla ice cream."

"Reinforcements," David said, snapping a lid open. He passed a can to Pickle, then opened one for himself.

"Honey," he said, "get out the government Darvon. I want to give Mr. Pickle here some legal drugs."

Pickle grinned and drained off half a can of lukewarm beer. Janey produced a large pharmacy vial containing gray-and-orange capsules. David opened the bottle and poured eight Darvons on the table.

"Four for you, four for me," he said. He made the motion of an airplane landing with his hand. "You'll just slide through the rest of the day." He washed the caps down one by one with the beer. The laundryman took his in one gulp.

"Damn, that's nasty," David said. "Janey, put the rest of this malt liquor in the freezer. It tastes like piss when it's hot."

Janey removed the remaining cans and fixed herself a big bowl of soupy ice cream. Then she joined the men at the table.

"I suppose the laundry business is good in the summer, what with everybody sweatin' up a storm," she said.

"It's good year-round," Pickle said. "Pays the rent and then some."

The painkillers took hold, and Pickle felt his head go into a spin. He steadied himself and grinned at David.

"What'd I tell you?" David said. "Ain't that a rush?"

"Honestly!" Janey said, stirring her ice cream into a lumpy mush. "You men!"

David ignored Janey, intent on the effect his drugs were having on a seasoned head. "See this scar here?" he said. "I had the nerve taken out so I could defuse bombs in Vietnam. Right now I could pick a safe as easy as you could pick your teeth. This hand wouldn't shake if the house was to fall in."

Janey winced. She hated to hear the story of the extracted nerve.

"I got me a good deal with Uncle," David continued. "The Corps medics as good as promised me if anythin' happened to my body in the line of duty that would tend to cause me pain, they'd keep me doped up on very fine stuff for the rest of my natural life. Where else can you get a deal like that?"

The laundryman's look of admiration encouraged David to continue talking.

"I got me a specialty and I got me a lifetime supply of legal drugs," he said. He turned to Janey. "You wouldn't want to be married to somebody who wasn't special, would you, honey?"

Janey looked at Pickle, warming to his friendly, bashful smile. "I wouldn't mind bein' married to a man who didn't near about squeeze my tits off when we was lovemakin'," she said.

"Aw, honey," David said, "why do you have to talk like that in front of company? Try and be a lady once in a while."

"My momma told me never put nothin' in your mouth you don't know where it's been."

"If I could just once get a decent night's sleep without bein' afraid I was goin' to be murdered in my bed by my crazy killer husband, I don't know what I'd do," Janey said. "I'd be so happy, I don't know what I'd do."

David shook his head apologetically as Pickle distractedly twisted an empty can into a small ball of metal.

"See if that malt's cold yet," David said.

Janey carried her plate to the kitchen and returned with two cans of cold beer.

David popped the lid off his can and sliced the air with the metal tab. "Another thing," he said. "I can do a tracheotomy with a penknife. They taught me that as routine. I could open your windpipe if I had to and put a little tube in there so you could breathe."

David took a pull of beer, smacking his lips as the brew wetted his dry throat. "One thing's for sure," he said. "It's a man's world. If the government falls, all hell'll break loose and my unit will get called up to Washington or some big city. You can bet your ass on that."

"Silly," Janey said. "The government's not going to *fall*."

"You don't know that," David said.

Pickle nodded dreamily. When he spoke, his words were heavily slurred. "I one time had to cut a bullet out of a man's shoulder —hunting in West Virginia," he said. "We poured half a quart of corn whiskey down him, and he didn't even squirm. It was pretty messy though."

"Oh, my God," Janey said.

"My daddy said children should be seen and not heard," David said. "And the best way to keep a wife was barefoot and pregnant."

Pickle laughed stupidly, spilling beer down his shirt.

"Ha!" Janey said. "That's a laugh! Hear you tell it, your momma's got more shoes than Elizabeth Taylor."

"She didn't when I was comin' up," David said. "That's only lately, since my daddy got in real estate." He scowled at his bride. "Where's my projector?" he said.

"In the top of the closet where you put it," Janey replied.

"I want to show our guest the wedding," David said. He closed the blinds and cleared Janey's icons from their altar, replacing them with the sound projector. Pickle watched with interest as David threaded the film and focused the projector on the wall behind the sofa.

"This'll be good for you too, Janey," David said.

He bounced Janey's rosary in his palm. "Look at these funny little beads," he said. "What do you think of a woman who prays to saints on beads and gets down on her knees to candles and pictures when she won't get on her knees to her husband?"

Pickle shrugged uncertainly, and Janey ran across the room and grabbed the rosary away from David.

"You give me those!" she said. "That's none of his business or anybody's but mine!"

Images of David and Janey's marriage vows flickered on the plaster wall. The scratchy sound track came through the small speakers.

"Do you, Janey, take David to be your lawful wedded husband, to love and to cherish, to honor and obey, till death do you part?" the Justice of the Peace asked.

In the movie Janey looked the JP dead in the eye. "I do," she said sternly.

David flicked the machine off. "That's all I wanted to see," he said. He pointed a finger at the skinny mountain girl. "You ain't cherishin' me, or obeyin' me, or any of that shit!"

Janey slammed her palm on the formica table top. "How fuckin' dare you, mister!" she screamed.

Pickle pulled himself together enough to cross the room and make an exit. He opened the door and made a little farewell salute.

"If you need any dope or dry cleaning, just call Cupid," he said. Then he was gone.

Janey stood clutching her rosary like a cornered animal. "Boy, are you ever a prize!" she said between clenched teeth. "You good as spit on my friends and you humiliate me right in front of total strangers!"

David chuckled at his wife's rage.

"Who do you think you are, mister?" she said. "Carryin' on about your barefoot momma. You don't know what barefoot *is*. She-eit!"

"Yeah," David said. "My daddy don't take no stuff off her like I take off you."

"Damn right," Janey said. "And you got to keep on takin' it if you don't want me to run off with somebody. There's plenty of men like to get in my pants, but I been loyal as a dog to you even if you are the runt of your daddy's litter and can't screw worth a damn. I guess I just love you, you good-for-nothin'. . . . "

David caught Janey in his arms and held her tight. She struggled fiercely then went suddenly limp. He caressed the hair around her ears with his mouth.

"You must be the last woman in America won't give her man a blow job," he said.

". . . You meet Santa at this address and he'll show you the real *North Pole . . ."*

"You know that's not true," Janey said. She landed a punch in his abdomen, below the belt. "I don't do it 'cause I don't know where your dong's been," she said. "My momma told me never put *nothing* in your mouth you don't know where it's been."

"That's a lie and you know it," David said.

"Anyway, why should I?" she said. "You don't get on your knees to me. I don't see you lickin' up my thing like it was candy. All you ever want to do is fuck ass. I bet you fuck boys!"

David loosened his grip on Janey. He looked as if he were thinking, trying to remember something.

"Nope," he said. "That's one thing I ain't never fucked."

"Ha!" Janey said. "That and a pig."

David slapped his wife playfully across the face. "You sure talk dirty for a pretty little thing," he said. "You make me horny when you get mad."

He nibbled her earlobe, then started licking her neck, leaving a sticky crescent of saliva across her throat.

"You sure taste good on top of beer," he said. "Just like a hot dog!"

Janey pushed against his chest, but when she felt his tongue probe her nipples through her thin summer dress she began to pant and arched her body toward him.

"Okay," she said heavily. "I'll do it for you. I'll suck your thing. But then you got to help me learn my catechism."

"That's fair enough," David said. "You be good to me and I'll be good to you."

At first Janey gagged on the unaccustomed pressure in her throat. David guided her head back and forth and soon a rhythm was established. It excited Janey as much as it did David.

"I'm givin' him everything," she thought. "Now I don't have nothin' left to give him 'cause he's got it all."

She abandoned herself to the job, becoming one organism with her man. David's hips began to move and Janey felt the muscles in his thighs tense before release.

"Un-huh," she heard him say softly, "That's doin' it, baby. *That's* doin' it."

When David came, the taste was bitter. It reminded Janey of the salt tears and bare feet of thousands of kids in Tennessee who would never have the chance to see the world. Who would never get as far as Quantico.

Millions of little Davids ran down her gullet, slid into her stomach. . . . Some she imagined swimming through her sinuses, into her brain.

David leafed through Janey's catechism, suppressing an impulse to snort derisively at the childish line-drawings depicting articles of faith. On one page a young man with wings and a flaming sword drove two cowering figures from Eden. On another, Lucifer tempted a bland-faced Jesus on a hilltop. Another picture showed a pious Virgin floating up to heaven on a fleecy cloud.

"Just ask me the parts marked in red," Janey said. "I got to get all the words right, or it don't count."

David cleared his throat, then read with a professorial inflection. " 'Why did God make us?' " he said.

Janey's eyes shot up as if she were reading the answers from a cue card on the ceiling. " 'God made us to know, love, and serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him forever in the next,' " she said. Her recital was rapid, cadenced in the rhythm of rote learning.

"Good!" David said. " 'How do we know there is a God?' "

"That's a hard one," Janey said. " 'We know there is a God from the authority of Holy Scripture, the words of the prophets, the traditions and dogma of the Church, and the revelations of saints and doctors of the Church.' "

David shook his head. "You fucked it up," he said. "Go study it some more."

Janey took the book and ran her finger down the page. "I said that right, David," she said. "What'd I say wrong?"

"You forgot the Pope," David said.

Janey mouthed the words to the answer. "Okay," she said. "I got it now. 'The infallible word of the Holy Father. The infallible word of the Holy Father. The infallible word of the Holy Father.' I won't forget it again, David."

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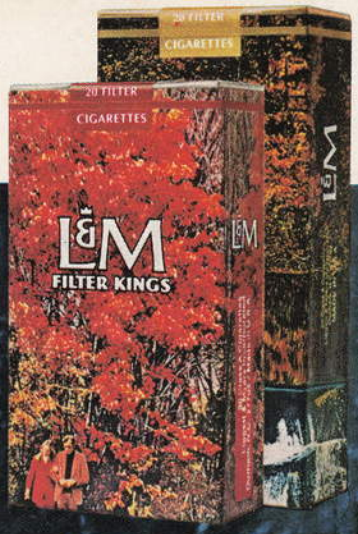

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GOING BROKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

them: the Gross National Product down 7 percent; housing starts down from 2.5 to 1.5 million. (This is the catastrophe in the construction industry we were talking about. Think of all the raw building materials that are not being bought; all the builders out of business; all the money that is not being lent; all the people who are not buying the houses that have not been built; all the offices that are not there for people to lease.) Then the prime interest rate goes up another half percent; short-term interest rates creep up toward 20 percent; the Dow Jones Industrial Index staggers down toward 600. Remember, too, that the Dow is merely the average of the earnings and share price situation of only thirty very large companies. It is no true reflection of the price collapse in hundreds of ordinary stocks. The typical stock has dropped 70 percent in value since the end of 1968. And when an ordinary stock collapses, it means that somewhere there is a business that is not able to raise the money it could in better days.

It is not difficult to find precise or dramatic illustrations of the dark days that have come. Let's take the most famous symbol of vigorous American capitalism: General Motors. Roughly 300 million shares in this business are held by the public. They are not held largely by institutions, but by a great many people. At the end of 1973 there were 1,306,000 million stockholders in GM. The shares are held in every state in the union and in ninety other countries besides. Of the preferred and common stockholders, 69 percent are individual accounts and 20 percent are joint-tenant accounts. Seventy-eight percent of GM owners hold 100 shares or less. About two years ago the stock stood at eighty dollars a share. At the time of writing it stands at forty dollars. This represents a loss to the stockholders of $12 billion. These people were not holding GM stock as a speculation, but as security. That's a lot of security to lose.

After a while, the newspaper reader finds that particular bad news is qualitatively changed into a general portent of disaster. Prices no longer rise, they "rocket up," stock prices no longer fall, they "plummet." Interest rates "spiral." Inflation no longer "creeps up" but rather indulges in a kind of frenzy of verbal gymnastics. It "boils," it "soars," it "gallops," it becomes "a runaway." In short, it loses all control.

People start talking about confidence, and we discover that the stock market is all a matter of confidence. But confidence cannot carry one too far forward. It was predicted that on the day of the inauguration of Gerald Ford as president the market would rise thirty points. Actually, at the start of the following week, it fell ten points. Confidence was of little avail against the hard information that because of the midwestern drought, grain prices were going to rise, and because grain prices were going to rise, meat prices were going to rise and so on up the inflation chain. In such an agony of apprehension, people start looking round for reasons why times have got so bad.

We have all sorts of causes and prime movers available—some of them divine, and some of them human. Let's take one fairly well-known eco-system of catastrophe, which can be laid squarely at the feet of Providence: the thoughtless behavior of the Peruvian anchovy. Year after year the Peruvian anchovy appeared in vast shoals off the coast of Peru, where it was promptly harvested by grateful Peruvian fishermen. Then one day, about eighteen months ago, the Humboldt Current (a cold, Pacific Ocean current, flowing north along the coasts of Chile and Peru) decided to go in a slightly different direction. No more anchovies. Even the CIA got worried enough to look into the matter, but it found that the anchovy migration seemed to be the work of some malign supernatural power. The net result was still no anchovies and a lot of bankrupt Peruvian fishermen.

But this meant that there was no anchovy fish meal to feed to chickens and cows in the United States. So those chickens and cows were fed on soybean. And so the price of soybean meal went up and up. All the fault of the anchovy—or rather the fault of God for mucking about with the Humboldt Current. The anchovies have since come back, but in smaller quantities than in the past.

But meanwhile God was busy on another front—in the Soviet Union, to be precise. What He did there, in 1972, was to cause a drought, and so the Soviet leadership, rather than indulge in normal procedures—telling the people to eat less—bought a great deal of U.S. grain. It was called the Great Grain Robbery. So soybeans, in the United States, had to stand in for grain. And because of the anchovy, or anchovy-lack rather, soybean was expensive. All this divine activity added up to one thing: inflation.

Last summer God struck again. He produced the worst drought in the Midwest in forty years. As the farmers looked at their burnt-out crops, and as the commodity traders looked at grain futures, and as meat dealers looked at the price of beef, they could foresee a whole series of unpleasant events, stretching all the way from bankruptcy to scarcity to rising prices to inflation.

Do these miseries *have* to afflict us? Naturally, the authorities would like to say no. Their speeches are littered with statements to the general effect that cloudbursts need not occur in high summer. For example, in 1965 an economic report by President Johnson said that "no law of nature compels a free economy to suffer from a recession or periodic inflations."

But all you have to do is look out of the window and watch the rain. We do seem to be having something that looks like periodic inflation. We can, to be sure, produce a lot of reasons for it. Richard Nixon had his problems for a couple of years and in the meantime the economy went to pot. The king of Saudi Arabia decided to hoist oil prices. The oil companies decided to hoist oil prices. All over the world, countries started charging more for bauxite, coffee, sugar, and crucial materials.

Besides all these short-term causes that analysts drag from their sleeves to explain inflation, you have the fall-out from all those peasants who came tramping down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the Sixties. Remember them? The U.S. spent over $100 billion attempting to drive them back up the Ho Chi Minh Trail. This expenditure abroad sent the U.S. trade balance into deficit for the first time in the twentieth century.

To pay for its debts abroad, the U.S. printed a lot of paper money, which did not reflect the real financial and trading situation of the country, and piled it up in the central banks of the countries to which it owed money. After a while these countries started to complain that the U.S. was financing its war in Southeast Asia with worthless money.

So on August 15, 1971, President Nixon abandoned official convertibility, and currencies were permitted to float. This meant that the value of one currency against another was not fixed, and that they could rise and fall freely—within certain limits—according to assessments of the strengths of these various currencies. But this did not stop the outflow of dollars from the U.S., and central banks in foreign countries had to

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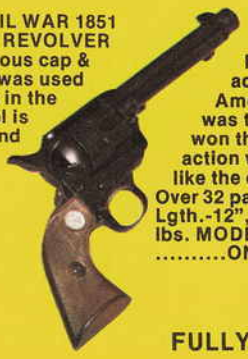

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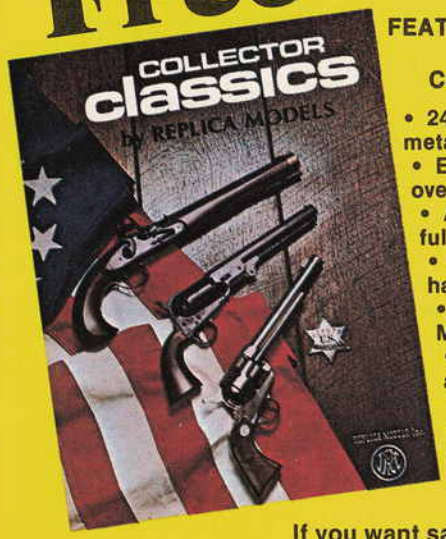

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continue hoarding them since the alternative was to allow overvalued paper to circulate and weaken the local economy.

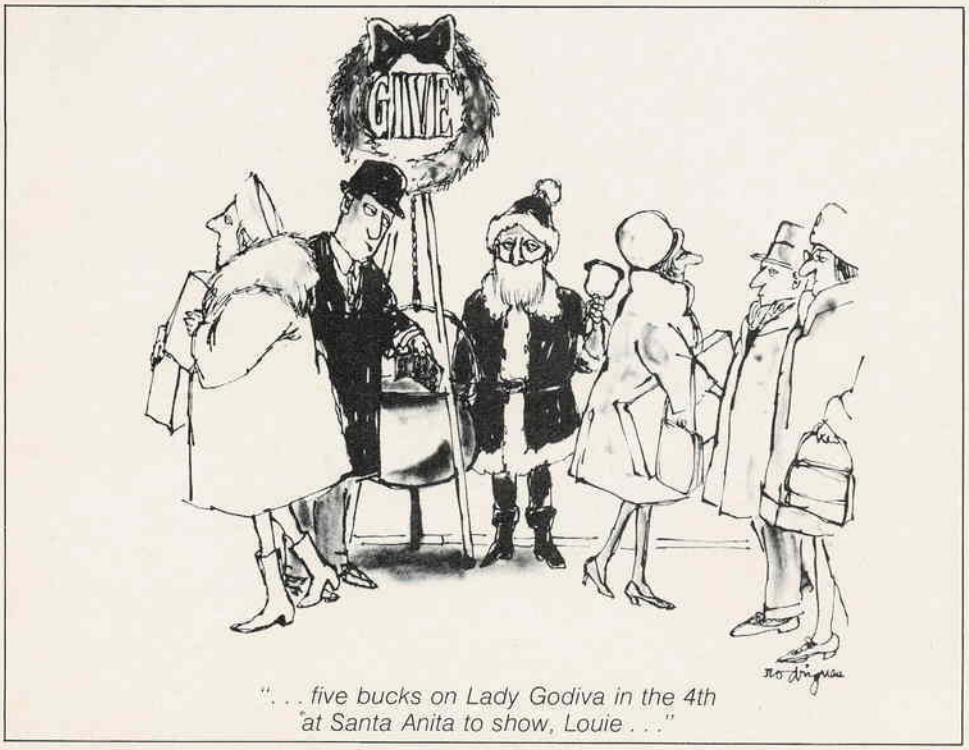
Imagine a forger with a bag full of dollar bills wandering up and down Fifth Avenue and occasionally rushing into a store and buying every luxury in sight. The storekeeper, watching the pile of bills transfer itself from the forger's wallet to the till, would imagine himself to be enjoying the fruits of a good trading relationship—until he discovered that the forged bills would not buy much for him. Soon the forger would wreck the financial security of all the shops in the street. The avenues of the world economy are metaphorically crowded with forgers of various nationalities jostling and shoving their way through the crowds. The result is a depreciation of accepted values, and, eventually, inflation.

In the Sixties, one of the most assiduous forgers was the United States itself. In the end, President Nixon devalued the dollar and Mideast oil kingdoms suddenly found they were getting less money for their oil: so much less, indeed, that they began the embargoes and fuel cuts that resulted in the Great Energy Crisis of 1973. You may recall that, and how a great many prices shot up. You may also recail the actual increased cost of oil to the consuming nations—it came to around $90 billion, paid to the oil-producing nations. That did not help world trade or world inflation.

Of course the oil kingdoms had to do something with their huge new mass of money. There were, to start with, some simple things to do, like buying a lot of arms, but soon the pleasures of this began to wane, and such kingdoms as Saudi Arabia, Iran, and Kuwait began to look for sensible places to invest their money. Kuwait bailed out the British by agreeing to deposit billions in the Bank of England; Iran did the same for France. Then Iran said it was prepared to bail out Grumman, the American aerospace firm that makes planes which Iran might buy; at the same time Iran bought a piece of Krupp, the famous German steel firm. Within a short period of time we discovered that the Middle Eastern kingdoms had a lot of money invested in Britain, France, and the United States. This should be comforting, since it means that they have a serious stake in the system, but somehow it isn't.

"Democracy is balanced
on the premise that
the bulk of the voters are
satisfied enough to put up
with existing social arrangements.
If they start going broke,
they get turbulent.
They go on strike.
They tear up all sorts
of existing social contracts."

First of all, those Arab billions tip the already shaky balance of the world money markets and financial structure a little more off-center than is comfortable. Secondly, it just doesn't feel good to have the economy in hock to some Middle Eastern potentate. Americans begin to feel that things are going to hell in a handcart just that much quicker. They see the price of gas has gone up, so they don't buy new cars; then the car companies raise their prices. They find that the price of airline tickets have gone up because airlines pay more for fuel, so they don't take a plane ride; then the airline has to get bailed out by the government. In the end the average American thinks that the Depression has come back again after all—and this general feeling trickles right through the whole social and economic system. Meanwhile the government goes on printing money and suddenly we find that in terms of the 1940 dollar the 1973 dollar is only worth thirty-one cents.



". . . five bucks on Lady Godiva in the 4th at Santa Anita to show, Louie . . ."

There are two images etched in the historical consciousness of twentieth-century man. One is the picture of Germans wheeling their salaries around in wheelbarrows in the inflation of 1923; the other is of an anguished crowd beating on the doors of the local bank. The doors are closed. In his book *The Great Crash* John Kenneth Galbraith wrote: "When income, employment and values fall as the result of a depression, bank failures could become epidemic. This happened after 1929. Again, it would be hard to imagine a better arrangement for magnifying the effects of fear. The weak destroyed not only the other weak, but weakened the strong. People everywhere, rich and poor, were made aware of the disaster by the persuasive intelligence that their savings had been destroyed."

Banks collapsing? Could this happen in 1975? It could indeed. Here is one reason: at the moment, a vast amount of money, estimated at around $130 billion, is floating around the world looking for a profitable home. This is money that multinational companies are moving from one nation to another to take best advantage of exchange rates. It is money that countries with surplus earnings—like Kuwait—are putting out to earn even more money. It is the juice of the international money market. And, of course, banks trade in it, borrow from it, exchange it, reinvest it, and in general do what all banks do in the end, which is to carve their share from the middle.

Some banks, such as the Franklin National Bank in New York and the Herstatt Bank in West Germany, make mistakes. Both of them were operating in foreign currency markets in the following manner: they would buy, say, a billion dollars' worth of French francs in the confident expectation that the value of the franc would rise, and that therefore they would be able to sell this billion dollars' worth for an extra two or three hundred million dollars.

But then, because fixed exchange rates are a thing of the past and currencies are able to shoot up and down, the franc did an annoying thing—it fell. Net result: long, very long faces at Franklin National Bank and Herstatt. Herstatt actually went broke, and since it was dealing for many American banks, including the Chase Manhattan, the Chase ended up losing a lot of money, too. That's called a chain reaction. The Franklin Bank had to be bailed out by the Federal Reserve, in the largest rescue operation in U.S. banking history.

The reason for this was simple: since it was no secret that the Franklin Bank was in trouble, a good many people who had their money on deposit there quickly thought of a great many other places where they would rather put their money, like under the bed or in the little piggy bank on the mantlepiece.

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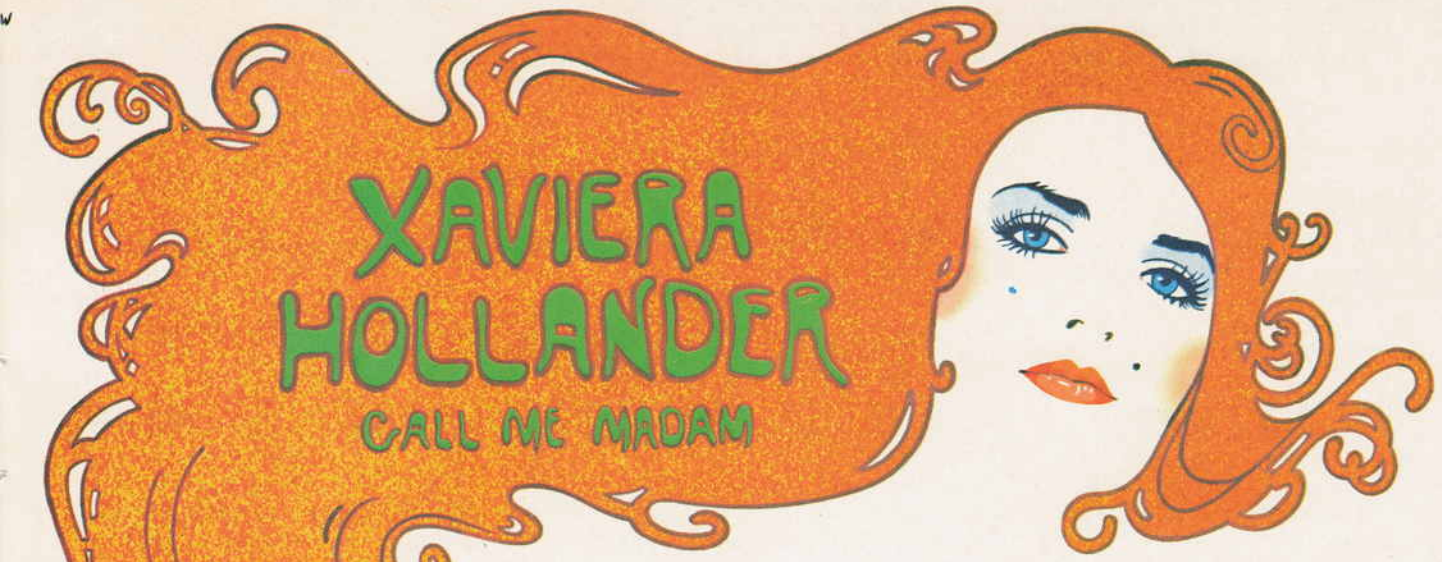

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

NOT JUST A PRETTY COCK

I am an eighteen-year-old female. My boyfriend is twenty-four. We are both healthy, normal people. We have a very wonderful relationship and a healthy sex life. But I think I have a problem: there may be something wrong with me. I'll explain:

I seem to have this abnormal affection for my boyfriend's penis and testicles. I absolutely love to hold and fondle him. I don't do this to arouse him or instigate sexual relations, just because I like to. He seems to think that when I do this I want to go to bed, but that is not always the case. I haven't dared tried to talk to him about it because he would probably think I am perverted.

When we have sexual relations we both enjoy oral sex. It just seems that I have to hold him or pet him any time I get the urge. This happens when we go to bed at night, sitting watching television, driving in the car—even in public I'll reach under the table to stroke him! What is wrong with me?

I don't always get turned on by this, I just like to feel him in my hand, or my lips touching him, or rubbing him on my face (the latter especially during relations). I have never been this way with anyone else and can't really understand it. Should I talk to him about it, and explain to him that when I do this that I am not always instigating sex?

Whatever light you can shed on this problem will be greatly appreciated.—H.M.B.

I would like to believe that there is something intrinsically lovable about a pair of testicles or a penis, but I just don't. It is not that I do not believe in touching—I do! I think that a knowing glance or an intimate touch in a car or crowded elevator is wonderful, but I do think you are carrying things too far.

In the absence of any explanation, your boyfriend has every right to think that you are a deprived nymphomaniac. Of course, you should talk to him to find out how he feels about being assaulted whenever you and he are together. If it turns out that he likes being fondled under tables, without immediate consummation, then do it. But please, ask first!

If it happens that he does not enjoy this kind of stimulation or enjoys it only as a prelude to sex, then you are going to have to find a more mutually acceptable substitute. Your boyfriend might get the notion that you are merely using him as a dildo; all there seems to be of him is a penis and a pair of balls.

If it is your opinion that touching is essential, try to find a more legitimate part of his body to touch, such as his hands, his head, or his kneecap.

CAN YOU FEEL IT?

We are having a long drawn-out argument where I work about whether or not a chick can feel a guy come inside her. One "authority" on the subject claims that the female is insensitive to the feeling of wetness. Some of my friends have asked chicks if they could feel men coming inside of them. All of them responded "yes." But the "authority" at work claims that it is all psychological, and that it is physically impossible for the female to feel the ejaculation of sperm. If anyone in this world has the answer to this question, it is you, Xaviera. Will you please answer this question and end our prolonged argument once and for all?—Matt

In the absence of any real scientific facts on this subject, I decided to conduct my own poll. It is our general consensus that a woman cannot actually feel a man's sperm splash against her insides. We went to great lengths to try to ascertain if the lack of feeling was due to size or strength of the penis. Alas, it seems to make no difference.

One girl friend who was polled (poled?) concluded that the sperm would be the same temperature as the vagina and therefore it would be equivalent to swimming in a pool of water at body temperature; that is, you wouldn't actually feel the water. This explanation sounded reasonable at the

time, until somebody else suggested that it was probably because the muscles of the vagina contract at the moment of climax and therefore the tension would counteract the normal sensitivity of the vagina. I guess even if the women didn't climax, she would be using those muscles anyway, and so perhaps it is true.

Another participant in this poll said she thought the sperm would strike the walls of the vagina at a glancing blow and not crash directly up against the backstop. I told her to go do some more homework.

Personally, I believe that what one feels is the contraction of the muscles in the penis and not the actual ejaculation of the sperm. The tales of Frank Harris, *Fanny Hill*, and other books in which the man is always "spending copiously," and the woman is nudged into a sighing climax by the sensation, are pure fantasy. Those same authors believed that the woman came no less "copiously" and therefore there was this veritable sea of sperm cascading around inside her.

I know that if a man and woman are allowed to rest quietly after intercourse they can feel each other's heartbeat throbbing in their genitals. But unless the man has abnormally strong ejaculations and the woman is abnormally sensitive, the other sensations involved with climaxing are too overpowering for her to feel the more delicate sensation of his ejaculation.

MALE LESBIANISM

I am a twenty-year-old male lesbian. Please, let me clarify the term "male lesbian": I am a transvestite guy who is gay to the extent that I want to be a girl, but I make it only with girls. I have never wanted sex with another guy, only girls, especially when I am dressed as a girl. I have been considering a sex-change operation, but that would only make me an ordinary female lesbian. I just cannot make it with a guy. Yet, if I don't get the operation, I'll always want to be a girl. What do you think I should do?—Cindy

I had to read your letter about ten times to clarify what you really mean by "male lesbianism." What I think you mean is "transvestite."

Being a woman, especially a lesbian, involves a lot more than just making it with girls and wearing women's clothes. From your letter, I gather that you actually do fuck women, even though you are dressed as one yourself. Regardless of your style of dress, this sounds very heterosexual to me. Why apologize for not wanting to make it with guys? After all, there are a great many men who don't.

Have you fully considered the consequences of having a sex-change operation? Right now it seems to me that you have the best of both worlds: you are making it with women and you can indulge in feminine attire as well. You should bear in mind that you are thinking and fucking as a man; a simple sex-change operation is not going to alter that.

You are only twenty years old and rather confused. Your body has not yet stopped growing. Give yourself some time to consider the biological changes still taking place within your body.

BREAKING A RECORD

My particular problem may have a simple solution, but I just cannot find it. As a traveling manager, I know half of the world. Naturally, my sex life might be confusing for conservative people, but I have never had any problems till now. A few weeks ago my business flew me to Belgium, and there I got to know a very charming young lady. I knew that my stay in Antwerp would last for two or three weeks, and so I concentrated my free time on her. But she did not react to me. I invited her to countless dinners and behaved very generously. I tried to convince her that I meant it, but she remained as cold as ice. First, I thought her to be frigid, but soon I discovered that was a mistake.

One evening after an exceptionally fine meal, we went to a place where I had to meet a businessman. After an hour of waiting in his private room, we made ourselves comfortable. I received a phone call from him that announced a delay of three hours. I played a record that went: "I love a woman, but that woman don't love me." Now the strangest thing happened. When she had listened to that particular song, she suddenly sprang up from her armchair, came towards me, undressed, and within those three hours I fulfilled every sexual fantasy I could imagine.

The next week we saw each other two or three times a day, but she refused to do anything sexual without that song. I got sick of hearing it, and so I picked some other records with similar texts. But these other songs just didn't do the trick. She just didn't come, if I could manage to fuck her at all.

I don't want to lose her. As business matters look now, I certainly will be in Antwerp for more than just three weeks. She is a very wonderful person, and her only fault is her inability to come without this song. What can I do?—Sam

My first suggestion is that you buy a small portable cassette tape recorder with an earplug, something that would fit under a pillow. The next thing you have to do is to stay away from concerts, parades, or record stores. Don't go near restaurants, elevators, apartment lobbies, or large offices—anyplace where you may happen to encounter the insidious Muzak. If the boredom of sitting at home with her becomes overwhelming, you might want to consider stuffing her ears with cotton, anything that will get you both through an evening at a public place without embarrassment or anxiety.

A friend of mine who studies ways to correct strange antisocial behavior suggested that you deprogram your girl friend *a la Clockwork Orange*. Instead of strapping her down and zapping her every time she thinks of the song, a more subtle approach is possible. When she is asleep, slip into her cassette under the pillow a prerecorded tape of "I love a woman, but that woman don't love me" played on a Jew's harp by a deaf, one-armed, asthmatic Bulgar—or better still, Mantovani. If nothing works, I guess you should be damned thankful it's not the Anvil Chorus.

"Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Blitzen don't understand me."

ENEMA FREAK

I have always read the letters in Penthouse Forum, *and, of course, your column with great interest. I am twenty years old and in the air force, where I work as a hospital corpsman. After I began working here, I had a bowel problem. Part of the diagnostic workup included several enemas.*

I never thought I had a problem before. I remember getting a few enemas as a kid and thinking nothing of it. But this time, they really felt good to me. I wondered why the guy who

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gave them (another corpsman) warned me about how bad it would be. I finally decided that he was just exaggerating. But then they actually started to feel so good that I had a slight erection. It wasn't anything as large as when I'm with a girl, but I was still embarrassed by this erection. I don't know if this guy saw it or not.

I haven't had any problems with sex and get it on with a number of chicks. But sometimes I think about getting an enema, maybe from a girl or maybe from a guy, and it really turns me on. Not only that, but now I have to give enemas, and that turns me on too, even though all the patients are guys. I've discussed this problem with a friend who is a pretty straight guy. He says it is normal for a guy to get an erection from anything that touches his prostate. He says he likes to give enemas too, and keeps wanting the two of us to experiment together. He's already tried it with his girl. It doesn't sound normal to me, but then I don't know what normal is.

Reading the enema letters in Forum *just confuses me. I'm worried that I might be weird or something. Also, could it be harmful to take enemas? Could it ruin your sex life or hurt your body? Maybe you can help clear my mind of this.—Worried*

I think you should stop saying "weird" and use the more honest word "homosexual." I'm not telling you that you're gay, only that you should give it some thought.

Enemas *can* be very harmful if taken to excess. They can cause distention of the upper and lower anus, remove useful bacteria, and literally destroy muscle fiber. In Victorian England many physicians believed the anus to be the center of disease and unmentionably disgusting biological functions. These Victorian doctors, therefore, prescribed enemas for anything they considered to originate from this center of pestilence. It was commonly believed that "those" organs were nothing but storehouses of disease and filth, and since the excretory organs were also used for sex, it wasn't a giant step to make the connection that sex was also dirty and depraved. There was a booming trade at this time for high-colonic massage parlors. These were possibly the forerunners of our Turkish baths, where men would go to cleanse their bodies both inside and out. The enemas were administered by great healthy Victorian women who seemed to take delight in sticking it to their male patrons. Perhaps having an enema given by a woman enhanced the erotic sensation of having anything touch that sensitive part of their bodies.

There is no doubt that the anus is a very erotic zone, since for hundreds of years and for as many reasons people have been sticking various objects up their anus. A surgeon friend of mine made a study of the different objects he and other doctors found in their patients' rectums. The grand prize went to a young man in whose anus the doctor discovered a bust of Julius Caesar. *Et tu Brute?*

More common objects that have been found in the anuses of both men and women are carrots, candles, pens, sausages, bananas, and cucumbers!

ANAL SEX

The idea of anal lovemaking has always fascinated me. My girl friend is also very hot on the idea and we would like to experience it together. Though we would like to engage in it, we have heard that it can be dangerous to the woman if not done properly. Neither my girl friend nor I know the proper steps to follow. Could you please tell us what procedures to use, step-by-step, so to speak?

I love my girl friend very much. I also love her beautiful ass and wouldn't want to hurt her in any way. That's why I'm writing you for advice.—B.F.

The guy I live with buys every issue of Penthouse, *and I started reading your column some time ago. Now I would like a little advice and hope you can help.*

Jim and I have been living together for almost two years now and have a very happy relationship. He is a fantastic lover and never fails to satisfy me sexually. My problem is this: Jim has an eight-inch cock with a two-inch circumference. His big cock has prevented us from having anal relations. It really turns me on when he uses his tongue or finger on me, and I really want him to penetrate me with his cock, but I just find this to be extremely painful.

I'm dying to have anal intercourse with him, but I do need help in finding a way to avoid all the pain. Can you help us?—Pat

There are a number of possible dangers to anal lovemaking, most of which can be overcome by taking sensible precautions. Perhaps the greatest danger is the damage that could be caused by forcible entry. Unless you are both into S&M and are prepared to take the consequences, under no circumstances should the man simply force his way inside the woman. Cries of pain may be mistaken for those of pleasure.

In every case the penis and anus should be lubricated and the woman should be in a receptive and relaxed frame of mind. The penetration must be brought about mutually and gradually, or else tears and fissures in the tender skin could result. In the case of a man who is exceptionally large, other precautions should be taken. Gradual penetration over a period of time, done gently by using lubrication and patience, is highly recommended.

(You might remember where, in *The Story of O*, "O" was forced to wear a device consisting of a series of increasingly large shafts, in the shape of a penis, inserted in her anus. The end result supposedly was to make her more easily penetrable. The idea is not so much to enlarge the anus as it is to make the muscles more pliable.)

Carrying an object constantly in one's anus is definitely not recommended, as eventually the sphincter muscles would lose their elasticity, making unwanted discharge a possibility. Normally muscles in the anus are quite elastic and can regain their shape even after an extreme stretching. In addition to lubrication and receptivity, gentleness and consideration are of great importance.

Positions are also of importance. The best position for minimizing pain is to have the man lying on his back so the woman can sit on his erect penis. This position gives the woman the greatest degree of control, so that she won't ram her ass with an unwanted, sudden thrust.

VAGINAL LIPS

So very much has been written about the size, appearance, and function of the penis, but what about the vagina?

I am thirty-five and the mother of three children. The inner lips of my vagina extend beyond the outer lips, which makes me look very unattractive in comparison with the girls I see in Penthouse. *Is this abnormal? Can it be surgically corrected?—J.M.*

Although your problem is abnormal, it is not uncommon. In fact, I am surprised that nobody has directed you to a gynecologist by now. I think you have what is called a prolapsed uterus. A prolapsis occurs when a woman has had a number of children and/or where one of the deliveries has been difficult. What happens is that the ligaments and muscles that normally suspend the uterus, including the perineum, have been stretched beyond their capacity to function properly. If you blow up a balloon past its normal size, it will not regain its original shape when deflated. The operation involved for such a condition is colloquially called a "tuck up." The surgeon takes a fold in the stretched muscles inside the vagina and stitches them all around. It's not unlike taking up a fold in a sleeve or pair of pants. In any case, see a gynecologist and let him describe the operation for you.

EROGENOUS ZONES

I am an eighteen-year-old boy with very little sexual experience, which is rather frustrating. The question I am asking, however, concerns something that happened in school. I was talking with a girl who was wearing a sleeveless top. For no apparent reason I moved the tips of my fingers up and down from her forearms to her wrists. Well, she nearly had an orgasm on the spot. She is a good-looking girl and we both have liked each other ever since we first met. She placed her hand on mine and by the twinkle in her eyes, I knew we weren't going to the auditorium to count chairs.

We went to the stage in the auditorium and I took off her top and moved the tips of my fingers down her outstretched arms to her breasts. I couldn't believe how much she enjoyed it! Lifting her up, I ran my tongue up and down her back. Taking off the rest of her clothes I put her back down.

Now, using my tongue on one leg and my right hand on the other, I started at her ankles and up the sides of her legs and abdomen. She nearly went berserk and came and came again. Was I just lucky to find a girl who could be turned on so easily, or are most chicks the same way?—Paul

Yes, you were very lucky to find such a girl and I think she was fortunate to have met you as well. At your age, most young people are into slam-bang sex, with the aim of just hav-

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GOING BROKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

Some people call this a panic, although you might think of it more reasonably as common sense. The Fed doesn't like panics, because once people get the idea that their money is not safe in banks, then the whole credit system gets unstuck. Banks lend out, or guarantee, more money than they actually have available. So if all a bank's customers arrived in front of the counter at the same moment shouting for cash, a large number of them simply could not get their money. The bank does not have it.

Last fall a brokerage house, the First Albany Corporation, ran a series of statistical tests on fifty major banking corporations. On the average, between 1964 and 1973, these banks increased their deposits by 186 percent. They increased their loans by 241 percent, but their net worth only went up 116 percent. Put simply, this means that the banks did more business, but lent out nearly twice as much new money as they got in; and their real value, in terms of the assets they actually held, lagged behind. Worse still, the aggregate amount of short-term borrowing by the twelve largest banks rose, between 1968 and 1973, from $5.3 billion to $30.8 billion.

The First Albany Corporation arrived at this conclusion: "It appeared to us that an increasing number of banks, over the last decade, have pursued the conglomerate objective of constantly increasing their bottom-line earnings per share, which they sought to attain by diversification into 'bank-related' businesses, and in their banking operations, by lending money first and then buying money to support the loans."

If this doesn't make the hair rise on the back of your neck, then nothing will. Clarify things for yourself by imagining a bank not as a solid-looking structure with solid people hoarding your money behind solid doors, but as a rickety-looking storefront where a shifty-eyed type gets money off you by promising to give you your stake back plus a little extra. Then he lends your money out to another fellow who promises to give it back to him plus a little extra. Then you come back and he has to borrow the money from someone else because your money by this time is just about as far from the bank as it can get. Meanwhile the second fellow goes broke, and your bank has to borrow a little more, and one day it all goes pop . . . and the little storefront falls down, and the shifty fellow goes to jail and everyone else goes broke. Big bankers don't go to jail, of course. But their clients still go broke.

Some people—many people—hear about the Franklin Bank, or even the Herstatt Bank, and they get the Great Fear. Suddenly they think of their bank as that rickety-looking storefront. When Albert Sindlinger rings them up, sixty out of every hundred tell him that a bank collapse is what they are really worried about.

And as the Great Fear rages, the search for security becomes like the medieval search for the philosophers' stone. For instance, people feel happy enough in a blue-chip stock, like Polaroid. Then Polaroid drops from 143 to 18—within a year. So they hear about stocks in gold companies and they find that the price of gold stocks has doubled and that they can't afford them, so they have to buy shares in a marginal gold company, where the shares may go up. But the broker says that the shares may do down, because this marginal gold company has not actually found any gold yet. Then they buy 9 percent Treasury bonds, and this seems safe. But inflation appears to wipe out any actual profit. In the end an anxious nation comes more and more to resemble that couple in Hawaii who thought the end of the world was coming through pollution. They had all their teeth removed to avoid dentists. They had their appendices removed to avoid doctors. They traveled to a small atoll with ten years' worth of canned food. And stayed there to sit it out.

They had an atoll. But most people do not. Most people have to listen to government spokesmen calling for "restraint." This means nothing. They hear more talk about "shake-outs," and "bottoming out," and "taking up the slack in the economy and letting it out again," of "turning on the monetary tap and turning it off again." They hear talk about old time religion and leaving the economy alone.

Things are getting worse and all this talk adds up to one simple thing: no one knows what to do. Everyone has his little list of panaceas, or his little set of theories.

Alan Greenspan, for example. Greenspan is the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. He is a devotee of Ayn Rand, who believes that capitalism is not only sound, but a sound *moral* system; and the less tinkering around with it you do, the better. When the rhetoric is removed this means Greenspan has no clear-cut solution.

It used to be commonly agreed by economists that things would steadily get better, that "growth" would feed the hungry, clothe the poor, help the aged, sustain the jobless. That was before there was a crisis. That was when we had "growth." You don't hear so much now about growth. What we are left with is inflation and the threat of huge unemployment. So what those economists are really trying to say, without provoking a positive stampede to the gangplanks, is that things are not, forseeably, going to get much better, and may well get worse.

When things got bad in the past, people used to talk about socialism, or some form of control of business. That was before the age of the military-industrial complex and the multinational corporation. These two fine emblems of our present social arrangements are simply too large and too powerful to allow that kind of light-hearted talk. They do not tolerate strict controls over their actions; the arms manufacturers are not going to beat their swords into plowshares and produce useful goods. Rather more likely is an unemployment rate of 8 percent as the economy deflates.

There have been two obsessions in science fiction and spy fiction of the last few years. One was the kidnapping or disappearance of the president of the United States. These premonitory fears and fantasies finally came true in the actual disappearance—in terms of resignation and disgrace—of Richard Nixon. Another image was of a country devastated by the irruption of beings from another planet. The science fiction films used to show abandoned towns, cracked pavements, weed-clogging gardens, with no human presence but the hero. In the midst of the boom of the Fifties and Sixties this disturbing image of disaster cropped up with frequency. It was thought that this devastation might be wrought by a nuclear bomb.

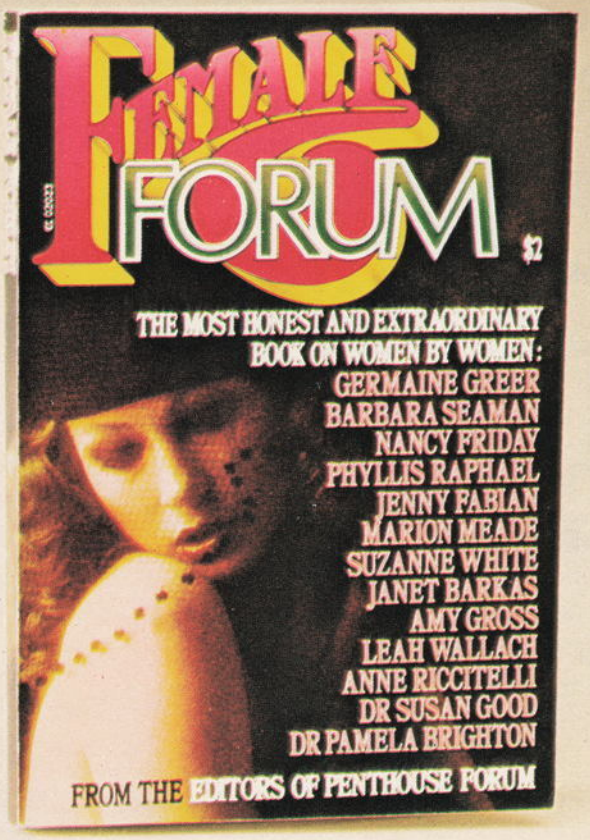
Now, as we inch our way along the Kondratieff cycle, we can see that the enemy might not have been anything so simple as a nuclear raid. It was rather the skull beneath the skin of our own system. One day, when things have got really bad, you might be able to drive down the New Jersey turnpike and see the smokestacks of the largest concentration of capital on earth standing clean, over cold furnaces. You might drive along an ordinary highway and see just the rusted signs from the quick-food joints and all the fringe paraphernalia of late capitalism that will be the first to go.

This is a vision born out of the Great Fear, to be sure. Nothing so dramatic is likely to occur. The cold smokestacks are more likely to appear first in South Korea, or even in Japan, where things will get worse quicker. Things won't just steadily go downhill. There will be little upturns along the road. Besides, one thing Keynes took from Lenin as a model has not come true yet. Keynes said that "profiteers" who do well in times of crisis become objects of hatred to the bourgeoisie no less than the proletariat.

How different from here, where we may be living on the edge of the Great Fear, but not—as yet—on the edge of any Great Anger. What do you think will happen when that comes, too?

Is all this meant to scare you? Yes, indeed. As with most things, Western capitalism runs to a large extent on credibility: banks working, people paying up on time, people keeping their commitments, people not lying about their financial figures.

Then suddenly people no longer believe. A big corporation has fixed its books to make its balance sheet look good and keep people buying its stock. Suddenly someone else looks at the books and it all turns out to have been lies. A bank goes bust. Then another bank goes bust. Suddenly there is nothing you can put your faith in. The big balloon bursts, or at least it shrinks to the size of a small apple, just about the same size as the ones people used to try and sell on Wall Street forty years ago. ○+■



"In the pages of this anthology, woman emerges as subject, not object. It's subversive and uppity, bawdy and sassy, sometimes shocking, and, in my opinion, healthful and healthgiving as well."

An excerpt from Barbara Seaman's introduction in Female Forum.

Yes it's about time females expounded on female sexuality. Send it. I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ for $2 including postage and handling.

FEMALE FORUM
20th Floor, 909 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022

Name

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By Gerald Sussman

THE LAST UNSPOILED VACATION ISLAND IN THE WORLD

Not only
are there no telephones,
plumbing, or electricity,
but no roads,
beaches, hotels, or shops.

Somewhere between Cape Horn and Antarctica, straddling the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is a small, gherkin-shaped island that may be the last undiscovered vacation spot in the world. If you're tired of falling into the same tourist traps, bucking the same crowds, running the same frenetic rat races, and ending more uptight than you started, then you're ready for Tierra del Monte—the last untouched, untamed, unspoiled island—the one place where you can still get away from it all.

Tierra del Monte can't be reached by plane or boat. The only way to get to the island is by swimmer. You can make regular traveling connections as far as Cape Horn. From Cape Horn you hire your swimmers to take you the rest of the way. The best ones are Australians. They're expensive, but claim to be ex-Olympic stars. If you want to save money you can hire a *gallido*, the non-scheduled gypsy swimmer. Most *gallidos* are honest and can swim fairly well, but they have the reputation of getting weak and developing "cramps" in the middle of the ocean, threatening to drop you if you don't renegotiate the rates. You take your chances. You can get a good *gallido* who will be a real bargain, or a crooked one and end up paying even more than the Australian rates.

You usually get what you pay for. When you travel with the Australians in their first-class King and Queen of the Sea swims you get free beer, cold cuts, and a battery-operated TV set to keep you amused. And you get three swimmers—two for you and one for your luggage. In coach, only one swimmer carries you and the fare is simpler—a can of Japanese smoked eels and a deck of pornographic playing cards. Gypsy swimmers do not provide any food, drink, or entertainment, but will sometimes sing Patagonian folk songs in time with their rhythmic breathing.

From the moment you set foot on Tierra del Monte, you'll sense how easily it avoids excessive displays of scenery and how unfettered it is by typical tourist attractions. Not only are there no telephones, plumbing, or electricity; there are no roads, beaches, hotels, restaurants, or shops. You don't have to go through the motions of playing games you hate or pretending to enjoy snorkeling, sailing, nightclubbing, gambling, and duty-free shopping. Yet the island holds a strange enchantment for everyone who visits. Untouched by modern times, or antiquity, or anything (they say that Magellan sighted the place on his round-the-world voyage and ignored it), Tierra del Monte is the kind of island where you can unwind and just be yourself.

The standard travel writer's clichés don't work in describing the subtle charms of this island. It's not the usual "Land of Contrasts," unless you count the extreme changes in weather or the ups and downs of the terrain. It would take you years to explore all the nooks and crannies of Tierra del Monte. Not because the island is large—it's just impossible to walk at any more than a leisurely pace. For miles you'll see nothing but big, pointy rocks. In between the rocks is a gritty black substance that blows in your eyes during the frequent windstorms and turns into something like melted mozzarella cheese when it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

Illustration by Mike Terry

COMING HOME HIGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

At the 90th Replacement Detachment near Saigon there was a placard arched across the roadway, proclaiming:

WELCOME

The Rules

1. Speak nice to the slopes.
2. Don't piss just anywhere.
3. Shave once a day for the sake of public relations.
4. Don't get the clap. If the Army had wanted you to have it they would have issued it to you.

(Signed)
Such-and-so, General
MACV, Commanding

The whole compound was surrounded by incredible piles of concertina wire with bunkers and guard towers every thirty meters or so. The truck driver told us to report to the window around back. There was a hole cut in the wall and a counter, and a PFC sitting there fanning himself with the *Stars & Stripes*.

"Lemme see your orders. Here's some blankets. Be in the area for your name to be called and the shakedown. And don't get caught with any dope around here. Got it?"

The next morning a young lieutenant came through and called everyone's name. We went up to the briefing room where we changed our MPC into greenbacks and unpacked for the shakedown. All the dudes stood there in front of their gear with class-A stashes taped up and down their legs and stuffed into money belts made over from M-16 bandoliers. We stood around, emptying our pockets and smiling and giggling because weren't we getting away with the fanciest trick of all time, but the shakedown NCOs let everybody slide through. They looked for grenades and live ammo that crazy housecats want to take home and show around, along with chunks of shrapnel and knife-fight scars. We loaded into buses with heavy wire screens on the windows and were driven to Bien Hoa Air Base. Everyone rode quietly.

The aerolport was a curious building, just a corrugated fiberglass roof and rows of benches facing the airfield. There was a small snack bar in one corner and no bunkers. No one we saw had a weapon. I sat down with two dudes from Bravo Company.

"Hey man, you know what? There ain't no bunkers here."

They looked around, then looked back at me. We were not home yet. This was still the zone. It made the waiting a nervous, fidgety challenge. We were so close, everyone was getting nervous, moving around, sitting here to watch the airfield, moving over to the snack bar for a Coke, or standing in small groups that moved back and forth across the back of the awning. We waited the better part of the day. We made do with sweet rolls and Coke for lunch. Some of the dudes stretched out and slept. The CIBs—the grunts wearing their Combat Infantryman's Badge—walked and watched and rapped nervously with the girls at the snack bar. On the flight line, F-4 Phantoms were parked between barricades filled with sandbags and cement. They went out in pairs and came back. Fuel trucks and airport tractors pulling wagons of bomb loads and deuce-and-a-halves stacked with canisters of 20-mm drove down the line resupplying them as they came in from up-country somewhere. The Phantoms came and went and came back. Then there it was, coming straight down, flying right for the end of the runway. Everyone stood—the CIBs in front. There was a thrill of breath, a chill came across the airfield. This, too, was part of the ritual, these last few moments. The plane hit the end of the runway with a splash of tire rubber, coasted to the other end of the runway and taxied up to the flight line, keeping close to the Phantoms and the metal barriers, and stopped in front of the aerolport. There was a face in every window. The dudes who were asleep stood up. The CIBs sat down and pushed their cunt caps over their brows and smiled. *Closer man, ain't we getting closer every time you turn around.* They started filing off the plane, officers and senior NCOs from the front, EM from the back. Bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, pale, some wearing dress greens, squinting in the sun, all rookies, some with mustaches already. The officers walking that walk. Then it started, the catcalls, the fingers, the CIBs sitting on the backs of the benches laughing and gesturing lewdly, knowing that twenty dudes climbing out of the back will go home strapped to a litter or trundled in a body bag.

We lined up according to the numbers on our tickets. There was less of a hurry, no one ran. *If they gonna do it, they better do it now.* There was no need to hurry, the plane had to wait for us. We took our fucking time playing the number game. "Where's Number 175?" "Who's got Number 4? We're waiting on your ass, Number 4." "I think they should do this according to height." "I'm 69. I'm 69. I'm 69." We climbed aboard and I took the first window seat. There was no mistake about this plane going back to Travis, but I wanted to witness half the world go thataway, as though it might not happen if I didn't see it for myself—like a man who insists upon witnessing vital emergency repairs to make sure all the parts are replaced. The engines wound up and we rolled off to the end of the runway. *How are we going to do this, take a running start and squeal the tires on the turn or stop dead to work up the rpms with all the brakes on?* I decided that there would be a quick turn onto the runway, then the pilot would punch it and off we'd go. *Very cool. He isn't getting combat pay, why should he stop and work up the rpms?* But the plane swung around to the end of the runway and stopped. *Keep going, man! Lay some rubber, get me off the ground!* The engines revved, all brakes on. The plane vibrated slightly. The wingtips flapped and still they fed more torque. The engines whined even louder and then all of a sudden my arms lifted from the armrests and I was pushed back into my seat. I looked quickly out the window at the wheels and the blur of rubber patches on the cement. Then that was it. We were in the air ten feet, twenty feet, more.

"How'm I doing so far?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

The versatile Banana Warmer. One size fits all. It holds and protects anything from a banana and two plums to the family jewels.

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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Philip S., age 35, 5'10", 150 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes. Philip is a free-lance photographer.

Jo A., age 23, 5'8", 120 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes. Jo is a part-time model.

PHILIP'S STORY:

"Quite often when someone finds out that I'm a photographer I'm subjected to a barrage of knowing winks and nudges. A surprising number of people still seem to think that every photographer's life is fun, not like working at all. They've got the impression that it's some great *trendy* number that involves swanning about in exotic locations, screwing all the girls, and just occasionally producing a camera and clicking off a few casual shots. Well, I assure you that most of the time it's damn hard work, especially if you specialize in doing advertising shots like I do.

"If I'm honest, though, I must confess that from time to time I have made love to a model after a session—always after, mind you, as work comes first and I come afterwards, if you see what I mean. In fact, that's how I came to meet Jo in the first place—I was shooting one of those very glossy, up-market-type drinks ads.

"Anyway, the girl in this shot was Jo, and what really attracted me was her personality. I know that's a corny thing to say, but in this case it was true. She had this tremendous aura of vitality around her that had an almost tangible effect on everybody at the session.

"By the time we'd finished in the studio it was early evening. I asked Jo if she'd like to come for a drink and a meal—I was planning to get her into bed afterwards, naturally, but apart from that I genuinely liked her. I thought she'd make good company. After a rather messy break-up the year before with a girl I'd been living with for five years, I'd been living alone, treating women a bit like TV repairmen or plumbers or something. When I needed one to relieve my sexual itch, I'd go and find one, and then not bother till the next time. I was determined for a long while not to get emotionally tied-up with anyone because I'd been so screwed up by the last relationship. Perhaps, on that day I met Jo, I subconsciously realized that I was very lonely, that I couldn't go on living with no emotional commitment to anyone.

JEANNE McDOWELL

"Anyway, Jo said, 'Fine,' in that rich, deep-throated voice that I grew to like so much. She didn't seem at all surprised. Later, I found out that she has an almost obsessional dislike for making plans; she prefers to just drift along doing whatever crops up or takes her fancy at the time.

"We went to eat at my favorite restaurant. We were getting on splendidly, I thought—there was something in the way she looked at me that made me think she was really interested in me—when all of a sudden, *apropos* of absolutely nothing at all, she asked, 'Do you want to screw me?'

"It's not often that I'm stuck for words, but at that moment I just couldn't think of a thing to say. I sat there staring at her, searching for the right reply but not finding anything in my head. I thought: 'If I say I *do* want to screw her, that'll give the impression that I only asked her out for one reason. But if I say no I don't want to, it's just not true and not very complimentary either, come to think of it.' It was like being in a Harold Pinter play, us both sitting there as the silence lengthened and lengthened. Finally I thought: 'Fuck it, she can't mind what I say or else she wouldn't have asked.' So I mumbled, 'Yes, I do, very much.' And would you believe it, I realized that I was blushing, something I couldn't remember doing for years.

"I've noticed when listening to other men talking about their sex lives that they always give you the blow-by-blow mechanical details of the whole thing, but very rarely do they say how they *feel* when they're making love. God knows why not. Maybe they're afraid of being thought somehow precious, affected. Or, maybe most men just talk about sex to prove how good they are at it. It's like a car accident—not many people will admit that it was their fault. Whatever goes wrong is always the other person s mistake. My memories of that first night with Jo are not so much of what I did, but what she did and I felt. I remember us going back to my apartment, gently undressing each other, going to bed and making love slowly, gradually, for what seemed like an eon. I recall that for ages we just lay there silently on the bed, the last rays of light filtering through the curtains, gently stroking each other and running our hands all over each other's bodies, exploring every fold, every curve, every crevice. Almost imperceptibly we began to become more and more passionate—the urgency of our caresses heightened, and I started to run the head of my penis up and down her vaginal lips, pushing inside a little on every stroke, then withdrawing and gliding up again.

"As we cradled against each other I felt as though time had stopped still. I had this vision that we were the only people left in the world, that everything and everybody else had crumbled away into insignificance. As I finally slid right inside her, the music built to a crescendo, and I felt huge and powerful and strong. I had this great invincible sensation. I was convinced that I could carry on fucking all night long and all the next day as well. I was on top of Jo, and I looked down at her as I rhythmically slid slowly in and out of her. She was lying there with her eyes closed and her long brown hair streaming out on the pillow above her head, gently oscillating her hips.

"After a while, I had the weird notion that somehow our genitals were working independently, without any guidance from us. As my cock slowly slid out of her, it felt almost as if it was being gently *pushed* out, with no apparent need for any conscious effort or movement on my part.

"After her first series of climaxes, our roles seemed to change subtly. Jo took on the more aggressive sexual role, gently moving us around so that she was on top. I still hadn't come, although I was very aroused and as hard as a rock, and somehow I didn't have the desire for orgasm. It was so indescribably erotic lying there, feeling and watching Jo poise her whole body around my cock. Her breasts trembled slightly with her movements while her eyes opened wide each time she thrust down on my full length. I wanted her to go on forever. I think I said I hadn't come yet, but actually it was like having one long continuous orgasm—it felt as though I was coming all the time in a never-ending stream, shooting deep down inside to the very depths of her body.

"Making love to her now is an exquisite form of masochism."

"Finally, I came in an explosive body-wracking series of climaxes that coincided with Jo's last of many orgasms that night. I must have fallen asleep immediately, for the next thing I remember is waking up late in the morning and finding Jo sleeping peacefully beside me, curled up in the fetal position.

"I felt a surprising rush of joy seeing her there. In the past, if I'd picked some girl up for a one-night effort I was usually mildly annoyed to find them still there in the morning. But Jo—well, somehow she'd broken through my emotional barriers. I was infatuated by her. I didn't want to let her out of my sight again.

"I had to, of course, but that same morning I asked her to move in with me. She was very passive about the whole thing—she looked at me in an expressionless sort of way, and said 'Okay, if you like.' It was as though I'd asked her whether she'd like tea or coffee for breakfast. I never even knew where she was living before. She just went off and reappeared with her belongings.

"I wish I could say our relationship is an unqualified success, but in plain truth it isn't. It didn't take me long to find out that I wasn't the only person she offered herself to. It hadn't occurred to me after our first night that she'd want to go off and sleep with anybody else, but a few weeks later she disappeared for a couple of days. When she came back, I created a big scene. I'd been frantic with worry, and she seemed a bit puzzled about all the fuss I was making. She calmly said that she'd been to stay with another man she'd met. I couldn't take it in, at first. I heard the words but didn't understand them. 'I don't mind if you go with other girls,' she said to me. She can't understand that it's her—and only her—I want.

"Making love to her now is an exquisite form of masochism. I'm still constantly aroused by the beauty of her body, but now I feel as though I'm taking part in a competition, with her as the judge, every time we do it. I keep wondering whether I'm as good a lover as the other men she has, but I dare not ask her in case she says 'No' in that woundingly disinterested way she uses when talking about sex. Even when I'm inside her I can't get these thoughts out of my mind, and if she introduces something new into our loveplay, I get suspicious rather than pleased. One night, I was about to penetrate her when she pulled away slightly and whispered, 'No, screw me in the ass tonight, Philip,' something we'd never done together before. In the past, with other girls, this used to turn me on, but with Jo I started thinking, 'Maybe she's got a lover who she likes having anal sex with. Perhaps she only wants *me* to do it so that she can imagine it's him.'

"The more openly jealous I get, the less she seems to notice. The other day we were talking and I asked her what she did in California before she came here. 'I was at college for a while,' she said, 'but I dropped out, and just bummed around. Then I made some fuck films to raise the bread for my airfare.' She told me about all the men she'd sucked off, all the girls she'd licked, about the film in which she screwed a dog, and then wondered why I looked sick. 'What of it?' she shrugged. 'It didn't do anybody any harm.'

"Sometimes I hope she will leave and solve the problem that way because I know I'll never throw her out. It's a sick joke in a way—it's supposed to be the girl that's always wanting to get married and the guy who backs off. I've asked her time and time again to marry me, but all she says is: 'What for?' And I haven't got any answer to give that she'd understand."

JO'S STORY:

"It was Philip's idea doing this interview. I like Philip very much, don't get me wrong,

*"I'm in love with him, he's in love with me,
and she's in love with me... Larry's in love with her, but doesn't
like him very much, although he's in love with Larry....
In other words, you wouldn't call it an ideal relationship!"*

and I love balling him. What he can't understand is that I might like balling somebody else once in a while, too. He's very possessive, wants to lay his ideas on me, wants to get married, plan ahead—those things I *hate* doing. Life is beautiful, every day is beautiful, every day is different. Who wants to tie themselves down for the next hundred years?

"What Philip doesn't seem to realize is that sex *is* an appetite. You eat when you're hungry so why not ball when you feel like it? I can't see why Philip seems to feel it's a blow at *him*. I mean, if he were there at that moment I'd probably go to bed with him instead of the other guy, but most days he works and often he's away for two or three days at a time. He can't really expect me to sit at home biting my nails in frustration when he's not even there.

"Of course, I know it's only *men* who're supposed to take that attitude, but I know lots of girls who think like me. I remember once I was in Acapulco with a girl friend on some modeling job. We were sitting there in our hotel and she suddenly said, '*God* I feel horny!' And I said, 'That's funny—so do I.' So she said, 'Let's go and pull some guys then,' and we went downstairs into the lobby. There were some Americans there and we played up like little ingenues, saying it was our first vacation, wasn't Acapulco *exciting*, bla bla bla. We could see these guys were really turned on, and they were sort of whispering to each other. Then one of them said, 'It would be a real honor if we could take you two ladies out for a meal.' I thought that was rather sweet, but Joanie just raised her eyebrows and dropped all the Miss Apple-pie nonsense and said, 'A *meal*! Honey, what we two lovely ladies really want is a *fuck*' —and you could see it just freaked them out. They ran a mile, those fellas, right back to the Ozarks or wherever they came from. Afterwards she said to me, 'I guess I blew it that time,' and I said, 'Yeah, Joanie, you really blew it.' Oh, we had some laughs. She was a great girl, Joanie.

"Joanie introduced me to Alec who was sort of my steady before Philip. He was a photographer too, and he got me work doing some bikini set for a German magazine—I used to do a lot of 'glamour' shots as they were called in those days. Not much glamour, standing around on some windy beach in the rain wearing just a bikini. Still, he was a great guy, Alec.

"He was the one who set me up in this fuck film racket which Philip hates so much. Well, of course, I'm not *proud* of doing it, but it was fabulous money at the time and actually—though I know Philip will kill me for saying this—it was kind of fun. I remember one we were supposed to be doing with a dog; we worked through about twenty dogs without finding one that could get the message. Then some guy there said he knew a girl who'd trained her dog to do it, so we got this dog. But, as it turned out, the dog would only do it with its mistress. Imagine that, a dog being *faithful*! It went on for weeks, and the producer used to come in and say, 'What is this place—a *kennel*?' There were dogs all over the studio, all fighting, and shit all over the floor. In the end, we had to pay some Swedish outfit to ship one over and then there was quarantine. . . . I don't think we ever shot that film. At any rate, I can't remember.

"Do we do it for real in the film? Well, yes, sort of, but then again no. I mean it certainly isn't like a straight fuck with the cameras just recording it. They have to fix the lights, and move everything around for close-ups. I mean, one three-minute fuck on film might take a whole day to shoot. But on the other hand, when you're with this guy or this girl all day, and you're all naked and clinching—well, I mean, obviously you get kind of horny, and you might go on for a bit longer after the director's said 'Cut.' The cameramen don't mind; often they shoot all around you and cut bits of the real stuff into the other stuff when they edit it. They like you to have a real orgasm—Alec always said he could tell if *that* was faked. As long as you get on with the other people, it's fine and it's really all a great laugh.

"You can't lie around with an eleven-inch cock inside you all day and not get steamed up."

"Alec and I broke up in the end because of one of these guys I did a film with. He was a Canadian and a really great fuck. He had this *enormous* prick. I think it was genuinely about eleven inches long, though the publicity always used to say it was fifteen.

"Anyway, I was doing a real big-budget film with Mike, and it was quite a straight film—I mean, no story, no girls even, just long, long fucking scenes with close-ups. Naturally, you can't lie around with an eleven-inch cock inside you all day and not get steamed up. He was crazy about me too, and the cameramen used to joke about it and say, 'Well, we're taking a break for lunch, but we'll leave you two to it,' or 'Jo-Jo, could you just stop coming for one minute while I move this light out of the way.' Anyway, as I was saying, it got to be a sort of joke around the studios. I guess Alec heard about it because usually he didn't bother to come around when we were shooting, but one morning he turned up. I saw he was there, but we were in the middle of a close-up, and frankly, I was in no mood to stop. I just said 'Hi!' and we went on with the scene. When I went back to our apartment that night, there were just two bags outside the door and an envelope with a message from Alec and some money. The note just said: 'This will get you a hotel,' and that was that. I felt awful, actually. I tried to phone him up all week. The one time I got through he said, 'You're a whore and I don't like whores.' I cried and cried. It was so goddamn unfair because he'd put me in the bloody films in the first place, so what did he think I was doing down at the studios?

"So then I went back to straight modeling, and met Philip. He's really nice and I'm really fond of him, but I think I have this sort of wanderlust. I mean, I just can't see myself settling down—not with him or with anyone. I think it would take a very strong guy indeed to make me settle down. Alec almost did and it was really me who blew it in the end, like I told you. I don't really know what I want, so I'm just content for the moment to wait and see. I guess maybe when I'm hitting thirty I'll want to settle down and start looking for someone to marry, but I can't even envisage it now. After all, if you're reasonably attractive, as I think I am, it's no problem pulling guys. Sex is no problem because you know you can always get a fuck when you need one, so why commit yourself to something that just ties you down?

"I really like Philip, as I say, and for the moment we're right for each other, so why try and change it? The only thing wrong with our relationship is the way he goes on about the future—and the past. I mean he feels jealous of guys I balled before I even *met* him—and that breaks me up. Just let it ride, that's all you can do in life. Why create chains when you'd rather be free?"

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

I should imagine that rarely have two such incompatible people—and I don't just mean sexually incompatible—embarked on a relationship, if one can so distinguish this shacking-up of Philip and Jo.

Philip is a good mélange of paradoxes. He would like to be thought of as unconventional in his sexual behavior and mores. Yet, when one looks closely, one finds that he is very conventional.

His profession is one that is popularly believed to scorn conventional sexual behavior; to be precise, professional photographers are thought to spend more time screwing their models than photographing them. With almost righteous indignation, Philip protests that this concept is not true. Fearing that he might have overdone his protests and given the impression that his profession is entirely unglamorous, however, Philip admits to "making love to a model after a session—always after, mind you, as work comes first and I come afterwards. . . ." Remember that phrase: "I come afterwards."

At thirty-five, and having worked in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

Penthouse participates in forty-six hours
of intensive training at the
Sensory Awareness Center in San Bernardino

HOW TO BE A SEX SURROGATE

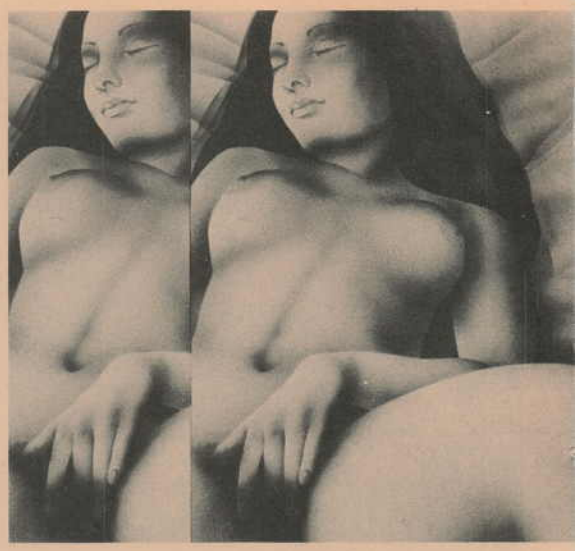
By Robert Blair Kaiser

Paul Birkbeck

"It's an open secret," one Los Angeles psychiatrist told me more than a year ago, "but lots of us are using sex surrogates now. For some clients, we've tried everything, and this is the only thing that works. It's a very powerful therapeutic adjunct." A colleague put it in homelier terms: "After all, you don't learn how to play tennis by talking about it."

What are surrogates? Who are they? Whom do they help? How do they help them? My vague wonderings turned into a concrete repertorial project when opportunity knocked in the form of an invitation to attend a dinner meeting of the Southern California Regional Chapter of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. The society is a professional group, made up mostly of psychiatrists and psychologists, who meet regularly to share information they can use in their practice.

"If he wants a blow-job, give it to him. Why can't I cater to my client's quirks?"



On this particular evening, they gathered—appropriately enough it seemed—at the Tail o' the Cock Restaurant on La Cienega in Los Angeles to discuss "The Surrogate Partner in Sex Therapy." The group had a surrogate partner on the podium. She was Carolyn Symonds, a tall, rather plain woman who looked more like a scholar than a sexpot. Her hair was streaked with gray, and it just hung there on top of her head like a mop. She wore no makeup, but when she began to speak, her face became animated and her eyes shone with the fervor of a nun who has found a new cause. She told the group that she had been a surrogate working with doctors in the Los Angeles area for two and a half years and that she was now helping train surrogates herself at something called the Sensory Awareness Center in San Bernardino. "In my work," she said, "I can see changes firsthand. I see men come to me as bundles of anxieties and leave with confidence and hope."

The discussion that followed was a lively one. One woman in the audience demanded to know how surrogates were different from prostitutes, and Carolyn Symonds replied that her work was therapeutic. Some wag shouted out, "So's a prostitute's!" A psychiatrist in the audience asked, "Why can't therapists act as their own surrogates?" One of the doctors —a famous practitioner of group therapy and the author of several popular books on man-woman relations—rose at this point and cried in his Viennese accent, "Ve do! Ve do! Serapists *do* screw sair patients, but only if say are attractive. Who is going to take care of see ussers?"

Afterwards, I went up to Carolyn Symonds, introduced myself, and told her I would like to do a story about her work. We agreed to discuss it further and parted, she to Santa Cruz, California, and I returning to New York City. We corresponded and she finally agreed to let me write about her work. "But," she wrote, "if you really want to know what surrogate training is like, you should come to our next training session and be an aide." She told me that four trainees, all women, would be coming soon to San Bernardino and each of them was supposed to be bringing a man who would work with one of the other trainees. One of the trainees was coming all the way from New York. Could I perhaps stand in as her aide? Maybe I could be a surrogate's surrogate.

So I returned to California and drove out to San Bernardino one Friday morning to find that the Sensory Awareness Center was an anonymous little house in a middle-class neighborhood north of town. I was ten minutes late for the 8 P.M. start so I hurriedly knocked at a well-lighted door. No answer. Finally I pushed the door open and found myself in a big bedroom dominated by a huge king-sized bed. At the foot of the bed was a Sony videotape camera. Just then Carolyn came padding into the room. "I'm Kaiser," I said, pretending not to be surprised to find her nude.

"Bob," she said, "you're only a little late, but we've begun. Take off your clothes. Hang 'em up right here." I did so quickly, and when I turned naked to Carolyn, she stuck a gummed name tag on my chest and led me into a living room that was lit about as well as the usual photographer's darkroom. Some music was playing, there was a cluster of bodies in the middle of the room, and Emerson Symonds, Carolyn's former husband and the director of the Center, was sitting at a table with his legs crossed. He was a wiry fellow with a patriarchal beard and a friendly smile. I shook his hand and he bade me get into the first warm-up exercise of the weekend, something he called a "group grope." So I joined the group. I touched others and others touched me. I backed by accident into the huge erect cock of one of the aides, which was startling. Well, I thought, at least one of us isn't scared.

Symonds modified the exercise. He asked each of us to close our eyes and take a partner for an exploration game. (I peeked long enough to see that by accident I had drawn a pretty young trainee.) Symonds then told the trainees to explore their partners from head to toe. "Know him," he said, "as a blind man might, so that you could do a sculpture of him later. Start at the top of his head and finger every bump. Work down to the forehead . . . the eyes . . . the ears. . . ." When my partner got to my lips, I kissed her fingers and smiled. She shook with soundless laughter. She got down on her knees to mold my waist. Symonds spoke again: "When you get to the genitals, do not linger there—but neither should you ignore them." My partner obeyed him. She didn't ignore, but after a brief inspection she continued on down my legs to my feet, turned me around and worked her way right back to the top of my head.

Then I did her. She kissed my fingers when I got to her lips, just as I had done. I memorized the curves of her breasts and, dutifully, did not ignore her other interesting parts.

We stopped the exercise (one of a series called touchy-feelies), the lights came up, and we sat around on pillows for a discussion. I forgot what we said. I was too busy sizing up the group. Symonds was the guru and Carolyn was a kind of co-equal. Though the two of them had been separated for years, they still continued to work together as team teachers. There were not four other women, but five. Each had a name tag on her left breast.

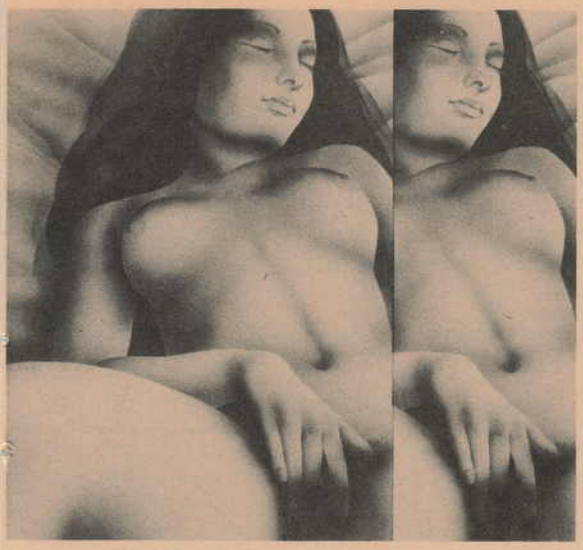
Cheryl was a voluptuous brunette of about thirty-five. She had a bemused smile on her face and kept hugging herself.

Patty was fortyish, with dark hair and large lustrous brown eyes. She had a solid strength about her.

Janie, who had great boobs, a sizable ass, and a dimpled face, looked like a college girl. She was taking notes.

Stacey, the girl I had drawn in the touchy-feely exercise, was obviously the youngest in the group. She had a narrow ass, nice knockers, and a little blond cunt which she took pains to display by lying flat on her back during the discussion and thrusting her pelvis up and out.

Claudia was mid-thirtyish and fat, but she had milk-white skin, a pretty face, and a Rabelaisian sense of humor which she



"Despite warnings that 'there'll be no fucking here,' penises got into vaginas."

employed at every opportunity. She was a New Yorker, and she made it plain from the start that she was the "Pandora" featured in a recent *New York* magazine article by Linda Wolfe about sex surrogates. I wondered for a giddy moment what it was like to be in Pandora's box.

As for the other three men, I won't give their names. They aren't professionals; they were simply giving their bodies for two weekends to science, as it were. One was a high school teacher, one a salesman, and the third a graduate student at UCLA. Nice guys. The salesman thought he might like to become a male surrogate. (The Center trains male surrogates, too, but they weren't doing it that weekend.) The teacher, it turned out, was going through a hellish divorce and a teaching colleague had recruited him for this, thinking it would be a good distraction for him. The student from UCLA was the one with the big cock and he was there simply because he liked sex.

"Some of you may wonder," Carolyn was saying, "what all this touchy-feely stuff has to do with sexual dysfunction. The point is that we've got to start by getting away from an exclusive concentration on the genitalia, we've got to learn to enjoy our whole bodies." This, of course, is what we had been doing all evening, it was a familiar idea to anyone who had read Masters and Johnson or Dr. Reuben. If a man is impotent, if he can't get it up or keep it up, he tends to worry about it. Anxiety only compounds the problem. An impotent man should try to get pleasure from other parts of his body. He should enjoy himself without anyone's expecting him necessarily to come across with a sexual performance. Inevitably, nature takes its course.

We ended the evening, and sleeping arrangements were made. The trainees moved off to two A-frame structures in the backyard. Two of the men slept in the big king-sized bed I had seen when I first entered the house, while the salesman and I got settled down on the living-room floor. Symonds and Cheryl went into the second bedroom. Carolyn came into the living room with some blankets and slept on the floor, too.

When I awoke the next morning Cheryl was cooking breakfast, and as soon as we finished eating we began something called the "sexological examination." In other words, we spent all day looking at one another's cunts and cocks. Carolyn explained that a big part of the female surrogate's work is to help the dysfunctional male eliminate the feelings of awe and alarm and the sense of dirtiness which many men (and women, too, for that matter) associate with the female genitalia. "A man ought to know what a woman's body is like and how it works." As Carolyn spoke, she was lying on a table with her knees bent up. She had a speculum with a light in it in one hand and a mirror in the other. One end of the clear plastic speculum looked like a gun handle and the other like a duck's bill. Whatever else it was used for, it certainly seemed a handy tool indeed for looking inside vaginas.

Carolyn showed both the surrogate trainees and the aides how to insert the speculum. She put it into herself, looked at the inside of her vagina with the mirror, and then invited each of us to insert the speculum and take a look. We all did so and after that it was clear to everyone that the vagina is not a space at all, but a kind of closed sleeve lined with wrinkled, moist, pink furrows. Carolyn said that the furrows aren't muscles and there is no feeling there. Toward the end of the sleeve there is a little knob, somewhat pinker in color, with a little hole in it. This was the mouth of the cervix, and there aren't any sensations there either.

Then how did she get off? Carolyn took each of us by turns and showed us. The sensations are outside the vagina in the clitoris and at the opening of the vagina. She pulled back the hood of her clitoris and showed us, under a bright light, the pearly glans. She encouraged us to pull back the hood and gently touch the clit. Then she had each of us, one by one, insert a forefinger into her vagina while she squeezed her vaginal muscles. Imagining her vagina as resembling a clock, we found that when the forefinger was up at the twelve o'clock position, there was no pressure on the finger when she squeezed. At neither ten o'clock nor two o'clock was there any pressure either. But at four o'clock and eight o'clock we could certainly feel Carolyn's squeeze on our fingers. Moreover, Carolyn's sighs indicated that she was obviously getting some pleasure from the thrusting at four and eight o'clock.

At this point, Symonds brought in another table, placed it alongside the one Carolyn had been lying on and invited the surrogate trainees, two by two, to get up on the tables and go through the process Carolyn had just finished. We all took turns inserting the speculum, and looking into the vaginas. They were all the same—but all different too. Stacey's cervix looked as though it had been worked over in the recent past by a sandpapered cock. Patty, who had had a hysterectomy, had no cervix at all. Claudia howled a bit when the clumsier members of the group poked the speculum in—or pulled it out—too fast. But she sighed more audibly than the others when we played four and eight o'clock with her.

Next it was the men's turn for a sexological examination. As we had examined the four trainees, now they examined us. They sat on chairs all in a row and we lined up facing them with our cocks hanging down towards their laps. Carolyn encouraged them to handle our cocks and balls and report aloud on what they saw and touched. "Heavy balls!" cried Claudia. "Huge," said Patty. "A foreskin!" exclaimed Stacey.

We stood before each surrogate in turn while they oohed and ahhed. "Does this feel good?" said Janie, stroking the glans of my penis. "Uh, sort of," I said. She moistened her fingertips with saliva and stroked some more. "This feel better?" she asked. "Oh, yes," I said and moved on. Stacey smiled up at me and started pulling the foreskin back and forth. I held my breath. Carolyn looked over at my glistening glans. "Be careful!" she warned. Stacey knew what she meant. "We don't want any accidents," said Carolyn sternly. In a way I was grateful for that intervention. In another, I wasn't. My balls had begun to ache.

I went out in the backyard for a quick, cold outdoor shower. When I returned, Carolyn and Symonds had paired us up with permanent partners for the rest of the sessions. I drew the ox-eyed Patty. The high school teacher was given the little beauty who had turned me on; the salesman drew Claudia; and UCLA got Janie (a nice pairing this, two graduate students, for Janie was doing her doctoral dissertation on the subject of sex surrogates).

"There aren't many rules around here," said Carolyn, "but one of the few is you don't sleep with your assigned partner or

engage in any activity that hasn't been assigned yet."

"Does that mean we can sleep with anyone else?" asked Claudia with a lascivious laugh.

I dressed for dinner that evening—in my nightshirt, which everyone thought was pretty funny. After dinner, of course, so as not to appear too singular, I took it off. We had a discussion, a pretty wide-ranging one, with eager Claudia asking the most questions.

Claudia had been doing some sex therapy herself in New York, but judging from her arguments with Symonds and Carolyn, it was a therapy which was pretty different from that being taught here at the Center. "Why *can't* I cater to my client's quirks?" she asked. "If he wants a blow-job, why can't I give it to him? What if that's the only way he can get off?"

Patiently, Symonds and Carolyn tried to explain. "We're not trying to help him 'get off,' " said Carolyn. "Prostitutes help guys get off. *We're* trying to help them deal with their dysfunction. If the only way a guy can get off is through oral copulation and you perform oral copulation, you're not helping him with his dysfunction."

"What we're trying to do," said Symonds, "is to help reorganize a patient's nervous system."

"So we're not helping guys get off," repeated Carolyn. "Actually, we're trying to retrain them."

We ended the evening—paired off now with our permanent partners—on something called a "foot, face, and hand caress." It started with almost biblical ablutions as Symonds brought out bottles of lotion and towels. What do you say about a foot caress? Well, it *does* feel good to get one. There was also a certain amount of pleasure in giving one, especially under the expert guidance of Symonds, who would croon, "And now as you get down to the tips of her toes, you slide gently away . . . so gently she will hardly even know you've gone." But what did this have to do with sex or with sexual dysfunction?

"Just part of the general learning here," said Carolyn, "to degenitalize sex—to a certain degree at least. There are a lot of people, you know, who will probably never be able to fuck. But they, too, can find some sensual enhancement."

On Sunday we graduated from feet. We gathered in the big bedroom and entwined ourselves like a can of angleworms on the king-sized bed to watch a videotape of a nude couple giving each other a really super "body caress." They used lots of lotion and oil, they didn't ignore the nipples and the genitalia (although they didn't linger there) and they used not only their fingers but their palms, wrists, and forearms as well. When the entire body caress was finished, the two lay fitted together like two spoons, their eyes closed, breathing in unison. "The concentration on breathing," Symonds said, "reduces sexual tension and anxiety."

After the videotape was over, we couples split into different rooms and tried out the body caress. When Patty and I had finished, we too lay together back to front like two spoons, breathing as one.

Despite all this degenitalized sex, there was a certain feeling of anticipation in the air during lunch, for we'd seen the posted schedule of events and something called "pleasuring and clamping" was listed on the afternoon agenda.

Again we were instructed by a videotape, but this time there was a different couple on the screen, handsomer than the first pair, to show us just what the exercise entailed. The man pleasured the woman to a point just short of orgasm. Then she did him. He lay on his back, she sat astride him and, after a few caressing preliminaries, started stroking his penis. When he had clearly arrived at the point of ejaculation, she quickly and firmly took hold of his penis just below the glans with her first two fingers and thumb. He didn't come. Within less than a minute, she was caressing him again with her hands. He again became tumescent and warned her that he was coming. But he didn't, for she clamped again and, after another minute passed, went on to work him over once more. They repeated the process a third time. This might have become boring, but finally the male on the screen failed to tell his partner soon enough and he came in her hands. This seemed to be OK. "Accidents will happen," said Symonds. "Don't worry about it if it happens to you." Smiling, the girl on the videotape used the semen as a kind of lotion and gave her partner a new kind of chest caress.

The tape stopped, the screen went black, and everyone exhaled. Symonds told us all to go off to our appointed rooms with our partners. "We'll be dropping in on you to see how you're doing," he said. The point of the film we had just seen was clear enough. It was an important bit of lab training for the surrogate who would later have to work with the most common of all sexual dysfunctions, premature ejaculation. What surprised me and the other men was that the clamping was so effective. We just lay back, almost came a number of times, and enjoyed. Of course, we too had our little accidents—but not until the appointed hour was almost up.

Weekend number two: More—much more—of the same. Inevitably, despite Symonds's warnings that "there'll be no fucking here," penises got into vaginas.

There was a new lesson on female masturbation. We watched one woman pleasuring herself on videotape. "This should be done," said Symonds, "in such a way that orgasm is almost incidental." I asked what female masturbation had to do with surrogate training. Symonds and Carolyn said that they weren't quite sure, but that this is something men ought to know about, as it was far more common than most people imagine. Men shouldn't become alarmed about it, and they certainly shouldn't take it in a personal way. "There are times," Carolyn said, "when we women want to pleasure ourselves. And this doesn't have anything to do with our men. It certainly doesn't imply that they are inadequate, it's just a different mode. If we want to do it, our men shouldn't get uptight about it."

For the rest of the weekend there was lots of mutual pleasuring and lots of clamping. There was a videotape on the use of the "scissors position" as a starting point and how to get into the other positions from there. We all had to practice this ourselves, and naturally a lot of what is known in crass circles as fucking resulted. "Hey," hollered Claudia, during one of the last discussion periods, "I thought we weren't going to do any fucking?"

Sunday afternoon: We'd done it all. The women were tired but happy. None of them had freaked out. Except for occasional moments of torture, the men had enjoyed the exercises. Everyone had learned some new things, and most of us had learned more than a little about ourselves and about the once mysterious functionings of the opposite sex. No one fell into any obvious abiding attachments. I was sorry that I hadn't managed to participate in a little after-hours screwing with Stacey, but at least I did get what every journalist really lives for—my story.

Then, at long last, getting dressed in preparation for our several departures, I received an unexpected bonus. Symonds handed out certificates to both the surrogates and aides as well! My diploma-sized parchment read:

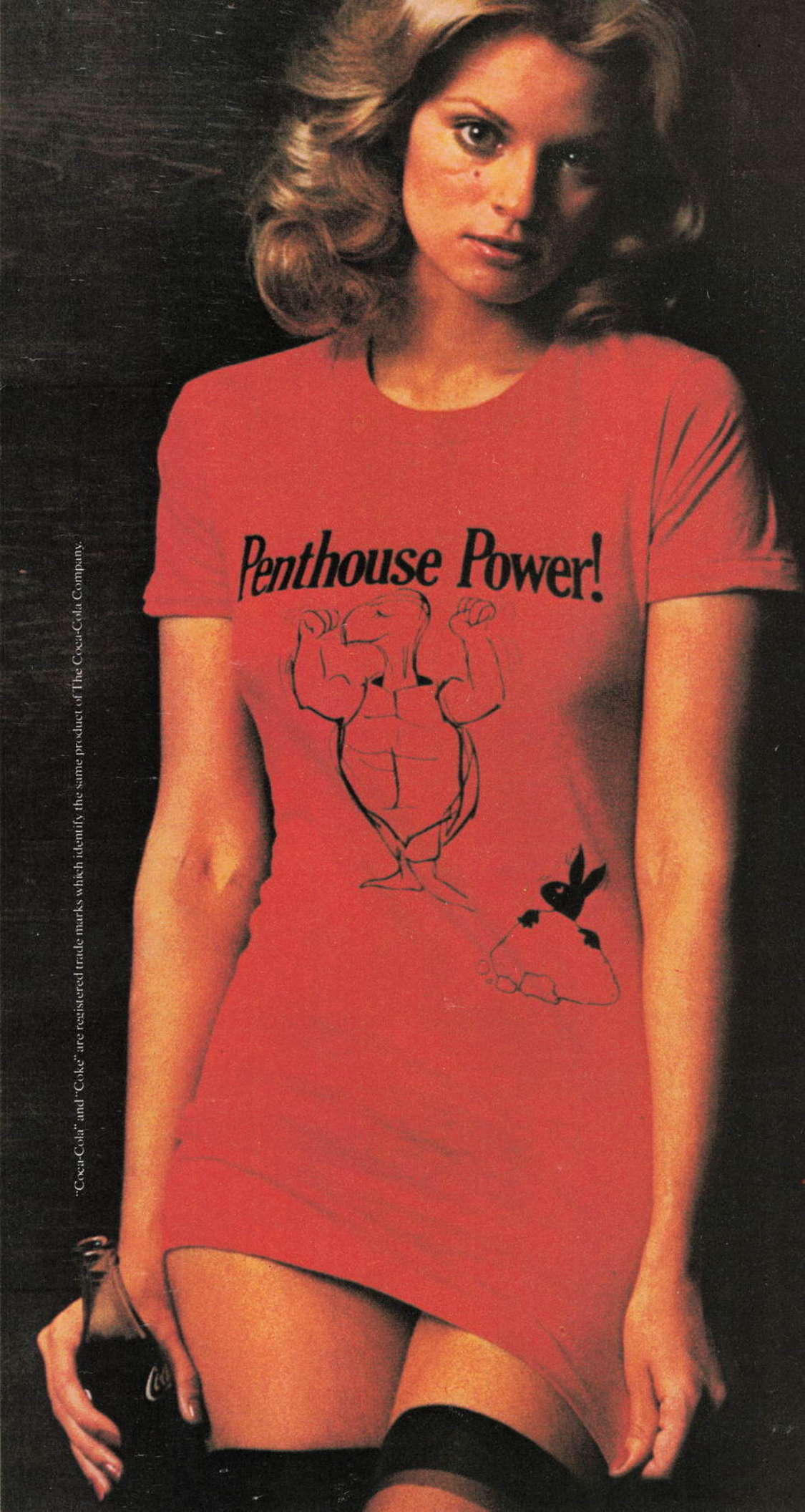
SENSORY AWARENESS CENTER

Individual and Group Programs for the Enhancement of Sensual and Sexual Functioning

This CERTIFIES that
Robert Blair Kaiser
has successfully completed forty-six hours of intensive workshop training in sensual and sexual enhancement and has demonstrated proficiency in the application of sensual and sexual techniques for the enhancement of his personal life.

(Signed) *Carolyn Symonds*
Emerson Symonds
(Director)

I accepted the document with a lewd laugh. Many men are proficient, I thought, but few have a parchment to prove it. I resolved to display mine proudly. In fact, I'm thinking of having a miniaturized version printed on the back of my business cards—either that or hiring a skywriter to hang it up over Manhattan.



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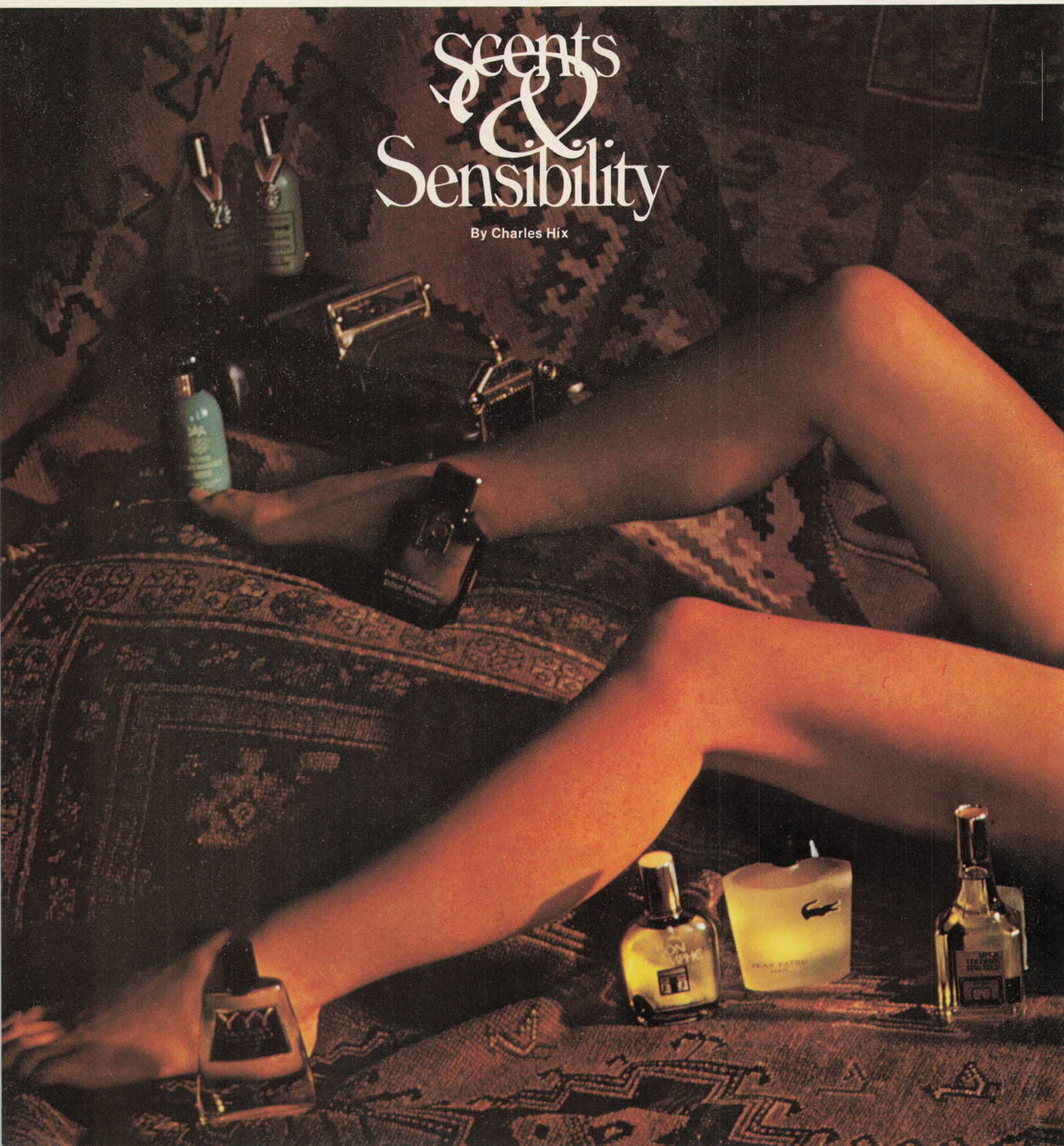
Scents & Sensibility

By Charles Hix

Masters and Johnson and their human sex machines have been experimenting with it, therapists and shrinks and libido-liberators have all been prying into it, but no one is positive how deeply they're really penetrating man's most primitive sense—the sense of smell. Fragrance has the power to do both to and for us exotic things of which we're consciously unaware. We live in an increasingly fragrance-filled



milieu, where everything from candles to vaginal sprays is scented to tickle and trick our nostrils. Used cars are sprayed to smell "new"; toilet tissue is made chemically "daisy-fresh."

With this esoteric world of smell surrounding us, fragrances for men—conventional fragrances like colognes and after-shaves—should be pretty simple, right? Wrong. The whole rationale for men's fragrance is to make a man more appealing sexually. Right off, that conjures

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

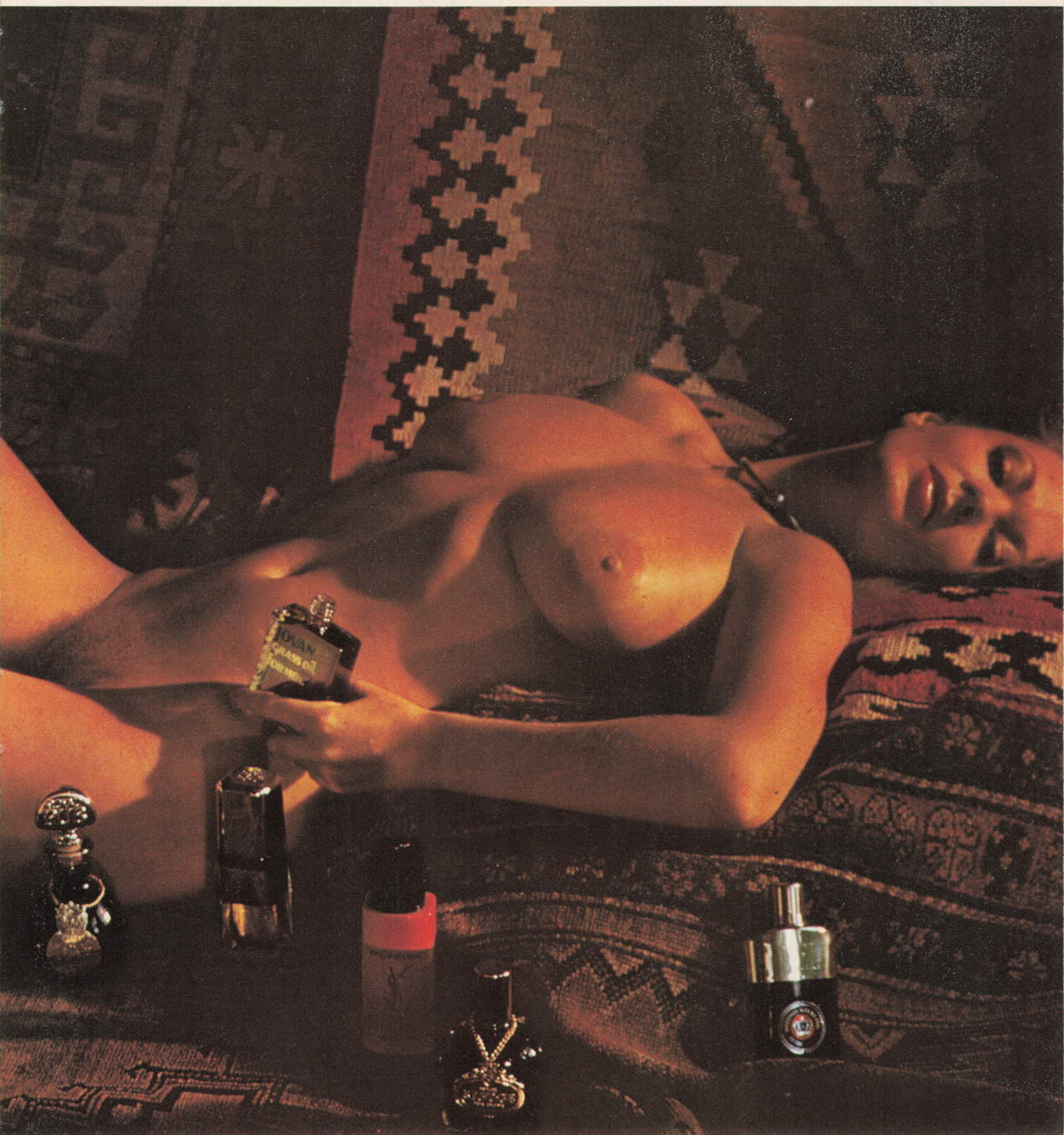
In what might be considered the true spirit of Christmas giving, Penthouse Pet of the Year Avril Lund adds just the right touch of sensuality to the scents that surround her.

At top left, a mini Rolls Royce music-cum-jewelry box contains bottles of Zizanie de Fragonard Eau de Toilette and Après Shave. On pillow at left center is Royal Copenhagen's spray-mist cologne.

In Avril's hand is Jōvan's Grass Oil for men, and resting against her regal thigh is Revlon's Royal Pub.

From toe to tip are Yardley's Black Label, Mon Triomphe, Paco Pour Homme, Lacoste by Jean Patou, Musk Cologne by English Leather, Givenchy Gentleman, YSL, Sauvage, and British Sterling.

Photographs by Alen MacWeeney



up fantasies of aphrodisiacs. Alas! There isn't one that's universally recognized, although one scholar seriously maintains that a whiff of white jasmine can in an instant turn a woman into a wanton. But most men wouldn't be caught dead wearing white jasmine—because it doesn't have a "masculine" smell—so what's a guy to do?

Fortunately, since this is the season of giving, most guys needn't do a thing except take off the gift wrapping. You're bound to receive at least one, and probably more, bottles of cologne for the holidays. If you do, write the name of the pet who gave it to you on a piece of masking tape and attach the tape to the bottom of the bottle. Since she chose it, she must want you to wear it with her... for her.

It's also very likely that you'll be receiving fragrance in forms you haven't noticed before. Men's grooming companies are marketing handy pocket sprays, and one manufacturer is even offering an aerosol cologne packaged to look like a fountain pen. You simply clip it inside your jacket.

In recent years, the most popular scents for men have been the citrus types. In their most direct formulation, they are strongly reminiscent of lemons or limes, but there are infinite variations within citrus colognes as in all other basic groupings. A few years back, musk and "animal" colognes were the sexually stimulating rage for men and women alike. "Environmental" fragrances—woodsy or crisp green scents—then came on a bit more strongly, competing with but not dethroning the animal types. Today, a huge variety of different scent classifications are available, and it's not uncommon for a cologne to have from a minimum of twenty on up to four hundred different ingredients — so there's nothing simple about men's fragrance. We've come a long way since Billy the Kid's lilac water.

With so many different fragrances to choose from, and with so many variations among similar cologne classifications, it's next to impossible to explain why someone likes one particular scent rather than another. It seems fragrance works within us on completely unconscious levels. For example, fragrance chemists have discovered that Japanese and Scandinavians, as national groups, both react negatively to heavy, animal scents which they perceive as unclean, probably because each group, though different in many other ethnic ways, is largely fish-eating. Moslem men appreciate floral fragrances, and many Near Eastern men are particularly strong on heavy rose bouquets, worn by themselves. Latins are more into spicy fragrances.

Why will the woman in your life give you a special gift of fragrance this holiday? Well, first, she may be influenced by the "image" of the cologne. Hai Karate, for example, has a pleasantly distinctive sweetness but is difficult to describe in usual fragrance terms (woodsy, mossy, earthy, spicy, leathery, modern, Oriental, and the like). As a gift, though, there's no doubt she's using her own body language. Macho is another open invitation to take the upper position.

Amber scents are warm, body-comforting. Kanøn, for example, projects direct, straightforward joy in physical closeness. Royal Copenhagen is another ambery scent, with some woodsy tones. Sauvage is also highly ambery, with some tabac and patchouli in the first aromatic impression.

A little more active in conjuring the outdoors are the green and/or grassy colognes. Jōvan's Grass Oil for Men refers to the green stuff, not Acapulco Gold. Lacoste Eau de Sport, from packaging to scent, summons up pine. When she gives either, it's a way of complimenting your pioneer spirit... or it's a definite hint. Either way, next time, do it outdoors.

More woodsy than green are colognes like Sandalwood by Arden, also newly available as Sandalwood Intensified Cologne for greater staying power. Sandalwood is basically a cool, brisk fragrance. Close and personal. She's saying she's at ease with you. No games, just quiet intimacy.

A little more earthy are the musky scents. Musk Cologne for Men by English Leather is subtle, with the musk a bit less earthy than Monsieur Houbigant, for example. Old Spice also makes a musk, but no woman gives musk colognes these days without knowing the lusty connotation.

Zizanie is also full-bodied, but it has a sweeter scent than animal musk. Close snuggling.

Of course, none of these colognes have just one primary scent. They are all carefully blended. But some fragrances are purposely two-faced. Like Revlon's Royal Pub—it's musky, but also woodsy and mossy. Paco combines classic vetiver with sandalwood and patchouli. With these gifts, she might be saying she hasn't really figured out the real you.

The same could be true for some of the more exotic colognes—exotic because of indefinable type or merely their romantic names. Put both Hidalgo by Myrurgia and Cervantes in this group. They're unlike the citrus types—Yardley Black Label, for one—which tell you she knows exactly how the two of you stand. You're solid together.

The most difficult gifts to analyze are the "Name Game Fragrances." Like Yves St. Laurent, Givenchy Gentleman, Bill Blass, Rochas' Moustache, Rudi Gernreich, Pierre Cardin, and the like. They're all fine and carefully formulated. Givenchy Gentleman, for example, is very spicy, with top notes of cinnamon and cardamon. It makes a bold, definite impression. Yves St. Laurent is a citrus, more "continental" and less brashly Americanized. Blass is a more exotic mixture of wood notes and mossy tones. Each name fragrance is distinct. The real question, though: Is she giving you one of these because of its reputed prestige or is she unsure of herself with you and playing it safe?

But, after all, whatever the fragrance, whatever the name, maybe the *real* reason she gives you cologne is because *she* likes the way it smells and wants to smell it on you. Despite Masters and Johnson et al, fragrance might not be a deeply psychological thing.

By its very nature, the gift of fragrance is automatically a sensual gift. Why not, this holiday season, be flagrantly fragrant? Forget common scents. Enjoy yourself!

"He's afraid Ralph Nader will recall his pacemaker."

COMING HOME HIGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

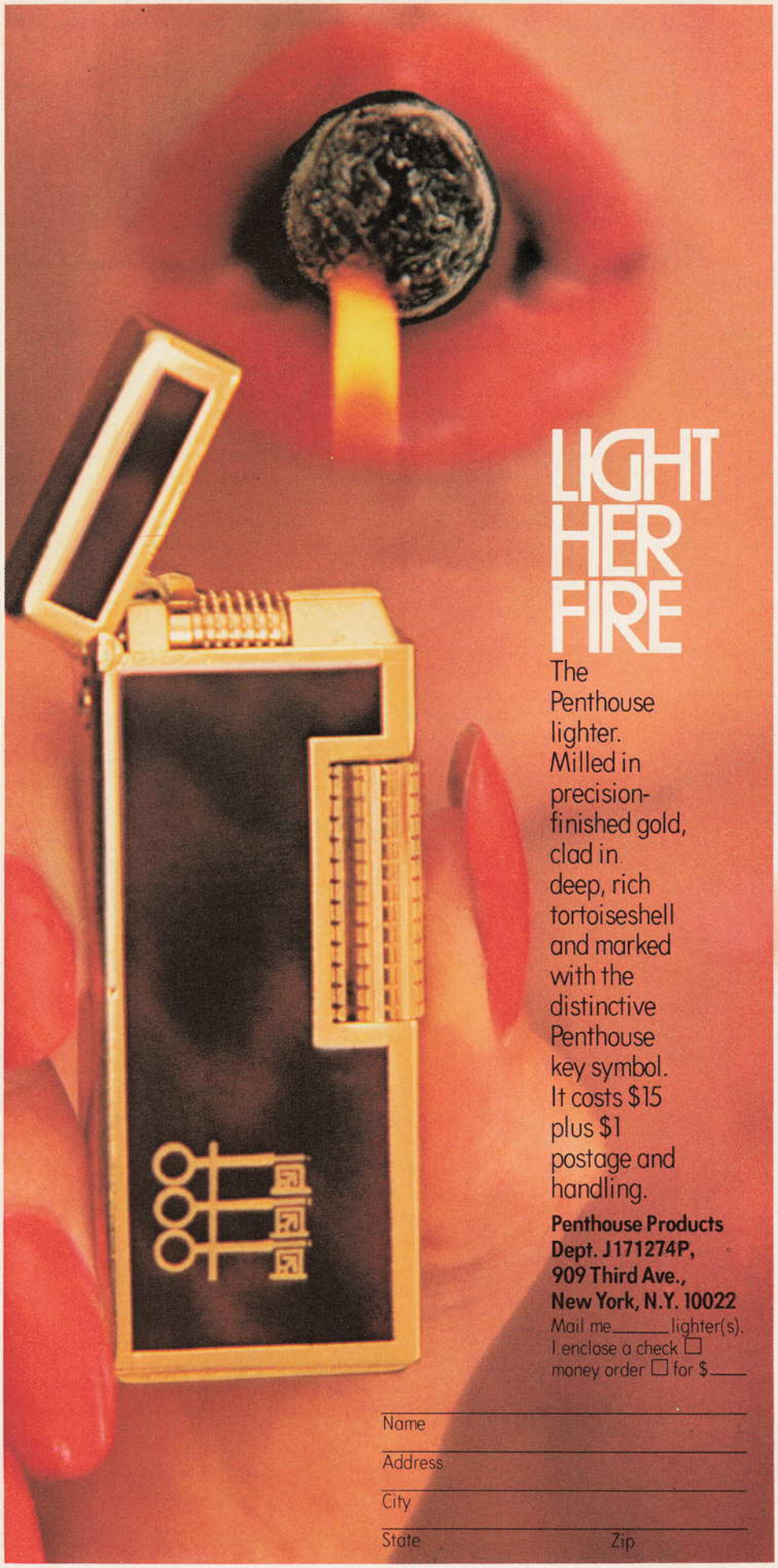
The plane went into a steep climb, the horizon nearly vertical in the window. And there it was. Pale orange dirt roads, shallow pitched thatch roofs, buffalo sunning themselves in puddles that flashed brilliantly white for an instant, reflecting the sun, the bouncy soft canopy of the jungle green and gold and green. I felt a quickening of blood in my neck, a muted gushing in my ears. Several of the dudes let out a cry, but there wasn't much joy in it, not the incredible shriek one would expect. This was part of the ritual also, the sighing and banging of fists on the armrests, the cheers and hat

> "I have traveled to a place where the dead lie above the ground in rows and bunches. . . . This is not my country anymore, not my time . . ."

throwing and streamers pulling tight between the sundeck and the open-air warehouse crowded with girl friends watching their meal tickets sail for home and a discharge. And then the last of the ritual, a benediction, the mouthful of phlegm gathered and flung into the harbor with the tongue. But there is no ship, no crowds, no streamers, and no spit. It is no occasion for cheering or special gladness or sweet-sad crying, just a moment of strange triumph, held tight at the edges because we are only one planeful.

I watched the ocean until we came into Guam to refuel. We straggled off the plane and burst into the terminal. While we sat in the cafeteria three broads walked in wearing the most outlandish clothes, all swirls of red and orange and yellow with matching hats that looked like fezzes. The three sat at the counter and quietly ordered coffee. They sat with their legs crossed, their skirts high on their thighs. I had never seen skirts so short. *You're back in the world, you got to expect that things have moved around a little since you left.* Three of the tallest broads I had ever seen. Long legs that wrap around your head and turn you deaf. They looked prime and round-eyed for sure. Not a dude in the place was thinking about anything but walking up to those broads and talking their shit. *Baby, I dig your body, how'd you like to go somewhere and get laid, we'll all chip in.*

Back on the plane the girls showed a couple movies and served a meal. I kept ringing for more coffee until the girl would walk by every now and again with the pot. Twice I saw the lights of ships, small pinpoints, like the glow of a cigarette at 200 meters, only cold and white. I drank coffee and listened to the piped-in music. First light came easy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and quiet, like it never did on the ground. It was cleaner, a straight shot of warm sun. There was none of that gray-green funny business. It came like a good cook will slice homemade bread, quick and sharp, letting the slices fall away better than he could with his hands. First gray, then white, then golden on the front edges of the wings and engine cowling and all across the horizon. We passed the International Date Line and turned back our watches.

All night I tried to remember all the things I was going to do when I got home. I couldn't decide much beyond buying a pair of dark glasses and taking a bath. I hadn't had a bath since R & R. And the glasses, I wanted dark glasses to cover my eyes. Back in January when we started getting replacements, their eyes seemed funny, their faces pale. Even the black dudes had that paleness before they grew a crust. When they did, their eyes squinted, their hands became accustomed to holding a weapon and their shoulders slumped the same as ours. But at first the dark around the eyes, the saggy wrinkles, and the way we held our hands in half a fist, that must have surprised them, and maybe frightened them too. It is the look of the eyes, for a long time called the thousand-meter stare, the blatant sparkle of light that does not shine, the glossy, milky-white eyes not of the trenches, but the ambush. It is the thousand-meter stare cranked down to fifty, to five. It is an evil awareness, a concentration, something close to fear or the acknowledgment that death stands within the reach of an arm. It is the look that defies sleep and warm soapy water. It is blind rage, simple pleading, incomprehension, surrender to cool, perfect murder. It is a reach to see everything at once, a stab at extending the periphery of vision. It is the limit of wakefulness; because, to let the eye wander, to drop the gaze, to fall asleep, to slip into dreams is to die.

> "If there had been no witnesses, we would have killed the fat man in the same spirit we killed gooks and slopes and dinks and Charlies . . . the coldest murder."

Later that morning we pulled into Hawaii. We had to wait in the terminal. I bought my dark glasses and sat on one of the benches. Some dudes went into the bar to swill down as much booze as they could without getting sick. Some dudes went into the snack bar for hamburgers and shakes. I was too high on airline coffee and everything else to do anything but sit watching the pussy that wandered around. There were short, flat ones with huge cheeks, old mama-sans built like footballs with faces hidden under necklaces of flowers; young, sweet-tasting virgins; and the ones you knew put out for somebody because they were carrying some short round of a kid on one arm.

We took off again around noon. I put my eye close to the glass and looked as far ahead as I could. Then after a while there it was, the coast of California, a thin black line. The sea had never looked so strange and cold. It kept coming closer. Then perhaps a mile or two ahead, it rose black and gray out of the water beyond the reach of the surf. There were small squatted trees hung with withered fruit and houses clustered three and four together, and small, smooth-rolling cars on the blacktopped roads. The plane glided over the coast, where people have dragged themselves for hundreds of years and stood on the edge of the rocks and cursed the ocean because this is where the land finally falls back into the sea.

Then after a moment we were flying over Travis Air Force Base. We circled once with the gear down and touched ever so lightly. I began to shiver. Standing on the roof of the terminal was a crowd of people trussed in heavy coats and gloves, waving their arms like crazy and yelling something at the plane. Right on the mark. They turned off the engines and two guys with the ground crew wheeled up the stairs and ran up to help open the door. It is hardly possible to sit here and reconstruct the feeling, the engines winding down and the vibration that went through the whole plane when those dudes slammed the stairway against the side and the sight of a thousand strange huddled people screaming at the tops of their lungs, waving rubbers and fat babies and handkerchiefs. There was an incredible physical joy, a chill shivery breathing, a short snappy twitching of sore fingers, goose pimples. I cannot recall in my young life a similar feeling, except by degrees. I had actually lived. There were no folded sleeves or litter of cartridge boxes, no guns, no sandbags. I would never again be yanked out of the first sound sleep in months by freight train eight-inch howitzers or hold a rifle and know "You bet your sweet ass it's loaded," or have to police up a battlefield, weapons in one pile, bodies in another spread with quicklime, but the lime never quick enough.

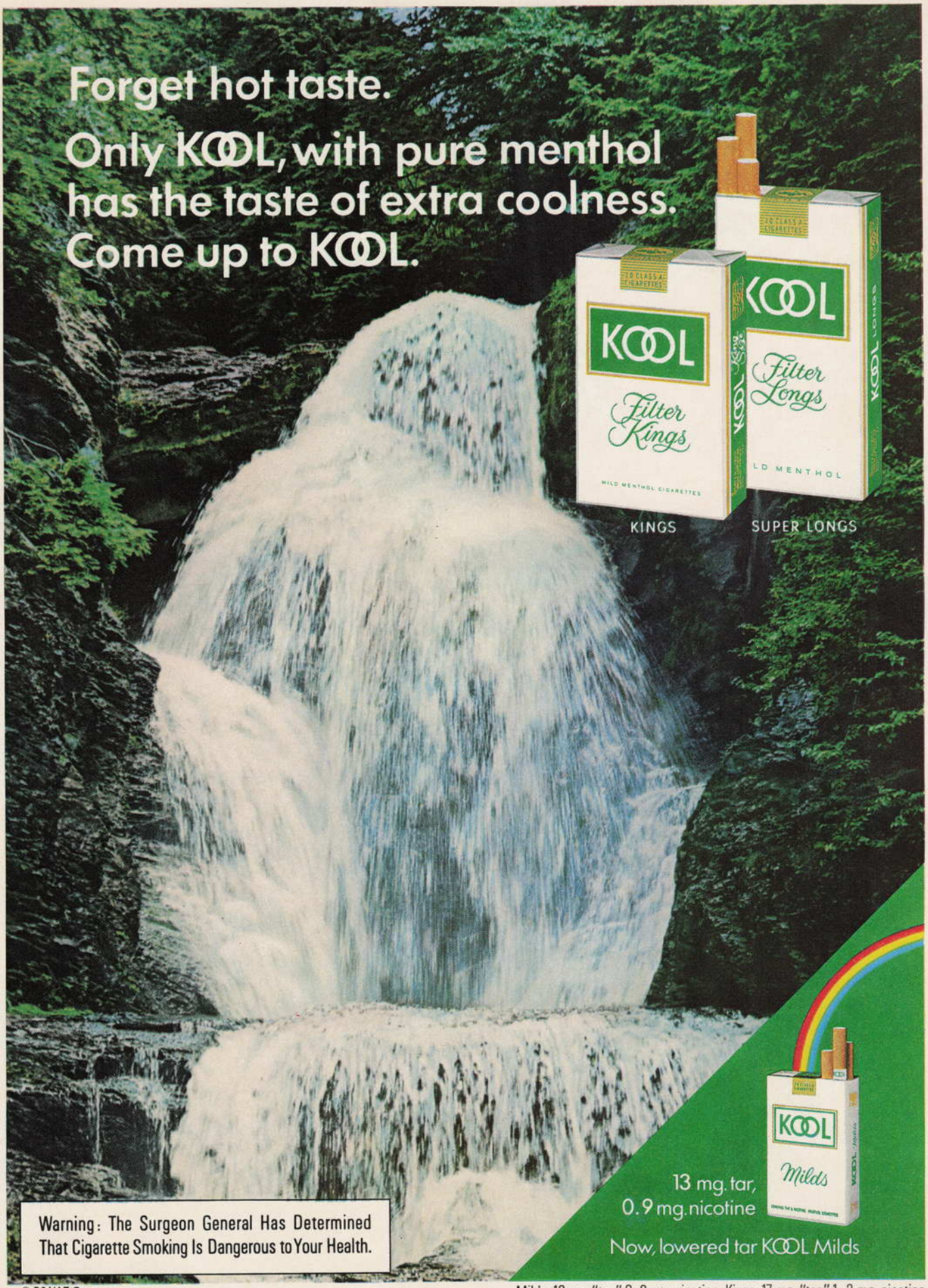
There would be no more midnight alerts, the platoon taking to the road in the middle of the night to police up a fucked-up ambush. There wasn't going to be any more of that smelling like a fetid and dying thing, because there's no water to wash in and your flak jacket stinks acrid and dead like the crapper buzzing with horseflies and maggots, but you don't smell it because you've worn it so long and simply can't smell it anymore. There was not going to be any more dust and shit between your teeth and up your nose from driving the road, of which there is not one mile of straight, level paved road that doesn't have mine craters and chuck holes, one to a square foot and so deep you cannot reach the bottom with your arm. There will be no more drinking brackish tepid water, and for a long time now there would be real food and nobody carrying a weapon twenty-four hours a day, and nobody, or at least very few people, standing along the road trying to hustle you for C-rations and Camels and Hershey's Tropical Chocolate.

I was not the first off the plane. I had the rest of my life to climb down those stairs.

The luggage came and we lined up to go through customs. I stood there with the two dudes from Bravo Company. This fat dude with his customs get up came down the line. The three of us stood there behind the long

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

"If you think that's good . . . you should see him retrieve in water!"



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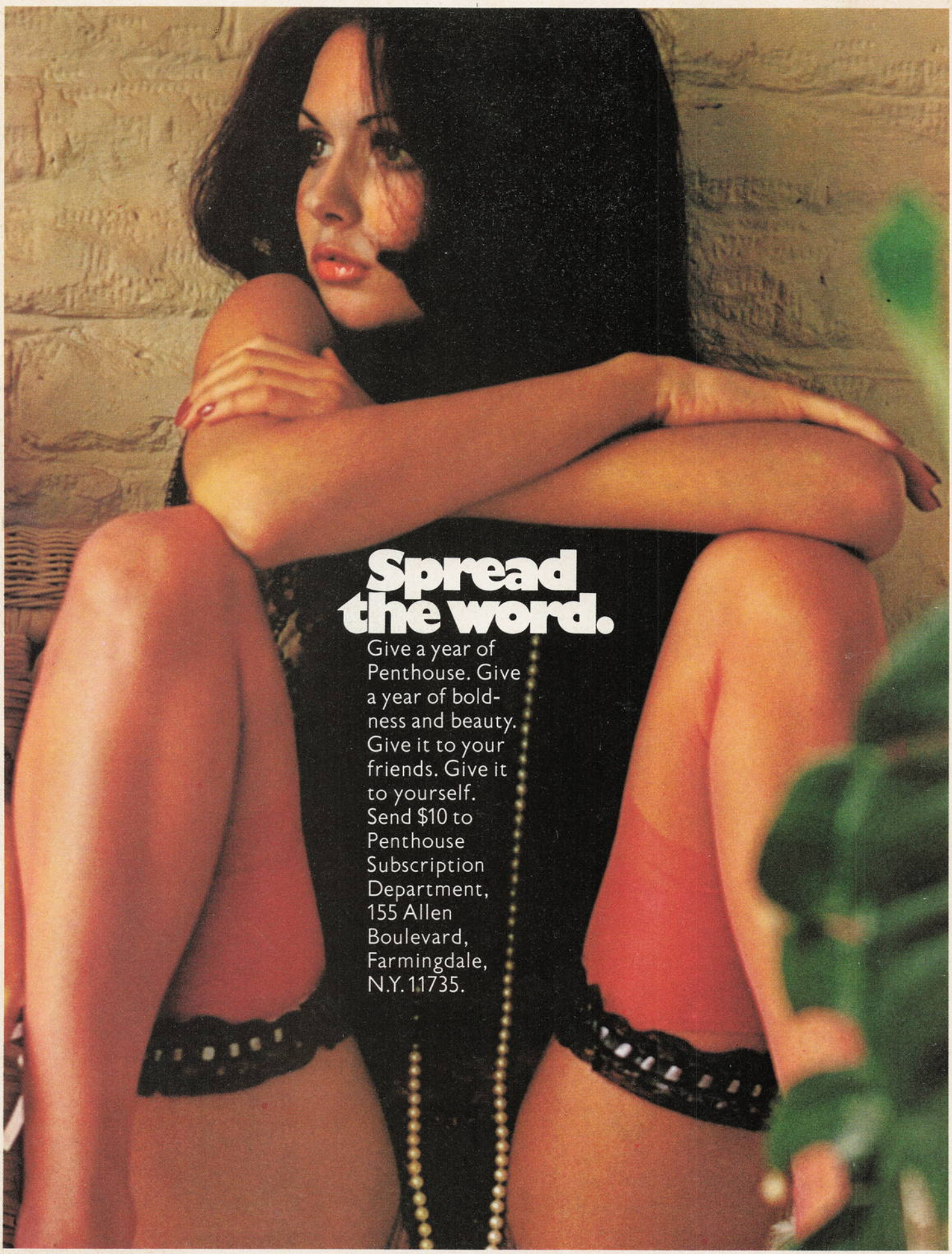
Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74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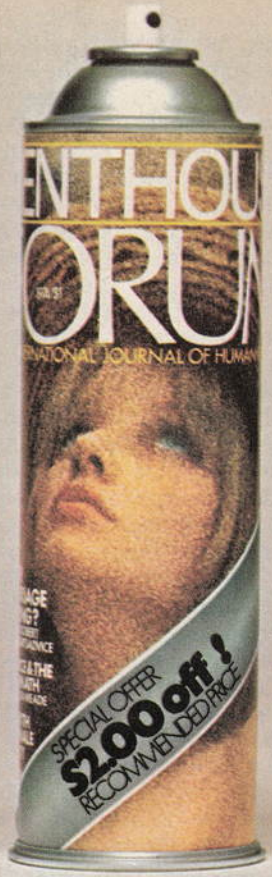

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COMING HOME HIGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

silver table with our bags, our CIBs shining blue and silver and the customs dude went through the first dude's stuff, pulling out the pockets of trousers and shirts, unraveling socks, even going through his ditty bag and looking in the envelopes of opened and saved letters. He pulled the once-over heavy and hard, looking for anything. Then he stepped over to me. I had one pair of back-in-the-world underwear, some letters tied in bundles, and of course, my one-and-only, never-fail, waterproof, Gabby Hayes bush hat.

"You got anything to declare?"

"No sir." He looked at my spread-eagle suitcase and moved on to the next dude and started on him. These two dudes had the CIBs, the Purple Hearts, the Bronze Stars, all the shit. They were also black. Tall and thin with long, pale-brown fingers and dark glasses and dope taped to their legs just like the rest of us. The day before they had been on the line, humping fifty-pound packs, necks draped with green towels, sporting bandoliers of M-60 ammo, faded camouflage covers, sweating out going home as only the grunt infantry can sweat. The three of us stood together facing the fat man who shook everybody down as they came through, looking for live ammo and pornography and booze and dope. But he couldn't have called the two Bravo Company dudes "nigger" any plainer than if it were the only word he knew. "Boy, Ah knows you trying to sneak some damn shit into this country, somethin' evil and nasty and perverted, and Ah's gonna find whatever it is, so stand back, 'fore Ah give you one upside the head. You home now, boy, an' Ah don't give a shit what you got on your sleeve, jes' stan' back." They stood there. I looked at the first dude, then the other. A look of the eyes made the sign. I've seen it, done it so many times. Follow me, fire and move, fire and move, I want body count, body count, body count. You roll through a hamlet two or three times and every trip you get one or two sniper rounds and each time you call back and tell the lieutenant. It takes him a couple trips to get the grab of things or somebody gets it, then he orders everybody to stop and pull off the road on the ambush side and open fire at nothing in particular, until everything in the hamlet is run off or dead. If the room had been empty of witnesses, if it had been just the three of us and the fat man, we would have taken him into a corner, away from the glass partition where the people stood, and cut him. I sit here and remember that silver customs badge and that gesture of his, the flipping of the last sock back into the pile, and that look of his and I say, in the simplest words I know, we would have killed him in the same spirit we killed gooks and slopes and dinks and slant-eyes and Charlies. It is the coldest murder.

We went outside and loaded into buses that would take us to the Oakland Army Terminal. It was well past dark. The dudes being reassigned went to one building, those of us getting out altogether went into another. In one large room were bleachers in front of a broad floor, marked something like a basketball court. There was a small collection of clerks wearing dress greens sitting at desks or walking around with coffee cups, trying to stay awake.

I was the first to arrive.

"Where are you going?" someone said.

"Home."

"Are you separating?"

"I guess that's what you call it. This the place?"

"Have a seat."

I put my suitcase on the floor and stretched out and fell asleep. I was awakened by one of the Bravo Company dudes and sat up just in time for this young lieutenant to hand out forms and say his little say. We handed them in and were given more. By this time it was very late. We were taken to our complimentary steak-and-eggs breakfast about midnight or so. The young lieutenant said that we would not be separated until the morning, when we would take our physicals and draw our pay. The barracks at Oakland were the new type, four floors with eight squad bays and tile floors. The transients going the other way were billeted there until their planes came. The mess hall had tin trays, real tables, stout chairs. The steaks were not bad, but it didn't mean anything anyway. On the way back to the bleachers some of the dudes stopped at the orderly room to see if they could find some place to lie down. There was a young, slick-sleeve private standing behind the counter next to a pile of unfolded blankets.

"I'm sorry, but my orders don't say anything about putting you guys up. . . ." He waved a plywood slab in someone's face. It was his general orders, stapled and covered with acetate and green tape.

"Fuck your orders, kid! All I'm talking about is a place to lay out my body for a couple hours. How fucking difficult is that?"

"Private, what's this about no bunks?" I asked.

"Uh, Sergeant, the CQ didn't leave me any orders about you guys. I don't want to get into trouble, you guys are not authorized blankets or anything."

I turned to the Bravo Company dude. "Is there a squad bay?"

"Yeah, third floor left. Nobody in it."

"Well, Private, just let these dudes sleep up there till morning. If anybody gives you a hassle, just send them to me. I'll be over at the bleachers."

As if he would know where the bleachers were.

All the dudes who wanted to sleep for a while went upstairs, which was everybody but the second Bravo Company dude and myself. I went back to the bleachers to get a towel, then went back to the barracks to take a shower. I threw away the underwear I had been wearing and put on clean. The second dude and I went back to the bleachers. We drank coffee and talked and stayed awake until the others began showing up. We were taken down to the medical section and given our physicals, blood, short-arm, psychological, the whole shebang. The guy in psychological asked me if I was having any problems. I told him I was having nightmares and headaches, so it would be on the record in case I ever did get nightmares and headaches. I found out I had high blood pressure. We were trotted down to Finance to draw our pay. Then we had to sit through a lecture by a chaplain about cleaning up our language and another by an old man in a

"Amazing! All that in a fifteen minute parking zone!"

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee." Genesis 13:8

Where do you turn for the prospects of peace this year?

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wheelchair who talked about the GI Bill and made a pitch for the VFW. We were issued new uniforms, which we would wear once and throw away. My outfit was baggy and smelled of talc and mothballs, but it didn't mean anything—I would be home by midnight. By the time we had changed into our Class-As, our DD-214's were ready.

"Is everything there?"

CIB, Purple Heart, ribbons. Yeah, that's close. Bye. I walked out to the cab line.

"You know how to find the San Francisco Airport?"

"Sure, trooper."

The cabby sat up, smiling that smile that says tips, tips, tips. I watched the traffic, but quit after a while because of the way the guy was driving. I finally closed my eyes and hummed to drown out the click of the meter. When we got to the airport I jumped out and walked up to the first counter I came to. I slid the suitcase onto the weighing machine.

"When you going to Chicago again?"

"Sir?"

"I say, when are you going to Chicago again today?"

"Oh, ah, 6:30, flight 106."

"What's the cheapest seat?"

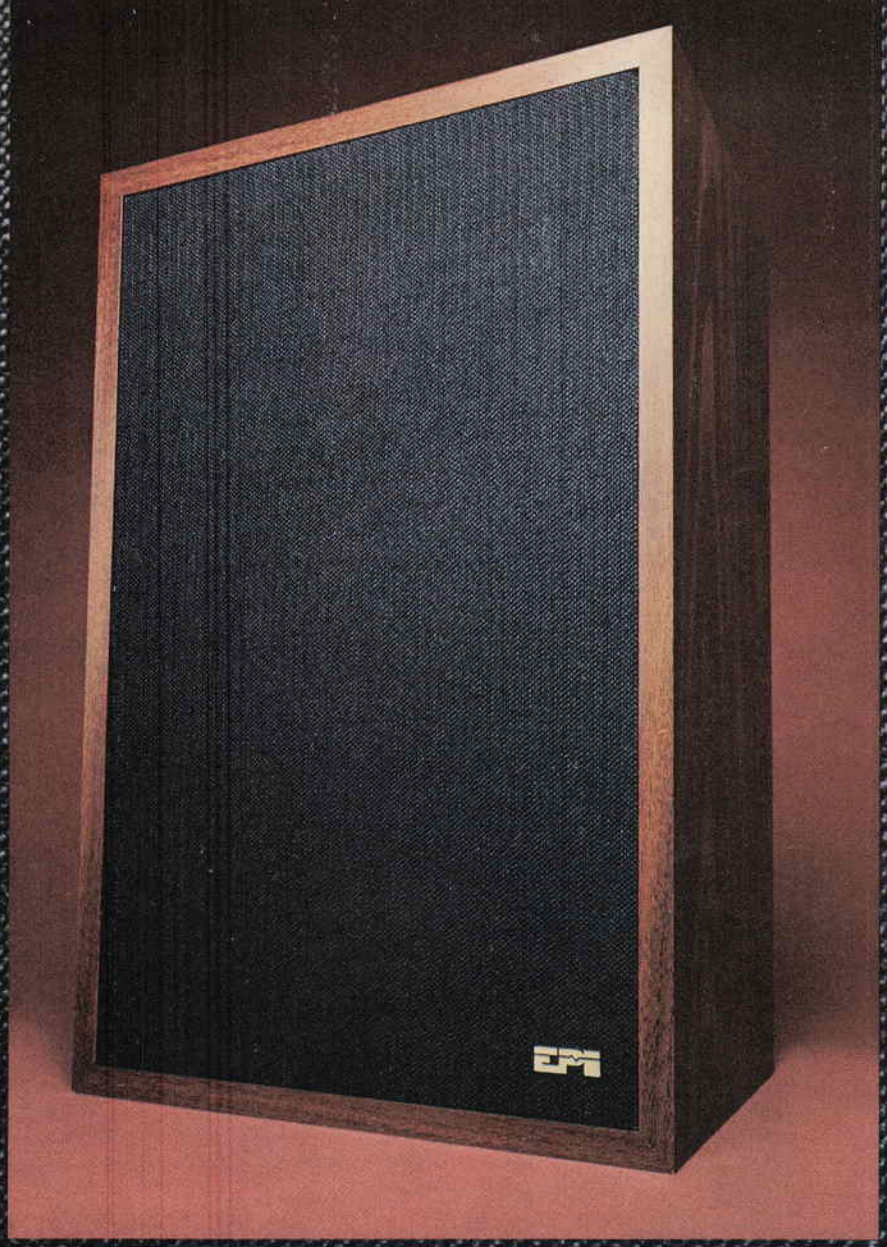
She fooled around with the ticket while I pulled the crisp bills out of my elephant-hide wallet, counted out the fare, and slid it across the counter. When she handed me the ticket she said, "Sir, the bar is down that way, first right. The USO is upstairs." She smiled, looking at my sunglasses. I smiled back and said, "Thank you," very slowly.

I went to the bar and moved into one of the booths. The waitress came over dressed in one of those getups that make a person look all tit. She handed me a menu.

"I'll have one of your world-famous double scotches, a New York cut, hash browns, a couple slices of tomato, and brussels sprouts. You got brussels sprouts? I guess that's all." She came back with the drink and left for the kitchen. "Well, here's to all us white hunters coming in with another carload of poached ivory, bleeding from the goddamn hemorrhoids." I finished it and ordered another. The girl came with the steak. I sat there and ate and ordered another drink. I finished that and ordered another. There was a row of phone booths in the concourse and I borrowed a piece of paper and took the drink with me. I had to call home. I couldn't remember the number, not exactly. Several numbers were repeated, so that the number tripped and paused, but if you said it just right it sounded rather pleasant. Finally I had what looked like it and dialed. I suddenly felt very queer. There was a gurgling in my throat, a sudden shiver. I was in San Francisco calling home, as though no time had passed between the time I left home and now.

I have traveled to a place where the dead lie above the ground in rows and bunches. Time has gone somewhere without me. This is not my country anymore, not my time. My clothes smell of blood. My skin is drawn tight around my eyes. I bleed inside, Ma. I'm a little dead inside. I am flint, Ma. I am chipped and bound to the head of a staff with raw-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191



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GETTING IT TAPED

PRODUCED BY MYLES ERIC LUDWIG
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KLAUS LUCKA
TEXT BY ROBERT ANGUS

Mitzi gets the lowdown on the plans of the general staff—all in a day's work.

Scotch
TEAC 2300S
MEMOREX 601

Previous page; top: *Behind divan is the Magnum Opus speaker ($579). The North American Phillips turntable ($119.50) sits atop the Wollensak cartridge deck ($339.95) and the JVC four-channel receiver ($749.95).* ***Previous page; bottom:*** *Beneath the action, our super-sleuths record the oohs, ahs, and troop movements on equipment as follows: Top left, Rotel RX402 receiver ($259.95), Technics by Panasonic tape deck ($459.95), Dokorder model 7140 ($629.95) using Scotch Classic Tape ($12.45), Onkyo four-channel receiver ($749.95). Pioneer car stereo tape deck ($149.95). and a Pioneer speaker ($119.95). Our enthusiastic listener on the left uses a pair of Koss Phase 2 earphones ($54.95), jacked into the Panasonic receiver and turntable, which rest on a JBL speaker ($156), the KLH 5 speaker ($225) and the BIC Venturi speaker ($149.95). Top center is a Lear Jet car tape deck ($139.50), Teac 2300S reel-to-reel ($499.50) geared with Scotch 212 tape, resting on the ESS speaker ($435). Beneath the table is Yamaha's cassette deck ($340). Spy on right using Stanton's Dynaphase 40 headphones ($39.95) confirms the action on (top right) Pioneer reel-to-reel 1020L ($649.95), with Memorex 3600 tape ($12.49) and resting on Claricon's model 68250 speaker ($79.95 the pair) which sits on top of one EPI speaker ($199.95). On the table is Sony's stereo cassette deck ($699.95), Columbia Magnetics blank cassette ($2.79) and the Maxell C60 blank cassette ($2.29), and the Uher portable tape unit ($378), and one of Comm's new auto speakers ($39.95).* ***This page:*** *Mitzi, her superior, and the boys under the stairs enjoy a little delayed replay. Top left, Magnavox 8-track tape deck ($126.90). Behind Mitzi is the BIC turntable ($199.95). Behind her well-turned calf is the Kenwood cassette deck ($250) and by her gentle ankle is the Admirable portable AM/FM 8-track stereo ($99.95). Spy on left uses Telephonics headset ($59.95). Top center is Muntz by Clarion car tape deck ($109.95) and J.I.L. car tape deck ($159.95). The general listens in on Sansui's cassette deck ($299.95), atop GE's cartridge deck ($219.95). Below our gloating voyeur is Hitachi's cassette deck ($229.95). On table is Memorex blank cassette ($4.69), Scotch C90 blank cassette ($6.95) and TDK's SD60 ($3).*

Mitzi reminisces about the good times after a hard day's work. Left of divan is the Cerwin-Vega speaker ($201). Behind that gartered leg is the BSR 810 turntable ($219.95) which rests on the KLH 5. Behind the unopened champagne is Garrard's turntable ($209.95) and the Fisher stereo receiver ($249.95). Left front is Nakamichi model 700 cassette tape deck ($849). Mitzi's robe came from Harriet Love, her black skirt from Singing Wolf, her shoes from the Chelsea Cobbler and her ivory fan from Lune En Papier. All prices are suggested retail. See page 148 for further information on equipment displayed here.

If you're one of those guys who bought a tape-cartridge player when you bought your new car (or added one to your old car) chances are you have a library of tapes to go with it. And if you're like me, you probably know most of those tapes by heart. But have you ever thought of rolling your own? It's not quite as easy as cutting your own cassettes, but it can be fun. And you can build a collection of just the program material you want to hear when you want to hear it.

To do the job, you'll need an eight-track cartridge recorder. Recorders are available from Akai, Hitachi, JVC, Magnavox, Sony, Realistic, and Wollensak, among others, and cost between $140 and $180. These recorders also serve as playback decks, and can be incorporated into home systems.

Even if you're used to making open-reel or cassette tapes, you'll find the eight-track recorder an entirely new experience. Instead of having two programs to fill, as you do with open-reel and cassette tapes, you have four—each about half the length of a cassette program. Also, the construction of the cartridge can create problems. Because the tape loop is endless, you may find yourself erasing Program 1 when you've finished Program 4, if you're not careful.

Finding the beginning of a reel of tape or a cassette is a simple matter. You open the box, and the beginning of the tape is right there. But that may not be the case with cartridges. Although the tape is an endless loop, there is a bit of metal foil connecting the two ends. This foil triggers the program-change mechanism inside the eight-track deck, and serves as the starting point for your recording. While most of the blank cartridges you buy are packaged so that the foil is exposed when you open the box, some aren't—and if you're re-recording a previously used cartridge, the odds are good that the foil is buried somewhere inside the shell. You can, of course, begin recording anywhere on the cartridge—whether you find the foil first or not. But if you do, you'll have trouble finding the beginning of your recording later on, and the odds are very good that you'll accidentally erase some of it.

So take a few minutes to find that foil. Most of the better recorders will do the job for you automatically. All you do is insert the cartridge, turn on the auto-eject or auto-stop switch, and place the unit in fast-forward mode. The cartridge automatically stops or ejects when the foil passes the playback head, and you're ready to begin recording. (Fast-forward on a cartridge recorder is much slower than on a cassette or open-reel unit. A good open-reel recorder can whip through 1200 feet of tape in about a minute, while it takes a cartridge deck four times as long to handle only 400 feet.)

The eight-track recorder has no rewind facilities, so it's impossible to back up to correct a mistake. But you can stop the machine, put it into play mode, press the repeat switch, wait for the unit to play the blank part of the track you're recording, and then repeat what you've recorded, up to the point you want to correct. You'd better become adept at hitting the stop or eject button at exactly the right time, or you'll have to wait for the entire program to play through again. For this reason, the electronic editing you can do on a cassette or open-reel recorder is very difficult to do on a cartridge unit. Nor can you edit manually. Because there are four programs on any given length of tape, you're cutting into all four when you edit one.

If you're taping pop tunes, editing usually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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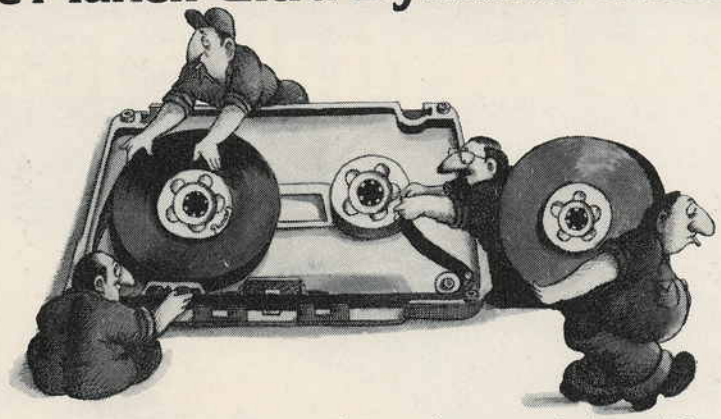

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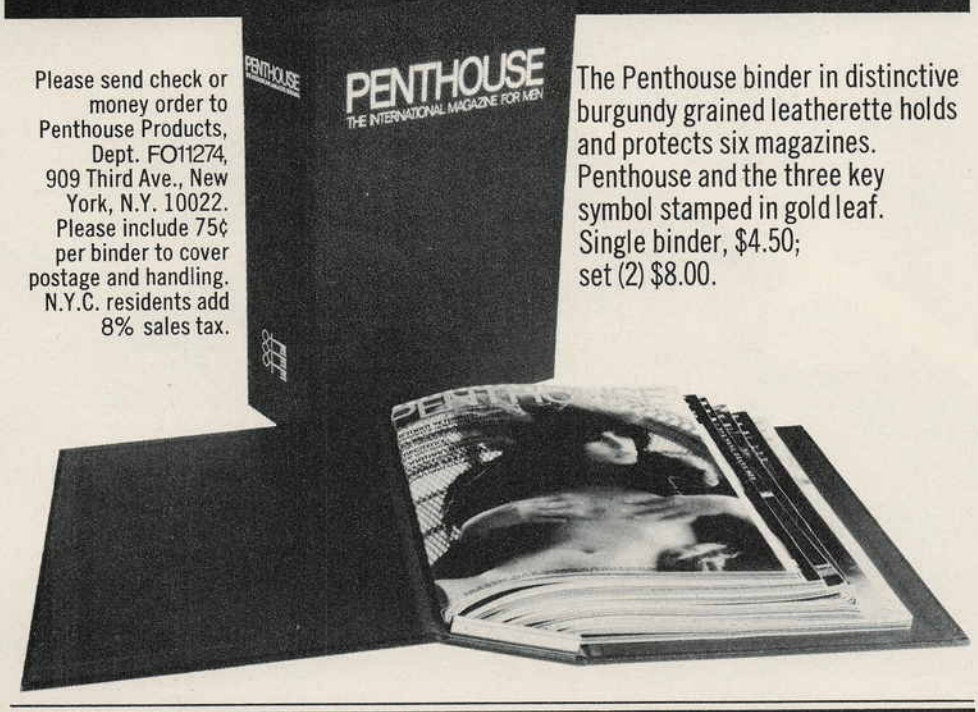

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doesn't become a problem. The average song runs between two and three minutes, so a twenty-minute program should be able to hold some six or seven songs—which is about the length of one side of a long-playing record. So before you even insert the blank cartridge, it's a good idea to know exactly what you're going to put on each program. Fortunately, a growing number of record manufacturers tell you exactly how long a given song runs, either on the record label or on the jacket. When computing the time, don't forget to allow an extra three to five seconds between selections (that's what record manufacturers give you on an LP, and it'll take you at least that long to change discs) plus two to three seconds minimum at each end of the program.

To aid in timing your recordings, most cartridge recorders have tape indicators built in. These indicators count the revolutions of the tape pack and translate them into elapsed playing time. When you subtract that figure from the total recording time available on each program of the cartridge you're using, you'll have a general idea how much time remains. Remember, however, that the cartridge counter isn't a clock. It merely gives an approximation of how much playing time has elapsed since you set it. You should also reset the timer every time you hear your recorder click for a change of program.

You're ready to make your first eight-track recording. You've got your programs arranged for all four tracks, your sound source correctly connected to the recorder, the cartridge ready to load into the slot. But before you let 'er go, it's a good idea to check your volume levels for both channels. Insert the cartridge while pressing the record button and the pause control. Now start your sound source. Wait for a minute or two for a loud signal, then set the volume control.

The idea is to let sounds peak at zero on the volume indicator—or as close to zero as possible. If the needle swings above zero, the tape is likely to overload, causing distortion. If it never climbs above −5 on the scale, your recording will be very noisy. Because you'll have to turn up the volume to hear it at a decent level, you'll be boosting the background noise as well. The idea in cartridge recording is to get as strong a signal on the tape as possible without distorting—which explains the popularity of such premium cartridges as TDK's SD, Memorex, and BASF. If the cartridge recorder is your first, you may be tempted to "ride gain"—that is, to keep pushing the record-level controls up and down as the needles flick back and forth. Resist it. Find the loudest signal, set your controls so that it peaks at zero, then leave the levels alone.

Sound like too much trouble? It's undeniably more complicated than making a cassette or open-reel tape. But you have plenty of opportunity to be creative, precisely because of the limitations of the system. And you're that much more likely to enjoy the fruits of your labor when you play your first cartridge on your car stereo.

COMING HOME HIGH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 182

hide. When I am flung, I strike trees and shiver. I am water, Ma. I am stone. I am swift water, made from snow. I am stone, chipped from giant granite boulders, small shards, jagged, sharp-edged, sliding down the rock-face past the treeline. Chips and flakes break away from me, and sparks sometimes. I hear voices, I have seen a wraith, Ma. He wears boots and britches and strange livery. He talks to me, he whispers, he laughs. He touches my stomach with the back of his hand, like people will put an arm on your shoulder when they speak gently.

"Hello, Ma? It's me, Phil. San Francisco. I'm home, Ma. I'll be flying in tonight, flight 106." *Ma? It's me. I'm home, Ma. . . . San Francisco.*

I went back to the bar. I drank double scotches, ice and all, and every time the waitress bent down to pick up the glass I looked down the front of her getup, as though she had anything different. She looked at me funny, not because I was looking at her, but she had never seen anybody drink scotch, ice and all, and put their feet up on the leather and mumble quite so loud and talk about ivory and a man called Atévo.

Being drunk never felt so sweet. Everything slowed down to a nice hazy crawl. Mellow like sun-warmed bathwater.

The flight was called. I finally got on the plane and took a seat in the back away from the window. I drank coffee and stayed strapped in, then we were flying low again, over lighted streets and theater marquees and neon signs hung high over bars and tall, gaudy airport hotels. We hit the end of the runway and dashed quickly to the terminal. Planes were everywhere. *The only things that make it real are the dress greens and the ribbons and the smell of perfume the stewardesses lay so thin when they walk by. I am the only one on the plane who knows what they smell like. Like the mist that sprays when you pierce a lemon with your nail or the back of clean hands.* I walked out, my blouse unbuttoned, tie pulled loose, collar wide, orange dust still on my shoes. The first one I saw was Eddie, the youngest, a Marine who got his eardrums blown out last June, nine months before. He looked tall and fat. Richard, the next oldest, was beside him. He came home with a discharge the day I left for San Francisco. Ma was wearing her beige coat that she held tight with both hands, as though she was shivering cold. Richard wrote me that she had been sick nearly the whole time since Eddie had been wounded. Pop stood there in his one suit, a shaving cut on his chin. I stopped just in front of them, looking at each one, as though they were stiff and propped there. I walked up to Eddie and shook his hand. *We are both home, Eddie.* While we stood there holding each other by the hand I reached up, put my arm around him and gave him a great hug, a thing I had never done. I held him there and

New B·I·C 980 Automates Brillo Bob

A bunch of us from Warehouse Sound Co. were doing the national electronics show, and it'd been a long day. We'd started from San Luis Obispo and traveled nine hours by ox cart, plane, and bus, and then walked miles in that overgrown exhibit hall. Now we're looking for a cab, all of us beat and wishing we were anywhere but in Chicago.

All except Brillo Bob, who's our permanently wired audio freak; he's bubbling about some new B.I.C. turntable he's just seen and using words like "revolutionary" and "incredible." But nobody's listening — our ears have long since shifted out of gear from too many over-hyped salesmen.

We flag a cab and pile in. Bob gets the front seat, but promptly turns around. "I wish you guys would listen to me . . ."

Weary silence.

"You've got to see this thing, the B.I.C. 980 . . . they're using a twenty-four-pole, servo-controlled 300 RPM motor. It's *programmable* . . . and it's the first belt-driven automatic changer! Cripes — you ought to see the way it handles records . . ."

Mike tells Bob to get back in his cage. Bob just grins. "Okay, but I'm telling you it's a ball-buster. Just wait and see."

We reach the hotel and guess who I get for a roommate.

Next morning I awake to find Bob has fled after using my toothbrush, comb, and all the towels. There's a note on the mirror: "Do something about your midrange-snoring, you distort. See you at B.I.C."

When the rest of us finally get back for the show's second day, we head for the B.I.C. display to see what the hell Bob is so excited about. And there he is, surrounded by B.I.C.'s vice-president, Frank Hoffman, and half their sales staff. And Bob's telling *them* about their own 960 and 980. Mr. Hoffman tells me that they'll let Warehouse Sound Co. have the first shipment of new turntables, if only Bob would put their demonstrator back together . . .

Now, several months later, we've had time to check out the new B.I.C. turntables. Bob jilted his manual and lives with a new 980. The rest of us think the B.I.C.'s are so fine that we've even featured them in our new catalog. Write or call, and we'll zip you B.I.C. literature, fast and free. Add $1 for postage, and we'll also send our 64-page discount catalog of music systems and components, plus your choice of the 1975 edition of the Music Machine Almanac, a 185-page full-color guide of today's stereo and quad components, complete with photos, specs, and prices, (normally $1.95), or our own 64-page Professional Products catalog for musicians. Better yet, send $2 and get it all. Either way, we mail first class, the day we get your coupon . . .

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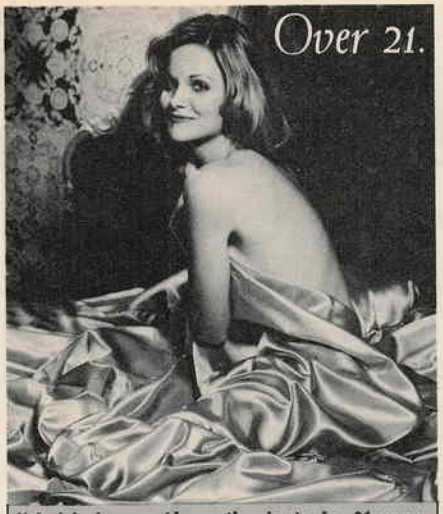

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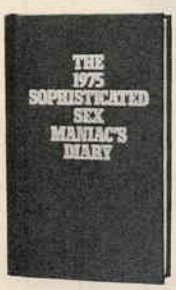

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he put his arm around me. I could feel the excitement he felt in his heart. *We're both home, Eddie.* After a moment I turned and did the same to Richard and Pop, then turned to Ma. *I am really home, Ma.* She and I hugged gently for a time, then the five of us left.

That night I did not bother to go to bed.

Early the next evening I went out to buy a pint of scotch. The clerk, a tall young dude with a Skil Saw pencil pocket looked me over.

"You got an ID?"

I pulled out my driver's license.

"You got a draft card? Did you know this license is expired?"

"Well, hey, I just got out of the army yesterday. I was overseas when the license expired. When I went into the army they took my draft card and gave me an ID. I haven't had time to reapply. Don't you believe I'm Philip Dosier?" I pulled out my DD-214. "How's that?"

"So?"

"Look, here's my citation for the CIB. My sergeant's promotion, Purple Heart. Is that good enough?"

"No." He stood there shaking his head. "And I cannot sell you any liquor. That's the rule, kid."

I stepped back from the counter to put the papers back in my billfold. *Just remember, no hassle, no trouble.* There was no use telling the guy what I was thinking, that two days before I would have cut him in half, fucked him up for fair. *Fuck with me and I'll wrap your ass around the neck of that bottle and stuff it down the goddamn plumbing.* I looked at the dude behind the counter, grabbed for the scotch, and flipped it over my wrist. It hit a jug of Gallo and smashed on the floor. I walked out the door.

"Hey, you. . . ." I kept walking. I sat in the car shaking. I left slowly, driving on the right, suddenly unaccustomed to the night lights and the cars and the cold. I had to step back from all this. I had to get away from Chicago and the cold and fucked-up civilians.

That night I slept with clean sheets and blankets and my old scroungy pillow. This was it, the way I dreamt of sleeping for God knows how long. Arms spread under the pillow, elbows and legs stretched out, nothing but room compared to that fucking cot back at Dau Tieng, and warm and dry besides. But it didn't feel right. There was a tightness in my shoulders, an odd texture to the linen, a strange convulsion in my stomach. I got up after a while and took a couple aspirin. I lay on my back, my hand on my stomach. There it was—that tightness, that itch, that slow-motion growl. I could hear voices, mumbled, swallowed in the rain, the sounds of night fire, the long, green-orange streaks of tracers ricocheting off the ground into the air, the orange and blue and white flashes of RPGs, and the stubby scarlet and black of the incoming. I got out of bed and stripped it, laying one blanket on the floor and the other over me. I slept on my back with an arm under my head, my legs cramped and tight.

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VACATION ISLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

rains. The rains also bring out the island's bees, who will sting you whether you disturb them or not, so pack a beekeeper's outfit (the stings cause temporary deafness).

Then there are the Unfaithful Geysers, active, steamy geysers that are hidden everywhere. Stepping on one may cause it to erupt. But perhaps the most remarkable part of the island consists entirely of penguin. In the southeastern section, as far as the eye can see, the ground is covered with a vivid pattern of shimmering black and white. For reasons known only to the penguins, thousands of them migrate to Tierra del Monte, flop down, and die. Walking on a sea of dead penguins is fun, but slippery. Don't forget to pack a pair of Vibram-soled boots or deck sneakers. If you slip and fall on their upturned beaks you could get a nasty wound.

The only accommodations on the island are offered by the expatriate Americans Tom and Nancy Fosberry. The Fosberrys came to Tierra del Monte from New York ten years ago, fell in love with the place, and have

"Amnesia victims are discovering the island—there's something about it that snaps them back to reality."

stayed ever since. Tom left his unsuccessful free-lance copywriting business and Nancy had been fired from her job as an assistant art director of a dry-cleaning trade magazine. Both agreed that they had to escape from the pressures and tensions of the New York advertising world.

"It was unreal," says Tom. "We were walking an endless tightrope with no net underneath us. You couldn't afford to slip or you were dead."

"It was more than just a rat race. It was like running on a treadmill inside a pressure cooker," adds Nancy. "One day I said to Tom, 'We've got to get away or we'll explode. And by the time we pick up the pieces we'll be old and gray.' "

Tom puffs on his empty pipe and nods in assent. "Lord knows Tierra del Monte isn't perfect. It's either very hot or very cold. The rainy season is every Tuesday through Thursday, and we get plenty of snow. And there's the *Chabeco*, the northern part of the island we euphemistically call the Wildlife Preserve. Actually, it's full of sea monsters and flying crocodiles and all kinds of semi-prehistoric creatures. Part of Tierra del Monte hasn't been touched for a million years. So far—knock on wood—the creatures haven't wandered down to our part of the island. We try not to think about it."

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On Tierra del Monte, the Fosberrys are realizing their lifelong dream of owning and operating a country inn. "It's still rather modest," says Tom. "We've been trying to renovate a few huts, but the storms keep knocking them down." They call their inn the Swan and Buick "because there are no swans or Buicks on the island," explains Nancy. "It's just a silly whim on our part."

There are no bedrooms at the Fosberrys' inn, either. You have to sleep with the Fosberrys. Tom is plump and cuddly, and though Nancy is dangerously thin, they both give out a great deal of body heat, offering plenty of natural warmth for those cold nights on the mud floor. There are no sexual overtones in the sleeping arrangements. "On the contrary. Our huddling together symbolizes the highest traditions of the innkeeper's hospitality," says Tom.

The Fosberrys serve simple but hearty food at the Swan and Buick. "We're not quite three-star Michelin yet," chuckles Tom. The house specialties are old-fashioned sailor's fare, gruel and hardtack. Nancy makes them from the gritty black substance that's found in between the pointy rocks. After a rain, when the black substance resembles melted mozzarella cheese, Nancy serves it as a topping on the hardtack—as if it *were* melted mozzarella cheese. "It's not bad, if you don't mind black cheese," says Nancy.

Sometimes Nancy will hunt for land urchins, small plants that yield a tiny sweet-sour leaf that makes an interesting salad green. "Land urchins are nice to eat, but they're hard to find and they're mischievous," she laughs. "They grow under rocks and have a tendency to spit at you when you try to pick them."

"Nancy does wonders with the materials she has to work with," says Tom. "But sometimes I like to scare people with the old joke about not knowing where our next meal is coming from. 'What do you mean?' they ask in surprise. I point to Nancy and say, 'My cook is cross-eyed.' "

Except for the land urchins, Tierra del Monte's harsh terrain does not yield much in the way of edible crops or vegetation, nor do the waters contain any edible fish. The dead penguins taste like burnt rubber, according to the Fosberrys. There is only one tree on the island, a *zarzuelo* (similar to knotty pine). The men of the island (who bear an uncanny resemblance to Sammy Davis, Jr.) can't find any food or medicinal uses for the tree, so they worship it as a god.

About once every two or three years, the harsh climate of Tierra del Monte takes a short recess, and for a few days it will be calm enough for the natives to celebrate this momentous event with a *wakamba*. A *wakamba* is an informal mixture of state fair, flea market, and fiesta, complete with tribal rites, family reunions and other social rituals. It seems to be African in origin, which is where the Tierra del Monteans claim to come from.

At a *wakamba* you will see the Tierra del Montean women, who normally must remain in their tiny caves, make one of their rare

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public appearances. They also bear a striking resemblance to Sammy Davis, Jr. The women gossip with old friends, play with their feet, and bury their eldest daughters alive if no man comes forth to marry them. The men hang around and try to trade their clothes, always looking for a change in color or style. The teenagers, who are allowed to have sex freely, but are forbidden to flirt, break this law at a *wakamba* with elaborate winks and signals, punctuated by short fainting spells.

No *wakamba* would be complete without the spirited cockfights. This is not the cruel sport of two roosters tearing each other apart, but the far older and more honorable sport of fighting with penises. There is nothing obscene about cockfighting. Its origins go back to earliest African phallus-worshiping civilizations, where it was practiced in classic styles of great elegance. Because of their dwarflike physiques, the natives of Tierra del Monte have penises that measure only sixteen to eighteen inches when fully erect, but their enthusiasm and swashbuckling style make up for their lack of size, and they're great fun to watch.

"There are no beds at the Fosberrys' inn. . . . You have to sleep with the Fosberrys."

The *wakamba* usually concludes with the sacred clam ritual. The natives never fail to marvel at a clam's ability to open by itself when it is steamed. They worship it as a deity. Island clams are scarce, and it takes about two years to round up a dozen. But once they are found the cry of "baraka!" is heard throughout the island. After a few days of crying "baraka!" the natives are ready to begin the steaming ritual. It takes about nine days for a Tierra del Monte clam to open. While the clams are steaming, the men will watch, never leaving their posts —not for food, water, or even bodily functions. They mimic the clam, keeping their lips shut. As the clam slowly opens, so do the men's lips. It is a simple, stately ritual, quite beautiful in its dedication and concentration of purpose.

At one time Tierra del Monte boasted of a resident celebrity. It was the last home of legendary novelist Ambrose Aubrey, the famed alcoholic, drug addict, celibate, and crybaby, whose life was ravaged by seven major diseases and a demonic urge to get hernias by carrying shopping bags filled with large cans of Sacramento Tomato Juice.

Aubrey died in 1969 when he caught fire. "He accidentally swallowed a lit cigarette and caught fire from inside," recalls Tom Fosberry. "He was drunk, of course. His in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

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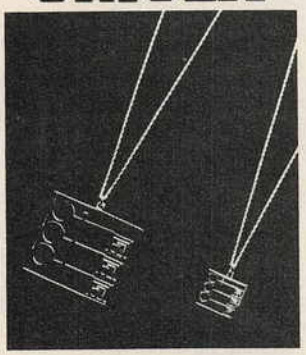

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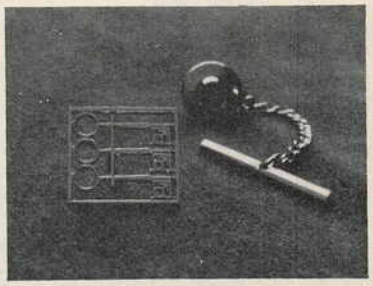

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OH, WICKED WANDA!
WANDA'S BID TO RESCUE HER KIDNAPPED LITTLE ADJUTANT—GENITAL CANDYFLOSS FROM THE HAREM OF SHEIKH MUSTAPHA RAM-RAM CAME UNSTUCK WHEN SHE WAS CAPTURED BY SLAVE TRADERS. NOW IT'S GOOD AGAIN, 'COS WANDA'S BEEN BOUGHT BY THE SHEIKH'S OWN PROCURER.
ALI "NEVER-A-DUD" ASSPIKKA
I.P.I.P.! I WANT MY I.P.I.P!
WHEN THOU SETTETH EYES UPON THIS ONE, O MUSTAPHA, THOU WILT DITCHETH THY ENTIRE HAREM!
INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE, INDEFINITELY PROLONGED... OH, CANDYFLOSS, THAT'S OUR SECRET YOU'VE BEEN BANDYING ABROAD!
WHAT'S A EUNUCH?
AN EMASCULATED MALE. PROBABLY MAKE A VERY GOOD MOTORIST—NO HANGUPS
YOU WAIT UNTIL OUR NORTH SEA OIL COMES THROUGH—YOU WON'T SEE ME STANDING IN LINE THEN!
76

REGARD, POTENT ONE, THE FACIAL BEAUTY OF THIS SWISS HOURI!
ANYTHING I WANT?
JUST WATCHETH THY DICTION, ALI-BABY!
OBSERVE HOW THE BODY SO DIVINELY ECHOES THE SNOWY ALPS AND SHADED VALLEYS OF HER NATIVE LAND!
BUNG HER IN WITH THE REST! MAYBE I'LL GET AROUND TO HER AFTER I'VE HAD MY I.P.I.P!
ARE YOU KIDDING? TRADING STAMPS!
HOW ABOUT PROPERTY BONDS?
EFFO
DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET CORRUPTED, WANDERING ABOUT THIS STRIP?
WHAT A CHASTLY SIMILE!
MAN-YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING! IT'D TAKE MORE THAN THIS LOAD OF JUVENILE RUBBISH TO CORRUPT ME!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

AS WANDA IS REUNITED WITH CANDYFLOSS
PUSSCAKE!!
BOO'FUL!!
FICKLE JADE!
BURPO BOSSTUTTI OF THE COSA NASTI IS TALKING TO HIS "GOD-SON" LITTLE TONIO
BURP!
I'M STILL AT HEROD HUGE'S HIDEOUT. YA GOT DAT JOB IN RAM-RAM'S PALACE YET?
BURP!
BURP!
AND WAD'S WID DIS HIGH-PITCHED SPIEL?
MOOZA
ONLY JUST GOT MY TESTIMONIALS FIXED, BOSS! CAN'T GET THE JOB WITHOUT 'EM! I MEAN, WITH 'EM! I MEAN
GET WELL SOON FREDDY GRADRON

AND HEROD HUGE, RICH AS WANDA AND TWICE AS MEAN, HAS BEEN LISTENING-IN
I WANT THE FACTS, BURPO! WHAT'S THE VON KREESUS BRAT DOIN' IN RAM-RAM? HAS SHE SCREWED UP MY OIL DEAL? WHAT CAN SHE OFFER MUSTAPHA THAT I CAN'T LICK?
YOU CAN HAVE THE EAST SIDE!
CEMENT
AH!H!
WELL NOW
BURP!
BURP!
BURP!
I'M GONNA RID DECENT SOCIETY OF THAT DECADENT, MAN-HATIN' SPAWN OF A ZURICH GNOME!
DIET CHOKKIES
TWANG!
YIKE!

WANDA GETS THE FACTS FROM HER EAGER LITTLE HANDMAIDEN
WHEN I REFUSED TO PUT OUT ANY I.P.I.P. MUSTAPHA BLEW HIS TOP AND FLUNG WEIN INTO THE DUNGEON
SO THE ODIOUS IACHIMO WEIN PLANNED TO TRADE ME IN FOR AN OIL CONCESSION
THAT ISN'T IN THE KAMA SUTRA!
NOR THE PERFUMED GARDEN!
LITTLE TONIO GETS THE JOB
SIGH!
ALL I'VE GOT OUT OF IT IS AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX!
PASSED— WITH FULL HONOURS!
AND THANK YOU, MISS RANDY WENCH!
AH, SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH
NOT THAT SORT OF PUSSY, YOU NITWIT!

AND PROMPTLY PLUGS INTO THE PALACE GRAPE —VINE
THOU KIDDETH NOT?
I.P.I.P? WHAT MEANETH THAT?
TEN YEARS IN THE DUNGEON? POOR WRETCH!
HMMM! TIME I MET THE HEAD JAILER!
OH GIVE ME A HOME WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM
FIRST YOU BUMP OFF CANDYFLOSS. RIGHT? THEN HUGE GETS HIS CONCESSION AND PUTS MY CUT INTO 10 YEAR MATURITY BONDS. RIGHT?
GOOD THINKIN', WEIN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BROAD TONIGHT!
I WONDER WHY THEY HAVEN'T COME ACROSS WITH THE RANSOM MONEY?
WELL I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD FILM!
JUST RESTING
HAVE THEY REACHED GORDON AT KHARTOUM?
AND YOU, SOON AS MUSTAPHA SIGNS THE DEAL!
QUESTIONS:
1 HAS LITTLE TONIO THE BALLS TO DO IT?
2 WHERE THE HELL ARE WANDA'S PUSS COMMANDOS?
ANSWER:
IT'LL ALL HANG OUT IN NEXT MONTH'S STEAMY SIN-ARIO!

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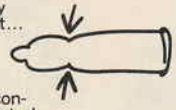

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VACATION ISLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

sides were drenched in *luki*, the island liquor made of rope-soled sandals. The lit cigarette ignited all that alcohol down there and he caught fire.

"He used to stagger into our inn, fall down under the weight of his shopping bags and read to us from this marvelous novel he was writing," says Nancy Fosberry. "We had no idea that he was retyping pages from *Under the Volcano*. I guess it was his idea of a joke on us ordinary folk. When he died, we looked for his own manuscripts; but all we found were a stack of girlie magazines and a young ostrich he was living with."

Aubrey's modest hut remains, still occupied by the ostrich, now old, embittered, and suspicious of visitors. Those who knew Aubrey best say that he was actually writing a masterpiece, but the ostrich ate the only copy.

If you are lucky enough to visit Tierra del Monte in the second week of May you will see one of nature's most breathtaking sights—the annual migration of the hopje, a Dutch bird named after that country's famous coffee-flavored candy. Every year about fifty hopjes fly to Tierra del Monte and perform a musical, complete with choreography. They specialize in Rodgers and Hammerstein, and have already done *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, *The King and I*, and *Flower Drum Song*—all sung in Dutch. The hopjes stay on the island through the Memorial Day weekend, doing a show every evening except Sunday, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

As the spell of Tierra del Monte takes hold, you begin to savor the simple pleasures of the island. You can watch the torrential rains, then join what the Fosberrys call the "gummy races" when the rain stops. That's when the earth turns into that familiar melted mozzarella and you feel like you're running in shallow quicksand. Then there are the little surprises every day. Who will slip on a wet penguin? Will an active geyser erupt under you? Will those prehistoric monsters ever wander down from the north? At night you can hear their eerie cries, and sometimes you'll find strange footprints the next morning.

Though Tierra del Monte can seem harsh at times, it offers one of the greatest rewards in life—the joy of surviving another day. It's the kind of place where you find your own fun and go your own way—where you can take that ultimate trip into yourself, to find out who you really are. In fact, a growing number of amnesia victims are coming to Tierra del Monte. There's something about the atmosphere of the island that snaps them back to reality. Suddenly they know exactly who they are. Even if you're not an amnesia victim, chances are you'll discover your true self fast at Tierra del Monte. The only problem is how quickly you and your true self can get back home.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

ing orgasms. There is rarely much consideration given to foreplay.

Most people have to be taught how to be sensuous and how to open the body and mind to new and stimulating sexual pleasure. In North America we have narrowed sexual pleasure down to a very few areas of the body. Recently a number of books have been published that show how to increase pleasure through the art of massage or with the aid of devices. Oriental and East Indian couples are schooled in the sensual arts. Due to this training, they are aware of the erogenous zones where love bites or licking and stroking are of great importance. I think that being caressed and touched is wonderful. It is also great to be able to respond in kind.

Sure, there are always certain places in one's body that are more erotic than others, but that does not mean that the others should be ignored. Getting to know a lover, becoming familiar with every part of his or her body is a great, exciting experience.

I hope as you get older that you don't lose your sense of adventure or generosity. Other than just her arms, try licking and touching the inside of her hands. Palms and wrists are very good erogenous zones, and giving your girl friend's hands the once-over should certainly drive her crazy.

DIARRHEA FROM BLOW-JOBS?

I have always enjoyed fellatio and have never had any qualms about swallowing a guy's ejaculated sperm—in fact, I love it! Unfortunately, there is something that is beginning to make it rather unpleasant for me. Have you ever heard of anyone developing nausea and acute diarrhea shortly (fifteen to thirty minutes) after swallowing sperm? Invariably, it clears up within an hour or so without medicine, but it happens either on a full or empty stomach and at any time of day. I had never experienced this problem until about six months ago, with my boyfriend of one year. Neither of us can figure out what is wrong, and hope that it will just clear up by itself. I am anxious to know whether there is anything about semen that can cause this kind of condition. Frankly, I am embarrassed to ask a doctor.—J.S.

Unless your boyfriend has an infection that may be causing this reaction, there is no physical reason for your symptoms. There is nothing in semen that would cause you to suddenly develop an aversion to it. My advice is for you both to see a doctor—especially your boyfriend. If nothing is found to be wrong with either of you, then try not to swallow his ejaculate for a while. Many women find the taste unpleasant and bitter but fight back the nausea for the alleged extra pleasure it gives their lovers. If the reaction is acute, then surely you should be able to work out a compromise. ○+⊞

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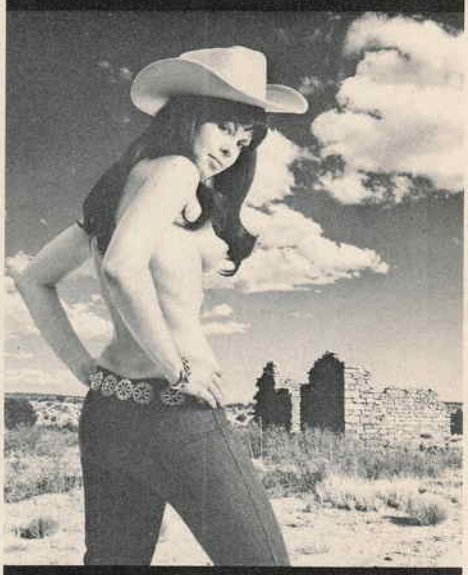

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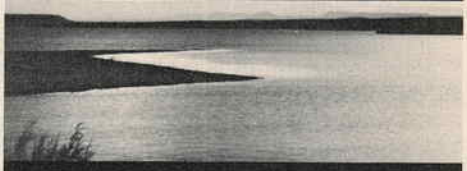

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COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

profession for some years, a photographer—like an artist—ought to be able to penetrate the personality of a woman like Jo within a very short time. When we come to consider Jo, we shall find her almost devoid of emotions and selfish to the point of being destructive. Despite her "tremendous aura of vitality that had an almost tangible effect on everybody at the session," he ought to have recognized that this aura concealed a cold woman.

For a man of his experience, Philip is naive, if only in his approach to sex. When I say naive, I mean unsophisticated in the sense that when Philip imagines he is doing unconventional things, he is actually being highly conventional.

Let's see how conventional he is. He has a five-year relationship with a girl and when it breaks up he "treats women a bit like TV repairmen or plumbers," and he is determined not to become emotionally involved with anyone. He believes this is the sophisticated way in which an experienced man of the world reacts and behaves. In fact, of course, it is the mode of behavior for those individuals who are too selfish to realize that some responsibility for a situation may rest with them. And the indications of Philip's selfishness? Didn't he claim, "I come second?" How selfish!

He says, "Perhaps I subconsciously realized that I was very lonely, that I couldn't go on living with no emotional commitment to anyone." Well, that's not being selfish, is it? No, but this is: ". . . with nobody about to worry and care about me, . . ." as opposed to saying "with nobody to worry over and care for."

As I have said, this is the conventional reaction of most people. But it is in his description of his first contact with Jo, outside the studio that he underlines his conventionality. The experienced unconventional man would not have been nonplussed by Jo's query, "Do you want to screw me?" He probably would have laughed and replied, "Yes, if you want to screw me." But Philip was afraid of being refused, of having his traditional male sex role challenged. But he sees that this is something he's got to be prepared for, that there is no way out. He agrees to screwing her and, for Christ's sake, he blushes!

Most other men give you a blow-by-blow account of "the mechanical details of the whole thing," Philip says. He breaks with this convention and tells us how he *feels*. But what he really gives us *is* a blow-by-blow description of the mechanical details. Although his language gives the impression of being quite literary, the phrases he uses are as conventional as the actions he describes.

Philip's lack of understanding with regard to other people's character is pathetic. He expects his relationship with Jo to

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be idyllically idealistic—"something really special." When she accepted his invitation to move in with him, he says, "It was as though I'd asked her whether she liked tea or coffee for breakfast."

Did he really expect her to remain faithful to him? His selfishness is highlighted by his reactions to her affairs. He is offering himself to her body and soul, he protests, and she ought to reciprocate. But why should she? Her way of life is not his way of life, and she has a different view of sex. As far as she is concerned, all she wants from him is the use of his cock. In her estimation, she does reciprocate by allowing him the use of her cunt. If she wants other cocks, she believes herself to be entitled to them.

His infatuation for her is not a mental thing, it is entirely physical: "I am constantly roused by the beauty of her body, but now I feel as though I am taking part in a competition with her as judge . . . I keep wondering whether I'm as good a lover as the other men she has, but I dare not ask her in case she says no."

Cowardice is the hallmark of this infatuation; so is self-debasement. No self-respecting person would accept this kind of relationship if he was emotionally involved.

Now and again, girls with the same outlook as Jo come into my consulting room, and I find them to be sad and also somewhat frightening. To cut oneself off from all emotional contact with others is to deprive oneself of half the experience of life. To submerge emotions reveals a lack of emotional maturity; spiritual contact with others is avoided because the individual feels that he or she cannot cope.

For the vast majority of people emotional involvement is what gives sex a deeper meaning. When the emotions are removed from the sexual involvement, physical sex has to increase in importance in order to compensate for the lack of emotional sharing.

But, however good it is, physical sex can never be that good. It isn't for Jo, and that is why she is searching for new sexual experiences. She is really suffering from a kind of nymphomania. She may be physically satisfied, but full satisfaction eludes her. This is always the case, and it is the reason why it is impossible for anyone to be a complete dropout from an emotional experience. What I am trying to say is that however deliberately we shun emotional attachments, we never can completely ignore our emotional needs.

What a philosophy for living! "Just let it ride, that's all you can do in life," Jo says. She is an even greater coward than Philip. She hasn't the courage to accept any responsibilities, and yet she is constantly searching for something. She is a sexual Flying Dutchwoman.

Sooner or later the break with Philip will come. By her selfishness Jo is going to destroy Philip even more than his own selfishness is doing now. ○—

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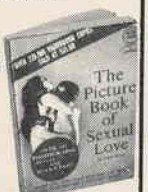

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SHY VIOLET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

All of them, to a plant, have just one thing in mind. No matter where you look out there, it's going on all the time, these sex-crazed things are at it—at it.

"See the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills," the poet wrote. If he had been more truthful he would have written, "See them doing it night and day right out there on the hills."

"A rose is a rose is a rose is a cesspool of abominations," is more like it.

Mother Nature? A real mother, all right. You want Mother to do her stuff, you dig a hole in the ground and fill it with horse manure. Horse, chicken, cow—that's what Mamma Nature likes.

If you live in the country, you start a compost heap—of garbage. When it's good and rotten, Mamma is ready. You take the rotten stuff, add sphagnum, and you're off to the races. Shovel it on, mix it up real good, and then mulch. Have you ever heard of anything so vile?

It wouldn't surprise me if rocks did it.

One of the worst aspects of this vulgarity is that there are giant corporations engaged in *advertising* what goes on. They gather groups of seeds of different kinds and put them in little paper bags. Then, on the outside of these little bags they paint lurid pictures of what will happen if you stick the seeds in horse manure. They send the bags right to your home through the mails—any child can see them, especially if the parents are permissive. Why, these corporations even send out catalogues! This is the state we find ourselves in today, what with government and big business joining hands to impair the morals of minors.

Would you want someone to tell your child the truth about Thanksgiving? How our forefathers got together to celebrate creation, procreation, germination, pollination, propagation, and reproduction as practiced by plants?

What is ecology, if not a Russian trick? Well-known for their doctrine of free love, the Communists are now trying to tell the people of the United States that they should spread *more* manure, *more* compost, *more* chicken shit, and mulch, mulch, mulch!

A moment's reflection and you will realize that at the base of all these nasty operations is the work of—bacteria! It's a cunning plan to wipe us all out, either with germs or by constant fructification.

If you want your child to grow up in a sordid, sex-maddened world—okay. But if you want a healthy, normal boy or girl with a clean body and a clean mind, don't mention flowers. Tell the simple truth:

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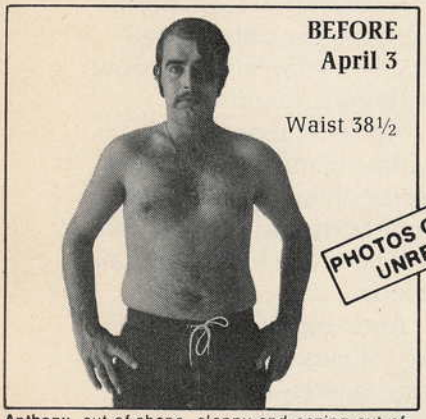
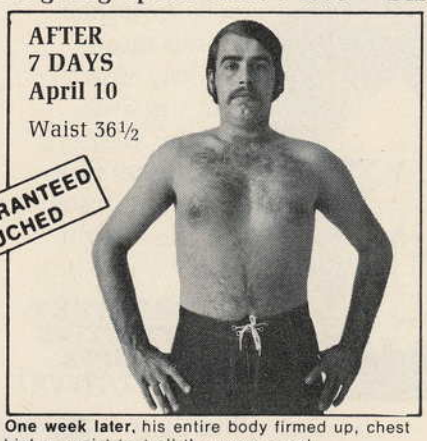


Anthony, out-of-shape, sloppy and oozing out of his clothes before starting the Plan.



One week later, his entire body firmed up, chest higher, waist taut all the way around.

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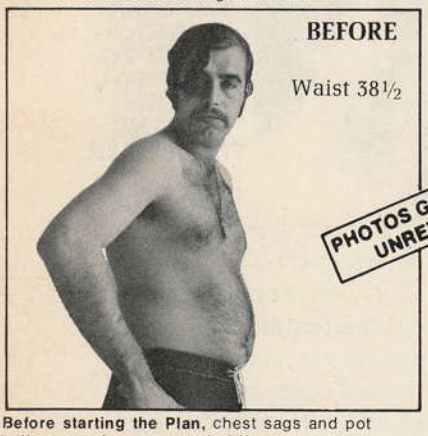
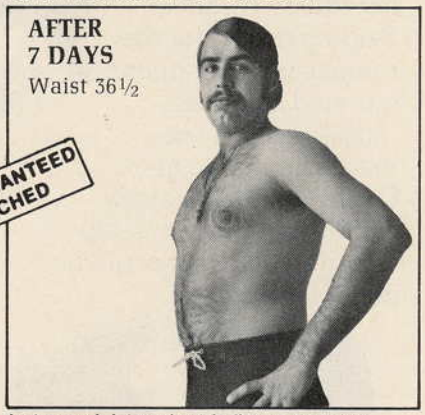


Before starting the Plan, chest sags and pot belly protrudes out over beltline.



Just a week later, chest is firmer, arms are tauter and pot belly greatly reduced.

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So, we make you this unconditional guarantee: **"Get it off fast"—and see measurable and firming results in 14 days or return the exerciser for your refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Total Body Shaper?

Money Back Guarantee!

Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts agree—the only way to firm, shape and trim your body is by **working off the inches.** The **Body Shaper** is the simplest way to do it. No gimmicks involved—you will not be ripped off as in the past by so-called "effortless exercisers".

Satisfaction Guaranteed!!

After receiving your Body Shaper and instruction booklet, use this plan for 14 days. If you do not see your new body shaping up, return the total Body Shaper Plan for your $9.95 refund.

Weighs only 16 ounces.

"I Saw Slimming and Firming Results in 3 Days"

What Is This Ingenious Plan?

The Weider '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan is based on doing one continuous, coordinated rhythmic exercise — twice daily and cutting down 20% of your food intake — without giving up any of the foods you like.

This one, five-minute exercise is designed to slim and firm your flabby waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look), as well as take off excess body fat **fast** by speeding up your metabolism, burning off stored calories, and releasing excess water. At the same time, it helps to reshape your chest or bustline, abdomen, hips, firm your arms and legs—improve your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts; beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts. No disrobing. Do it in the privacy of your own home—even while watching TV. The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there is floor space—anytime. Even while watching television.

Pat. Pending ©COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER 1974

What The Experts Say:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Athletic Coaches ...agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

What Satisfied Customers Say:

Here are reported results from but a few of the thousands and thousands of customers who have used the plan. Each of the cases reported below, was **certified, measured** and **weighed** by experts. That's why we can guarantee that **every** result reported is **absolutely** accurate.

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

WEIDER BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY $9.95

JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. **AUX**
5-MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, CA 91364

Dear Mr. Weider:
I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. And, I want to lose it quickly. Please send me the 5-Minute Body Shaper and Plan. If I should fail to see and feel a dramatic improvement in the first 14 days, I may return it for my $9.95 refund.

☐ **I am enclosing $9.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.**

Enclosed is ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ cash, for total $..... (Calif. res. add 6% sales tax).

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP .....

IN CANADA: '5' Minute Body Shaper, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR.

THE BEST WAY TO PREVENT BALDNESS IS TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR FROM THE INSIDE.

The last thing you need about your thinning hair is something that will insult your intelligence.

So we're going to give it to you straight.

Anything you rub on, pour over or spray in your hair is at best temporary or at worst sheer witch doctory.

The secret actually comes from within. The secret of a well balanced diet.

HEAD START IS A VITAMIN AND MINERAL COMPOUND DESIGNED TO HELP JUST ONE PART OF YOUR BODY. YOUR HAIR.

Head Start's job is to keep your hair from starving to death. Dying.

Cosvetic Laboratories developed Head Start to supplement your diet with just the vitamins and minerals (in megadoses) that doctors who specialize in nutrition say are responsible for healthy hair.

Ordinary commercial vitamins and other food supplements are fine, but they are just not designed to do what Head Start will. And since your hair grows seven times faster than your body cells, your hair needs more.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

IS HEAD START AN EFFECTIVE BALDNESS PREVENTATIVE?

In cases other than hereditary baldness. Balding occurs for the same reason dry unconditioned hair does.

(Balding is by no means limited to men. Over 7,000,000 women suffer from a hair or scalp disorder. One that could be correctable.)

After over three years of testing and daily use thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair—and in some cases new growth has actually begun.

HAIR WON'T GROW WITHOUT CERTAIN MINERALS.

A late report from dermatologists has determined that hair simply won't grow without zinc sulfate.

We've increased zinc sulfate in our formula by a factor of ten to assure that your body and bloodstream will have the food your hair needs.

And zinc sulfate is only one of Head Start's "12" ingredients.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO KEEP YOU FROM LOSING YOUR HAIR.

Take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll return your money. Head Start is unconditionally guaranteed. Because it'll get to the root of your hair problem.

Yes, I need a vitamin for my hair.
Send me_____ bottles of Head Start at $7.95 each plus 75¢ for handling.
(reg. $9.95) Plus a free booklet on your hair care. If I'm not satisfied, you agree to return my money.

Mail to:
Cosvetic Labs.
Head Start Div.
1030 Windsor Pkwy.
Atlanta, Ga. 30319
PH-C

Name_____

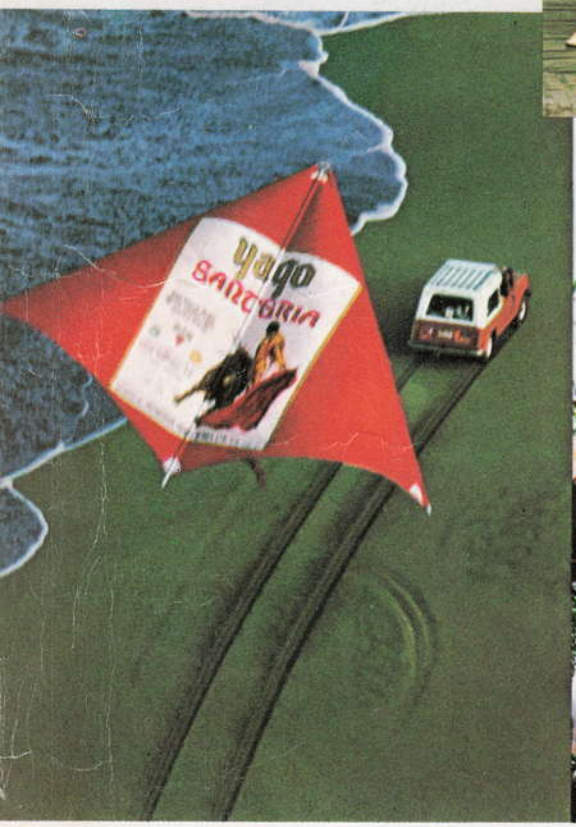
Address_____

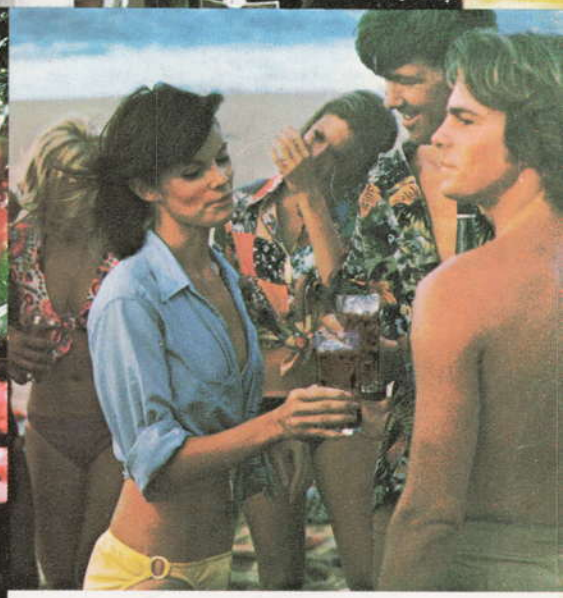
City_____

State_____ Zip_____

All orders processed in 24 hours.

The Yago Sant'Gria Party.





Just pour it over ice and add people.

Yago Sant'Gria—the party wine from Spain—is rich, red Spanish wine, pre-mixed with the juices of Spain's magnificent oranges and lemons. The original, authentic Yago Sant'Gria comes in different sizes, for any size party. Try a Yago split for a party of one. Or the fifth for a party of two. The magnum for a party of four. The half-gallon jug for a party of more. Once you have the Yago Sant'Gria, all you need are the people. Once you open the Yago Sant'Gria...you'll have the people. That's what made it the largest imported selling wine in the U.S.

Yago Sant'Gria
THE PARTY WINE FROM SPAIN.

Yago Sant'Gria Spanish red wine mixed with citrus fruit juices. 1 Pint 7.5-fluid oz. Imported from Spain by
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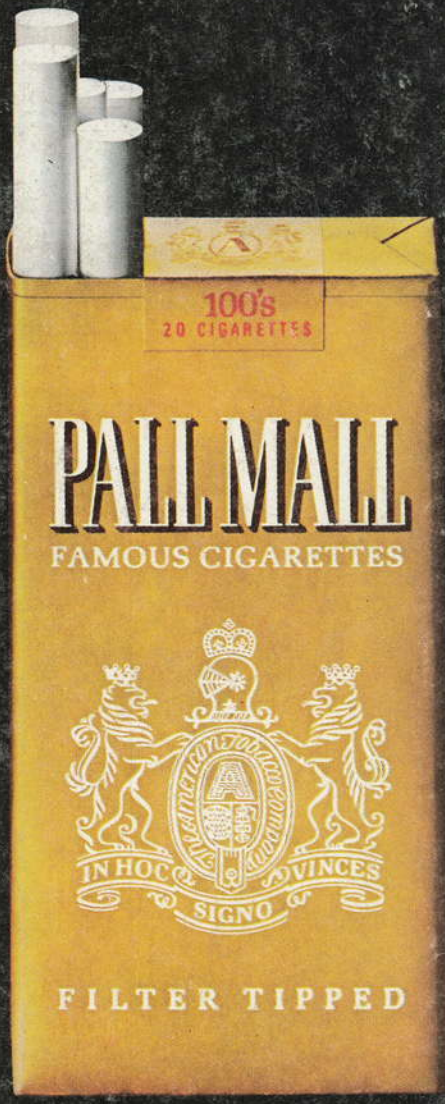
PALL MALL GOLD 100's



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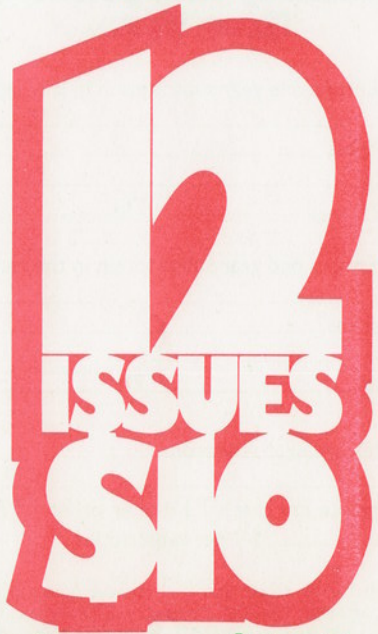

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Jamie '08.
The only Scotch named after a scoundrel.

Blended Scotch whisky. 8 years old. 86 Proof.
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Precision Performances Sound-Oriented Record Player.
Motor: 4-pole hysterisis synchronous motor
Turntable platter: 12 in. diameter aluminum diecast belt drive 2.9 lbs.
Wow/flutter: less than 0.2% RMS
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Low capacitence wiring in tone arm + CD–4 cabling quad ready
has the best features of a manual turntable,plus automatic return of tone arm and automatic shut-off. Includes dust cover plus base
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Precision Performance Sound-Oriented Receiver
AMPLIFIER SPECS
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Power Bandwith (IHF): 5 to 50,000Hz (8 ohms)
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2.0 microvolts
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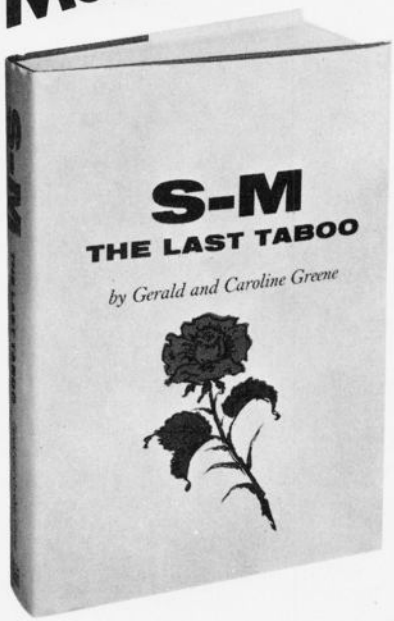
Sado-Masochism



Is it a dark perversion? Or part of imaginative love play?

This pioneer volume delves into areas of sexuality never covered by Reuben, Kinsey, and Johnson. In chapter after fact-filled chapter, it explores the little-known world of s-m: its history, psychology, techniques, and accessories. Including the work of experts in the field from the pro-feminist Marquis de Sade to Freud, Reik, Ellis, Nietzsche, Hirschfeld, Jung, Stekel, de Beauvoir, and even "The Happy Hooker" Xaviera Hollander. Plus commentary by contemporary practitioners.Taking their lead from Havelock Ellis, the authors contend that s-m allows our aggressive instincts to be *expressed*, rather than *suppressed*.

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